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WHAT THE BLUE MENACE MEANS

BY OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

"NOT one of the women of this 'committee' is known to me personally. Therefore, their combined judgment could hardly be said to be reliable. . . ." Thus, speaking to the press on April 14, last, Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau, President-General of the Daughters of the American Revolution, crushed the upstart women from Massachusetts and elsewhere who so far forgot themselves as to protest against what they stated to be the policy of the society in the matter of military and naval preparedness and in using the now famous "black list" of Americans who are never, never, never to be permitted to speak before any chapter of the D. A. R. Foolish rebels! Like many other misguided reformers, they lost their cause because they failed in a simple bit of minor strategy. They omitted to make Mrs. Brosseau's acquaintance before beginning their crusade. Obviously, their every judgment was entirely unreliable. Obviously, like the Red Queen, Mrs. Brosseau could do nothing else than cut off their heads by a single wave of her President-General's wand; Mrs. Baillie, the rebel leader, was cashiered from the order. Revolution was crushed within the society of the Revolution. By an overwhelming vote of two thousand to fourteen the Daughters upheld Mrs. Brosseau and the contention of the Massachusetts State Regent, that:

> Our society has in no way interfered with free speech. Speakers of the highest order who have been working for the ideals and objectives of our society have always addressed chapters throughout the State. These speakers have contributed appreciably to the stimulation of our objects, which are to uphold the Constitution; to honor the flag; to support the present form of government; to respect sound traditions of nationalism; to observe law and order; to maintain the American home; to reverence God.

May a similar fate always overtake such D. A. R. miscreants who neither reverence Mrs. Brosseau nor their God!

Having done this and issued the fiat that "the question of adequate defense of our nation should never be debated by loyal Americans and least of all by members of the Daughters of the American Revolution," Mrs. Brosseau next

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took ship direct to the kingdom of the hereditary foes of the Daughters. And there in London—hear us and weep, O Heavens!—on the fatal ninth of May, 1928, this same Mrs. Alfred J. Brosseau bent servile knees before the lawful successors of the unspeakable King George the Third and was presented at Court to their Majesties George and Mary of the United Kingdom of Great Britain, Scotland, and Ireland. According to the New York *Times:* "'It was all a very delightful experience for an American, very delightful,' beamed Mrs. Brosseau, after she had curtsied low before King George and Queen Mary to-night. . . . 'I went in early,' said Mrs. Brosseau with a slight touch of triumph, 'and I was in the Throne Room from the very beginning of the ceremony. It was the first time I had ever been inside the palace. All I can say in describing it is that it was very ceremonious, in fact, I would call it dignified and wonderful.'" To which must be added the detail that the head of the D. A. R. contributed to the dignity and wonder in that she "wore a blue brocade gown with soft iridescent flower figures of pale gold and pale rose embroidered with pearls." Treason to the sacred Revolution could do no more. The President-General of the Daughters of the Men of Lexington and Bunker Hill and Saratoga and Yorktown stooped low before the Crown of taxes, blood, and oppression; the Crown that massacred at Wyoming and butchered in New London, sparing neither men, nor women, nor children.

So fell the angels. But the black lists stand. Not black lists supplied to the chapters by the President-General, the Vice-President-General, or the Treasurer-General or any other General, for that Mrs. Brosseau has emphatically denied. "However," she went on, "you may rest assured that State leaders are within their legal and moral rights when they advise their chapters regarding speakers whom they consider, because of publicly expressed views, as out of harmony with our avowed purposes."

This plainly means that the State Regents who are, wisely enough, known to Mrs. Brosseau personally, shall freely go on blacklisting Americans whose opinions on some subjects they do not like. Who are these dangerous radicals who may thus be denied permission to offend the ears of the sacred chapters of the D. A. R.?

Here are some of them; I print them in sackcloth and ashes: William Allen White of Kansas; President Mary E. Woolley of Mount Holyoke College; President William A. Neilson of Smith College; President Henry N. MacCracken of Vassar College; President Henry Sloane Coffin of Union Theological Seminary; Dean Roscoe Pound of the Harvard Law School; at least three bishops, William F. Anderson, Benjamin Brewster, and Francis J. McConnell; any number of lesser clergy, including Dr. S. Parkes Cadman; Judge George W. Anderson who is enthroned in a United States District Court in Boston; Professor Irving Fisher of Yale, defender of Prohibition; Dr. Will Durant; Frank Kent, Vice-President of the Baltimore *Sun;* A. Maude Royden, shameless smoker of cigarettes; Carrie Chapman Catt, triumphant protagonist of suffrage; Lucy P. Carner, one of the executives of the National Board of the Y. W. C. A.—for her "radicalism"; Mary Van Kleeck, alleged to be a socialist in disguise in the Russell Sage Foundation; Jane Addams, John Dewey, Clarence Darrow, and Frank P. Walsh, of course. Then come Norman Angell and Norman Hapgood, and Professor E. A. Ross of Wisconsin, and Professor Sophonisba P. Breckinridge of the University of Chicago, John Spargo, the reformed, and James G. McDonald of the Foreign Policy Association, and three—count 'em, three—United States Senators, LaFollette, Norris, and—yes—William E. Borah himself. The roll of dishonor could go on until it filled this entire page. The pacifists, of course, those despicable creatures who apply to national and

international affairs the Commandment "Thou Shalt Not Kill," are all on the list, headed by such heretics as Sherwood Eddy, Kirby Page, and Nevin Sayre. As for the others, the reasons for their several selections are all set forth. They are Socialists—even Norman Hapgood, Irving Fisher, and that pillar of Kansas Republicanism, William Allen White—or internationalists, or affiliated with some of the organizations on the black lists, for there are, if anything, more societies listed than individuals.

I have just counted three hundred and four such dangerous societies on the black list and their range is as remarkable as the variations in the guilty individuals. I admit that many of these associations are dead and buried and that some others are posted twice or three times—they doubtless deserve the distinction. It is a large company just the same. Thus, among these dangerous anti-American organizations are the wicked Federal Council of Churches in America, and the National Catholic Welfare Council, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Y. M. C. A., and the Y. W. C. A., the Federation of Women's Boards of Foreign Missions, and the League of Nations Non-Partisan Association, all of which, as everybody knows, are bent above all things else on enthroning Leninism in America. Not one of their officers or members can pollute a D. A. R. platform. Then we have, discovered in all their iniquity, the Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends (Quakers), the National Child Labor Committee, the Pennsylvania State Federation of Labor in toto, the Summer School of Bryn Mawr College, the Voluntary Parenthood League, the National Association of Child Development; yes, the Federal Children's Bureau, as much a branch of our federal government as the army and navy. Next, all the Labor banks, the Amalgamated Clothing Workers of America; of course the American Civil Liberties Union, and all the peace societies, even those that regularly go to war; also the committee formed some years ago to aid Senator Wheeler in defending himself against the trumped-up charges of which he has long since been acquitted, and finally the National Popular Government League. Needless to say, all the known socialist and communist organizations are there. Not one has slipped through the net which has also closed about every active social organization that is inexcusable enough to have some other aims than to perpetuate a dead past and to sing the glories of those a century buried. How could such lesser offenders escape when Chief Justice Taft, President Lowell of Harvard, Elihu Root, Newton D. Baker, and President Faunce of Brown University are safely barred because of their membership in proscribed boards?

Be good and you'll be lonesome was the old joke. Be a D. A. R. and be in cold storage; be happily immune from wicked new ideas and from ever hearing one word with which you do not agree. Truly a noble life and a brave one—even though it deprive one of the possibility of a swim in the nearest Y. W. C. A. tank, so that one may gulp in no radical germ in the course of one's communal—but not communistic—bathing. But one must not jest with the D. A. R. or any other patriotic organization. They are among the most serious of the earth. Humor and they would not recognize each other if they met, and it is well that they do not for the results would be disastrous. Have these societies not the inherited duty to protect us? If they should begin to laugh their whole solemn structure might come crashing down. Hear things they must not lest they learn that the world has changed. Read they must not lest they learn something about the patriots they exist to commemorate—Professor Samuel E. Morison of the History Department of Harvard, whose grandmother was one of the original incorporators of the D. A. R., declares that "the youngest foreign-born child taking his first American history in our primary schools has a better knowledge of the spirit of the

American Revolution than the present national spokeswomen of the D. A. R." "Grandmothers of Reaction" he dubs them. What does he expect? Does he wish them to discover that the ancestors they worship believed in the right of rebellion not merely for themselves, but for their descendants? Cold chills would surely run down their spines if they were to discover that an American President, one of the intellectual authors of their beloved Revolution, Jefferson himself, declared that any American had the right to advocate a change in the form of our government and that a little blood spilling in America every twenty-five years would be a good thing so that the government in Washington might remember who were its masters. Could they bear it to learn that this Jefferson was a great internationalist?

Mrs. Brosseau would be especially troubled if she should learn that the rebels of 1776 and their children freely discussed preparedness and were so united in opposition to it that the United States never had a standing army of more than ten thousand men except in war time for the first eighty years of its existence; that, like the pacifists of today, George Washington said, "My first wish is to see war, the plague of mankind, banished from the earth"; that while he was President the total military expenditures of the government during the eight years of his administration were less than half the cost of a modern cruiser. Jefferson would sink further in her estimation were she to learn that as President he hauled our effective warships up on the beach. But Jefferson was after all not a D. A. R., but merely the author of the Declaration of Independence and a friend of that heretic Ben Franklin, who said even after the Revolution that "there never was a good war or a bad peace." It must be his excuse that he did not know that a chief fruit of the struggle of the Colonists would be our heritage of Daughters of the Revolution.

To-day a Daughter must not even suspect, as Edwin D. Mead has just pointed out again, that "the American Revolution was in a cardinal aspect a great civil strife between liberalism and reaction in the whole English race on both sides of the Atlantic." Certainly no D. A. R. could be expected to realize that the very finest tribute she could possibly pay in patriotic devotion to the Revolutionists would be to abhor and to attack all censorship, private or official; to fight for the free speech for which her ancestors battled; to refuse to bow down before, and only to tolerate, authority; to recognize that the right of revolution was never restricted by the Revolutionists to the year 1776.

But I must not be too sweeping. There are some more protestants within the D. A. R. besides the fourteen who were voted down in obedience to Mrs. Brosseau's wishes. Thus the Pawtucket Chapter, of which President Mary E. Woolley is an honorary member, refused to recognize her inclusion on any black list. In Oregon also there are malcontents, who undoubtedly are not personally acquainted with Mrs. Brosseau, for they wrote to her as follows:

Dear Madam:

The Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter Daughters of the American Revolution of Eugene, Oregon, wish to protest against the attempt that the National Chairman of the National Defense Committee of the D. A. R. is making to classify certain persons prominent in political and social service work, and organizations including the American Association of University Women, the National Educational Association, National Board of Y. W. C. A., and others, as unpatriotic, radical, and dangerous. When we are informed by our State Chairman of National Defense that we are untrue to our duties as citizens and members of the D. A. R. when we allowed Kirby Page and Judge Lindsey to speak in Eugene, we resent the implication, for we believe in the free and open discussion of all social and political issues, and are opposed to this type of censorship.

As descendants of the founders of the

Republic, we feel that we should hold a higher vision of tolerance toward the opinions of sincere persons and should cultivate a more intelligent patriotism than is implied by such pamphlets as "Pacifism Kept Alive by Fifty Organizations"—a pamphlet being circulated by the Defense Committee. We believe it to be the highest patriotic duty of every citizen to work for world peace and the eventual abolition of war, and therefore are not committed, without reservation, to the National Defense Act as opposed to so-called pacifism. In closing we wish to state that this is not the opinion of a small group within our chapter, but is the unanimous expression of the members at our last meeting when a large attendance was present.

Respectfully,

Oregon Lewis and Clark Chapter, D. A. R.

Eugene, Oregon

By the Regent.

This fine position is, however, to be contrasted with that of the Daughters in North Carolina. There they have been foremost among the witch-hunters. Fear has ruled them. Thus, in 1926, Mrs. Edwin Clark Gregory, the State Regent, announced to the assembled State Convention, doubtless to the horror of her hearers, that "North Carolina to-day is the target of the most desperate efforts of the Soviet propagandists seeking the overthrow of the American government *and planning for a Red Russian invasion* of the South." That clarion call should have roused the men of the Carolinas as did that to Guilford and Cowpens. It ought at least to have led to vigorous denunciations of the Government at Washington which sits quietly by and permits the Red hordes to assemble for the overthrow of the republic of North Carolina. Alas, despite, as we shall see, the cordial cooperation of the regulars, the Carolinas remain indifferent. Nothing has been done by anybody to stave off the advancing hordes of Bolshevists—nothing save the activities of Mrs. Gregory and of the American Legion who heard her summons and acted upon it. Together they demanded that all teachers be compelled to take the oath of loyalty to the Government and to the principle of private ownership of property. The Legion denounced the National Congress of Parent-Teachers and the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, the latter for "sponsoring speakers who are spreading pacifist and unpatriotic propaganda," yes, even speakers who are "either affiliated with the Third International or have Communistic leanings."

The North Carolina Daughters, under Mrs. Gregory's valiant leadership, naturally did not stop at denying to themselves the wrong kind of speakers. They stepped into the breach to protect others from contamination by bringing pressure to bear on the Greensboro Open Forum, which wickedly lent itself to such miscreants as Frank Kent, Will Durant, Dr. Cadman, and others of this type. They also took action against the traitors in our midst who favor such un-American legislation as the Federal Child Labor Amendment and the Maternity and Infancy Bill—a dreadful measure doubtless drafted in Moscow. In trying to protect others from contamination, the North Carolina Daughters do not stand alone. At Windsor, Connecticut, the Abigail Wolcott Ellsworth Chapter endeavored to prevent an address on peace by a blacklisted speaker. At Boonton, New Jersey, Morgantown, West Virginia, and numerous other places, the patriotic Daughters have applied, or sought to apply, the gag to undesirable speakers undeterred by the critics who declare that, in going outside their own rooms to check utterances they do not like, the Daughters are false to American traditions.

II

Let no one believe from this recital that the Daughters alone constitute the Blue Menace in the eyes of their critics. If they only were engaged in heresy-hunting and padlocking the lips of speakers, this phenomenon of the complete revulsion of this Society from the

principles it was founded to celebrate could be passed over as a case of senile decay. The serious part of the situation is that many other individuals and societies have joined in the movement to suppress free speech in America and have identified advanced views on economic issues, as well as the advocacy of peace, with disloyalty and subservience to the Bolshevists. The Daughters, as has been said, have deliberately tied up the issue of free speech with the question of national defense. In this they have been aided and abetted not only by the American Legion, but by some army officers who ever since the World War have justified the fears of the Founders as to the menace to the Republic of a large standing army. As Dr. E. Talmadge Root, Executive Secretary of the Massachusetts Federation of Churches, has publicly declared, "that the military should constitute itself a censor is just what the founders of the Constitution feared most. More nations have lost their liberty through their own armies than through foreign foes." This post-bellum psychology of fear and hate and intolerance which has actuated so many of the military and of the American Legion posts is curious proof of the charge made by many anti-war people before we entered the struggle that, if we took part, the spirit of the German militarists would take possession of us. Certain of our admirals and generals have since the War uttered precisely the sentiments we learned to hate when they issued from the lips of Von Tirpitz, of Ludendorf, or Von Moltke, and have enunciated doctrines which sound precisely as if they came from the pages of General Bernhardi.

Here it is impossible to acquit the War Department of blame. It has declared that it could not move to rebuke Lieutenant-Colonel George Chase Lewis for attempting to prevent the Reverend J. Nevin Sayre from speaking in Oklahoma on the utterly false and unfounded charge that he was using religion and pacifism as a cloak for communism. Assuming that the charge was true, it was still no business whatsoever of an army officer—whether active or inactive—to undertake to limit the freedom of speech guaranteed by the Constitution which Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis has taken an oath to uphold. I cannot recall any happening like this in militaristic Germany prior to the war. But the Secretary of War, Mr. Davis, held that the principle of free speech prevented his disciplining Colonel Lewis because the latter "was expressing his individual views as a citizen" and "did not even inferentially imply that he was expressing the views of the War Department." Mr. Davis overlooked the all-important fact that Lieutenant-Colonel Lewis invariably signed his letters of protest with his title "Lieutenant-Colonel, United States Infantry," and that his attack carried weight only because he represented the military arm of the Government. Whether an army officer can ever divest himself of his official position is an open question. Admiral Plunkett may have been speaking in his individual capacity before the New York Republican Club when he declared that we were going to have war with England, but he obviously could not disassociate himself from his rank and title. President Coolidge plainly felt that, for he lost no time in publicly deprecating this and other utterances by uniformed men and suggesting that they always bobbed up when the Military and Naval Appropriation bills were before Congress. It was precisely that sort of saber-rattling by German, French, and English military men prior to 1914 which kept Europe in a state of alarm and led up to the World War.

But the War Department's record does not end with the Lewis case. It has permitted "civilian aides" of the Secretary in the various military areas to attack free speech and to endeavor to suppress speakers, without any official rebuke. For example, Mr. Davis's civilian aide in the Eighth Corps Area has been most active in mailing the black

lists to all reserve officers in his district, connecting men like John Dewey, Robert Morss Lovett, Henry Sloane Coffin, John Haynes Holmes, George Foster Peabody, Bishop Benjamin Brewster, and many others with the I. W. W. and the Bolshevists in Russia. So far as known, Mr. Davis has taken no action though the matter has been called to his attention. In the colleges where military officers are on duty they have repeatedly set themselves up as censors. At the University of Wyoming the Military Commandant (now relieved) was made chairman of the committee on speakers, and no one could appear on the campus without his approval. If the point be made that the college was responsible for this, the War Department was equally guilty, for it knows that *any interference whatsoever by the military in civil affairs* is contrary to the American spirit and tradition and bound to react to the injury of the military service.

What, however, would be its attitude if one of these reserve officers should take the stump demanding the abolition of the Reserve Officers' Training Corps, or of compulsory military drill in some of our universities? It is perfectly obvious that the Secretary of War or the immediate military superior of the officer would immediately find that he was no longer suitable for the military service. To conceive of any officer's being permitted to criticize the government's military policies, or to advocate disarmament, is impossible. On such subjects no officer has free speech, and Mr. Davis knows it. He is also aware that when Senator Walsh called attention to the fact that the mails were being used by First Lieutenant John G. McNutt of the Field Artillery Reserves to send to the Association of American University Women matter attacking Frederick J. Libby and to offset his speeches, and it appeared that this was done by authority of Colonel George L. Townsend, Chief of Staff of the Eighty-Fourth Division, neither officer was told to mind his own business and to keep his hands off civilian affairs. The truth is that there is no section of the government which is more busily engaged in propaganda than the War Department through every agency in its power; hence the officers who constitute the military part of the Blue Menace have reason to believe that their activities are anything but unpalatable to the Department.

As for the talking generals, the most distinguished are Amos A. Fries, of the Chemical Warfare Service, and Albert J. Bowley, lately stationed in North Carolina. It was the latter who backed up or incited Mrs. Gregory to tell the State of the impending Bolshevik invasion. As far back as February 3, 1924, General Bowley was on the job. To the secretaries of the several chambers of commerce within the State the General revealed the imminent danger of revolution and the damnable character of certain welfare legislation, all the work, he said, of Soviet propagandists in America. He even dwelt upon the probability of an immediate negro revolution, actually declaring, "these Soviet emissaries have subsidized some of the yellow Negroes who have more sense (*sic!*) than the others, and have brought about the movement north in preparation for a black revolution"! But not only the negroes were guilty. This brigadier-general in the regular army also denounced the Christian Endeavor Society, the Women's Christian Temperance Union, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Council for the Prevention of War, as well as "many Catholic societies," together with *all* the forums, chautauquas, and colleges in the country! When a certain Chester D. Snell of the University of North Carolina ventured to disagree and to demand freedom of speech, the General thundered: "Young man, it is such pig-headed narrow-mindedness as yours that is carrying us along with propaganda of Soviet Russia."

Naturally the General did not stop there. At the University of North Car-

olina, at Asheville, at Raleigh, where he declared all pacifists were "whelps and cats," at Columbus, Ohio, and doubtless many other places, this sober and judicially minded leader of American soldiers held forth. On one occasion he demanded by suggestion the dismissal of certain college professors, one of whom had written on the war-myth in American history. He could not mention names, he said, because the War Department had told him not to do so. To one Legionnaire, who had prevented a lecture by Sherwood Eddy, this military defender of the Constitution sent a letter of congratulation. He has since been transferred to Texas where he has undoubtedly discovered by this time that Mexican Communists are preparing to invade the United States in 1929, or 1930.

It was by the librarian of General Fries's office that the famous "Spider-web chart" was conceived and brought into being. This document showed the interlocking directorates of the various women's peace and reform organizations and proved beyond doubt that the inspiration and support of all of them came directly from Moscow—even the Parent-Teachers' Association was supported, according to the chart, by Soviet gold. This was a little bit too much for some of the women's organizations thus libelled. In response to their protest, the then Secretary of War, John W. Weeks, ordered the immediate destruction of the charts, and compelled General Fries "to inform all persons that there are errors in the charts and to request their destruction." The evil done by the chart lives on, however. It was undoubtedly the basis of some of the black lists, and it was at the bottom of the attacks upon two Y. W. C. A. secretaries in Fort Wayne, Ind., because of their membership in the Fellowship of Reconciliation. These assaults resulted in their having to resign their posts, although a group of twenty-five of the finest women in Fort Wayne certified to one of them that "the results of your leadership have been the best single influence on the spiritual life of Fort Wayne women."

General Fries was not daunted by Mr. Weeks' rebuke. It was he who demanded the expulsion from the public-school system of the Capital of a school-teacher whose sole offense was that he had won a five-dollar prize offered by the *Forum* for the best definition of Socialism. For that General Fries would have deprived this man of his bread and butter. Here again Secretary Davis was silent. General Fries's conduct is the more interesting because of the correct attitude of another bureau chief in the War Department, General Robert C. Davis, the Adjutant-General of the army. When asked for information about "subversive groups," he wrote officially, "I regret my inability to comply with your request as, in time of peace, the War Department is not engaged in the investigation of civilians." While General Davis spoke for the entire War Department, it is evident that General Fries has, in the past at least, felt himself free to engage in the investigation of any civilians whose activities do not commend themselves to him. Finally, it appears not to be known to Secretary Davis that in the Seventh Corps Area, according to the *World Tomorrow*, the "military authorities organized a committee which is urging upon the Kansas State Board of Regents regulations withholding salary from any Kansas teacher who speaks out against the R. O. T. C." It has thus become *lèse majesté* to criticize in America the military organization of the pupils of our State institutions. How the Kaiser must laugh! Someone ought to call to Mr. Davis's attention these words of President Coolidge: "Any organization of men in the military service bent on inflaming the public mind for the purpose of forcing government action through the pressure of public opinion is an exceedingly dangerous undertaking and precedent."

This R. O. T. C. has connected with it a national honorary fraternity called

"Scabbard and Blade," to which only honor students of the R. O. T. C. are eligible. It has a publication of the same name which circulates a black list of its own to its members, "for publicity uses if speakers appear in your city to orate against national defense." One example of its mud-slinging will suffice. It speaks of Jane Addams—than whom there is no nobler American—as having for twenty years past directed her efforts "to international and subversive channels until to-day she stands out as the most dangerous woman in America." Here again the War Department, it would seem, might at least express its opinion, for all its reverence for free speech, even though it asserts that the R. O. T. C. is not under its control. And it might also take a position on the activities of the various reserve officers who from time to time endeavor to interfere with lawful public meetings and use their military titles in doing so. They are under its control and can be tried. As long as the War Department does not go on record about this un-American conduct it must be assumed that it approves of it.

III

As for the Blue Menace of the American Legion, it would take an entire article to set forth the facts. Suffice it here that the present commander, who avows himself a hearty believer in free speech, has successfully blocked various meetings to be held by Sherwood Eddy and others, notably in North Carolina and Kentucky. He told Mr. Eddy personally that "he would do all in his power to prevent people coming to hear me (Mr. Eddy) and also to have my engagements cancelled. . . ." Mr. Eddy is in possession of a letter of Mr. Spafford's to a departmental commander urging him to prevent Mr. Eddy's speaking and, if he failed to do so, "to see that he is followed up with a good speaker who will instill a little radical nationalism." Many of the posts feel themselves the complete censors of the intellectual life of their communities and keep a watchful eye on all schools and colleges. They prevented Lucia Ames Mead from addressing the students of Agnes Scott College in Decatur, Ga. They tried to stop Professor Harry F. Ward at Wheeling, W. Va. They sought the dismissal of a high-school teacher at Woodbury, N. J., because of her opinions. They asked the Colorado School of Mines to dismiss its student-pastor and they, together with reserve officers, brought about the cancellation of a series of meetings to be addressed by the Rev. William P. Merrill, Dr. Henry Atkinson, and Dr. Frederick Lynch in Vineland, N. J. They undoubtedly had a hand in the dismissal of Professor Robert Kerlin and Professor John Kinneman of the West Chester Normal College for upholding the right of the student Liberal Club to discuss and criticize the American policy in Nicaragua and Mexico. This list could be lengthened indefinitely.

Here in fairness it must be stated that many of the military and non-military padlockers of other people's lips have been misled by some of the professional patriots who profit directly, financially or otherwise, by their activities in blacklisting their fellow-Americans and keeping up the fear of Bolshevism. First and foremost in this list stands Fred R. Marvin, for some years an editor of the New York *Commercial* who was promptly dropped when that paper was amalgamated with the *Journal of Commerce*. In the *Commercial* Mr. Marvin maintained a "Searchlight" which every day set forth the horrifying doings of all whose political or international or business policies he disliked. His hatred for pacifists is equalled only by his dislike of all union labor, and everybody interested in improving the welfare of the masses. To him every such person is directly actuated by Moscow, and he has been marketing his matter in a Daily Data Sheet in which he classifies men, women, movements, and organizations as he sees fit, at six dollars a year—which figure he hopes soon to increase. Mr.

Marvin has inspired much of the "patrioteering" activity. There can be no question that he helped to scare Mrs. Brosseau and a Mrs. Walker who is the Chairman of the D. A. R. Committee of National Defense. He is, for example, the organizer of the Key Men of America, a noble band of head-hunters of which Mrs. Brosseau is a member. Most of Mr. Marvin's "facts" are stuff and nonsense, bristling with errors—as is the whole of this "patriotic" literature—although he claims to "supply the American people with the only complete, accurate, and trustworthy information on radical and subversive movements and forces." As to this self-compliment, it is sufficient perhaps to record the fact that a New York jury in July last found him guilty of libelling Miss Rosika Schwimmer, and sentenced him and the defunct New York *Commercial* each to pay her seventeen thousand dollars. But for his skill in avoiding direct libels he would have been sued many times before this.

Mr. Marvin boasts that Frank A. Goodwin, lately removed from the position of Registrar of Motor Vehicles in Massachusetts by Governor Fuller, obtained much of his material for his virulent pamphlet, entitled *The Red Peril*, from the Key Men. *The Common Enemy*, a pamphlet sent out by the D.A.R., according to its title-page is "written from data supplied by the Key Men of America." The Key Men, *i.e.* Mr. Marvin, also take credit for inspiring E. H. Hunter, another professional detector of Reds, who for some time has published a broadside entitled *What's What*. After inquiry among the textile workers in New England during the War, he appears convinced that the most sensational conspiracies to overthrow the Government are under way. Mr. Marvin, by the way, differing from the United States Supreme Court, discovered that the oil scandals were the result of activities by the socialist and communist movements in this country. He explained that the sale of the oil lands was due to the imminence of war with Japan and that the action of Mr. Doheny was due to the fact that, the Japanese navy having mobilized to attack the United States, the patriotic men in charge of the nation's safety demanded his help. As Mr. Marvin put it: "There was no scandal. No one sought to rob the Government." Unfortunately for him and for his friends, Messrs. Fall and Sinclair, the Supreme Court found them guilty of fraud, collusion, and conspiracy—further proof of the accuracy of Mr. Marvin's facts and judgments.

There are numerous others of this type of agitator, such as R. M. Whitney, lately of the American Defense Society, H. A. Jung, head of the Clay Products Industries Association, and Captain George L. Darte, Adjutant of The Military Order of The World War. Captain Darte is especially active in the East and is as fearful as anybody that we shall have full-fledged revolution in America in the dark of the next moon, and so is Joseph T. Cashman, counsel at various times for the National Security League. Then there is Mrs. M. C. Robinson, wife of a Harvard professor, who is now as convinced that the country is being undermined by pacifists, social reformers, and Bolshevists as she was certain during the suffrage campaign that if women were enfranchised it would spell the end of the home, the family, and the nation. Her organization is the Massachusetts Public Interests League; two of its members have attacked the management of the Boston Public Library because it rented its lecture hall to Dr. W. E. B. DuBois, the distinguished negro, editor of the *Crisis*, permitted the Workers' Educational Bureau, a section of the American Federation of Labor, devoted to the educational interests of working men, to hold a conference in the library, and printed a list of titles of books having to do with the education of the worker. It is, perhaps, eminently fitting in view of its recent record, that Massachusetts should have produced these bluest of the blue. Here we have

a direct menace to freedom of education and freedom of thought worthy of the Tzar in the worst days of old Russia. In justice to Mrs. Robinson, it must be added that she, of course, does not seek to make money out of her campaign, but is apparently convinced that our great American government rests upon such weak foundations that it may easily be toppled over by a few communist agitators.

IV

This brings us to a final aspect of this singular social phenomenon—the direct connection of these scares with reactionary business. Mr. Jung, as has been pointed out, is connected with a great industry. Mr. Hunter is secretary of the Industrial Defense Association. Other vigorous patriots are the secretary of the Associated Employers of Indianapolis, the president of the Illinois Manufacturers Association, and Harry M. Haldeman, President of the Better America Foundation of Los Angeles, probably the narrowest and most aggressive group of employer-Fascisti in America. It is very much to be suspected that the interests of some of these organizations in preparedness like that of some of the largest employers in Detroit and elsewhere, is quite as much because of their desire to hold the laboring classes in check by force if necessary as to protect us from foreign attack. As the Information Service of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ in America points out, "those who work for better industrial relations, for child labor laws, or for social insurance, are likely to find themselves quite as 'subversive' as the pacifists are declared to be." There is David Clark, Editor of the *Southern Textile Bulletin*, who insists that the textile industry in the South has everything to fear from economic Bolshevists. Every single effort to improve industrial conditions in North Carolina originates in Moscow, he knows. The Baltimore *Manufacturers' Record* and other organs of business men are equally frightened. Some see in opposition to preparedness nothing else than a purpose to render the country defenseless so that the workers may rise and take over the government. Hence every effort is made to identify pacifism, liberalism, and social reform with attacks upon big business or criticism of our industrial methods.

Plainly, the apostasy of the Daughters of the Revolution is not an isolated phenomenon. It is alleged on behalf of the Daughters that it is no more under obligation to hear speakers whose views it does not like than the Cardinal in Boston is bound to invite into his pulpits an avowed advocate of atheism or birth-control. The D. A. R. is further represented as a club which has the right to ask before it only those grateful to its members. The case is not as simple as that. The D. A. R. members who circulated the black lists urged their chapters not to receive the speakers they dislike and encouraged them, as we have seen, to prevent them from speaking on other platforms. They have not written to their chapters, "Professor Dewey holds social views that we cannot agree with. We advise you of this so that if you invite him to address you your chapter will understand that we are in disagreement." Apparently they have said something of this sort: "This is a disloyal and dangerous man who must not be heard in any event." Thus some of those on the list have doubtless been injured, professionally and otherwise. "I can't see," wrote William Allen White, "that it makes the slightest difference in my standing as a Republican or in my ability to go out and speak where I please, but I can imagine that men who are less pugnacious than I and more sensitive to what people think of them might be saddened by this kind of a stab in the dark." It is certainly entirely un-American not only to deny others the right to speak, but to seek to tarnish their characters merely because of differences of opinion, without giving those attacked a chance to defend them-

selves and to be heard. It is a most obnoxious kind of censorship because it is secret and irresponsible and gets into the light of day only by accident. In any civilized community people ought to be able and willing to disagree with mutual respect. Why for example should the League to Abolish Capital Punishment be blacklisted? Is it pretended that the abolition of the death penalty indicates a desire to overthrow the government, a lack of patriotism, or a failure to reverence God? Obviously not.

It is all a part of the psychology of fear, and those we fear we usually hate. We do not want those we fear and hate to share our inherited rights. We deny to them the possibility that they may be just as devoted to the Republic as ourselves. The writer of this article is as opposed to bolshevizing this country as anybody else. But he cannot see why anybody should not be allowed to talk about it if he wants to do so. Who is really so foolish as to believe that anything but an infinitesimal fraction of the people desires any such radical change when we have not a liberal party—unless the Socialists are to be so ranked—in the field in this Presidential election?

Usually the answer is that some of the people in a given society are Socialists or Communists. Well, what if they are? Long before the World War there were probably more communistic experiments on American soil than anywhere else in the world, and our government is stronger than ever, and communism at low ebb. During the war our government itself, when it nationalized railroads and merchant fleets and joined the Allies in rationing all the raw materials of the earth for the Allies and the neutral nations, engaged in the greatest communistic experiment the world has ever seen. For that we do not to-day proscribe the surviving members of the Wilson administration. It was the intention of the founders of our Republic that Americans should be able to advocate any scheme however new or wild, as Thomas Jefferson said, to the extent of advocating an entirely new form of government. If we cannot agree with him that even monarchists should be allowed in America to "stand undisturbed as monuments of the safety with which error of opinion may be tolerated when reason is left free to combat"; if we cannot say with Wendell Phillips, "if there is anything in the universe that can't withstand discussion, let it crack," then we cannot pass the test. We fail in our loyalty to America and to its ideals. As George Bernard Shaw put it, "toleration and liberty have no sense or use except as toleration of opinions that are considered damnable and liberty to do what seems wrong."

"THERE'S MONEY IN POETRY"

A STORY

BY KONRAD BERCOVICI

ON THE transatlantic steamer a stoutish man of about fifty, bald-headed and blue-eyed, extended a hand as big as a ham and introduced himself:

"Levine is my name. What is yours? I am in the silk business; what is your business?"

I mumbled that my business was of no importance. After dinner, when the coffee was brought in, the purser and the captain of the boat greeted me and sat down at our table for a few moments. I introduced my companion, who, being overawed that such important personages should be on friendly terms with me, asked again:

"What did you say your business was?"

My answer was very vague. Puzzled, Mr. Levine looked at me with suspicion.

An hour later Levine tapped me familiarly on the shoulder.

"Say, I found out what you are. They tell me you're a writer. Why, the hell, didn't you tell me so? That's nothing to be ashamed of! That's happened even in my family. Good-night."

The following day Mr. Levine had made up his mind to tell me the story of his life. Instead of discouraging him I egged him on. It was better to get through with it. When a man has made up his mind to tell you the story of his life there is no escape. The longer you make him wait for the occasion the more ornate his story will be . . . and the more untrue. Nothing is so boring as the invented romance of unimaginative people.

After dinner I went up on deck, sat down on a chair beside him, and said:

"You wanted to tell me something? Go ahead, Levine, let's hear."

Levine hemmed and hawed.

"To make a long story short, it was this way. I'm going to tell it to you briefly, but from soup to nuts, as they say.

"To begin with, Kantrowitz, who is also in the silk business, is an old friend of mine who came to America about the same time I came, twenty years ago. We were both in the same business. Sometimes there was a little competition between us. Sometimes we worked hand in hand. In the main, we were friends. Sometimes we had a little fight, a little squabble, a little quarrel; but when I thought we had parted forever, Kantrowitz buys a little property up in the Bronx and lets me know that there is another lot beside it which can be had for the same price he had paid, and we build the same kind of house, so it should cost cheaper, the architect and everything else, and we remain friends forever again for a long time. He has what he has, I have what I have, and the families are friends and everything is all right.

"When the time comes and silk is good one of his sons, the oldest one, as soon as he has finished high school goes into his father's business. A-one all around, and falls in love with a girl

of the neighborhood, and gets married to her, moves over to Washington Heights, and is doing very fine. That oldest boy of Kantrowitz is the spit image of his father. What his father had done at twenty he does at twenty. What his father has done at forty he will do at forty. A regular fellow. The kind of a son a man wishes to have not a stranger.

"But the other son, Izzy—with him it's not so good. What's happened was that when Izzy was twelve or thirteen years old and was still in school they printed in the school paper a poem written by Izzy himself, which was called 'Indian Wind.' And so Kantrowitz goes around and shows it to everybody that his son is a poet, and frames it and hangs it up in the office. You could not talk to Kantrowitz for five minutes without he should show you the poem of his son framed and hung up on the wall. I came to talk business. He showed me Izzy's picture. And it made the older son good and angry. What if he hadn't written poetry, wasn't he a good son?

"That's all very nice and fine for a boy thirteen years old, and not born in this country, who writes poems that get printed in the papers; the whole neighborhood is proud of him. He is a celebrity already. But the boy finishes high school, and the father wants he should come into his business, and Izzy wouldn't even hear about it. Then it is not so good. He wants to be a poet.

"Well, for a year or so we didn't know nothing about it and didn't know how much Kantrowitz was worried and all the quarrels in the family. Kantrowitz is a proud man, a self-made man, and keeps a secret what is not so nice in his family. But when the boy got to be eighteen, nineteen years old and was still doing nothing except writing poetry, I had a look at him because he was coming every night to my house to read to my Margaret his poems. So I says to him one day:

"'Izzy, what's going to be the end of it? When are you going into business? Poetry is no business for a Kantrowitz. You got to consider the family!'

"So Izzy looks at me as if I had called his father names, and he shrugged his shoulders as if what I said was talking maybe Chinese; and when he goes away, my daughter asks me what business have I got to talk to Izzy like that, and she tells me Izzy is a great poet. So I says to her that I knew that already, that I saw the poem that got printed in the school magazine years ago, but what had that got to do with business? And a boy that comes round to my house, I want I should know what he is doing. Loafers should come into my house yet!

"So a week passes, and another week, and Kantrowitz comes up to my office one day, and I can see he is very worried. So I says to him:

"'How's business, Kantrowitz?'

"Kantrowitz says business is all right. So I ask him how was the health? And he says that was all right, too. I wondered what could be worrying him. Finally, he tells me it's about Izzy. That a boy like this could happen in his family—with the best of examples always before him! His father and brother in business, all his family in business, and everybody in business, and he should just loaf, and does nothing. I talk to him and I talk to him, he says, and it's like talking to the wall. And what would the end be, he asks me, with tears in his eyes.

"So I consoled him and said don't worry; it would all come out all right, with a father like you and a brother. . . . I know Izzy is not a bad boy.

"All the time I wanted to tell him that the fault is really with Kantrowitz, for he had turned the boy's mind by showing the poem and hanging it up in his office, so that he got a swelled head and thinks that he is better than everybody. But even if I didn't tell him, Kantrowitz understood that that was what I meant, so he said:

"'I know it was my own fault. But I was so proud. How should I know what is going to happen? How should I know that he will not want to do what I will tell him and write poetry forever!'

"'Don't worry,' I told him, 'things will come out all right. Izzy is of good family and blood is thicker than water. There ain't been any poet in your family yet?' I ask.

"'No,' says Kantrowitz. 'Have you ever heard of such a thing in my family? No bankrupts and no poets.'

"That evening when I came home and found Izzy sitting near my daughter on a couch and reading to her poetry from a paper, I got very angry, and I said to him that he had no business to worry his father and mother and shame his family and loaf and write poetry and that I was the best friend of the family and wouldn't have said a word but he had no business to sit near my Margaret on a couch and read poetry to her. And I gave it to him good and hard. First he should go and make a man of himself, and then you should talk to my daughter. So Izzy gets angry, and my Margaret talks to me as she has never talked before—says she is in America and not in Russia. So I said to my Margaret that for women it was all right; if she wanted to read poetry or do anything honest she wanted, it was all right, but for a boy whose family was in business it was a ruination. So he shouldn't come any more to our house.

"I thought I knew my Margaret, that she wouldn't see him because she wouldn't do what her father didn't want her to do. And everything was all right. But we are in America. Women got independent even from their families that supports them. Of course for women that work independence is O. K. But it turned out O. K. as you will hear later; even if I almost died, and it is even the reason I took a trip to the old country.

"But you should have seen Kantrowitz then. He worried more in a week than his father had worried in a lifetime. And his father was the kind that spoke politics and carried the world on his shoulders. He worried more about that boy's future than he did about business. He would sit in my office and cry like a baby. His boy was no good! His son was getting worse from year to year. And already he was twenty-one, with no thought of anything at all, and happy only when a poem of his got printed somewheres in the magazines.

"Margaret used to read it to me when it appeared, and when she read it, it sounded all right, but it was always about flowers and rivers and such things, so I said to her one day:

"'Look. In five years that he writes poetry, show me what he has done. There is maybe two pages in a magazine. Was that enough work for a man in five years? Nobody has nothing against a man writing poetry . . . but after business, when you got a little time. Nobody could write poetry eight hours a day, and even the Socialists say a man got to work eight hours a day.'

"So she sighs and looks at me as if to say 'you know nothing,' and from then on she stops showing me his poetry, and I stop talking about him. And Kantrowitz just loses his head that such a misfortune should happen in his house; that one of his sons shouldn't want to do anything serious. And it breaks my heart. To all the worries a man got in business there should yet come such a thing in America. Poetry!

"And then one day Kantrowitz comes into my office, and I could see right away from how he acted that he was very happy. The biggest order couldn't have made him so happy. No. And so I think what could have happened to him! I am in conference with my salesmen, but I stop the conference and I call him aside and say:

"'What is it, Kantrowitz? Tell me quick. I'm dying.'

"But he was so excited he could hardly talk, and finally he says:

"'You were right, Levine. You were right. My Izzy has come to his senses.

Blood is thicker than water. This morning he took a position with the A. G. B. Silk Company, and he is going on the road in a week! That boy has saved my life.' And Kantrowitz cries like a baby.

"It made me very happy. I couldn't tell you how happy it made me. The biggest order of silk couldn't have done it. A man got feelings even if he is in business, you know. And so I tell Kantrowitz I have a big conference on, but the conference could wait for tomorrow. And the two of us went down town and we had a good bottle of wine over it, and we hadn't been so happy together in a long time, talking about the old country and about people we knew and about everything. We hadn't done so bad in this country. We have made money. Everything was all right. And our children were all right. There was nothing to worry about and blood was thicker than water.

"I went home and told the good news to my wife. But when Margaret, my daughter, hears that Izzy has come to his senses and is going on the road she begins to cry and cry as if she had heard the worst news. So you never can understand women, I think to myself. Nobody ever did. So how should I know what she cries about? But I knew she did not cry for happiness. I knew that. There is a great difference. So I let her alone and think maybe she cries because he goes on the road and she wouldn't see him no more as often. For I knew that she did meet him even if I had ordered the contrary. Girls are independent in this country, and a father that knows gives an order and then closes the eyes when he isn't obeyed.

"A month later, Izzy comes back from the road. He is a new man. He has cut his hair short. His clothes are pressed. The A. G. B. silk people are very satisfied with him. I called them up on the telephone and asked them how it goes with him. So I think to myself now if he should come to talk to my Margaret I won't say anything; for I understood that Margaret didn't dislike him. But what do you think happens? When he comes to talk to her, she wouldn't speak to him. She is angry that he should be no more a poet! Women got political rights but they are as foolish as ever. They don't want bread, they want jewelry . . . poetry.

"So he goes back on the road, and his father is very happy, and tells me that the boy learned in two months the business better than anybody could have learned it in ten years. Why not? Silk was in the Kantrowitz family for two hundred years. The boy knew silk just as somebody coming from a family of musicians knows music. He was just born with it. He didn't have to go to school to learn it and know the difference between silk and cotton. But I say nothing, and the father is happy, and everything is all right. Kantrowitz was crazy about the boy. About poetry that was not in the family I understand he should have made such a noise and hang up the picture on the wall. But about silk! How could a Kantrowitz not know silk?

"Meanwhile every morning as I go out of my house I see letters coming from the road to my Margaret, so I say nothing. The boy goes back and forth on the road. Each time he comes back, he sees Margaret. Sometimes she talks to him one way and sometimes she talks to him another way, hot, cold, but I say nothing. Watch and see. I always believe blood is thicker than water. And there ain't been no poet yet in my family neither.

"Meanwhile his brother, who has been partners with the father, has gone into business for himself. Izzy comes home and goes into partnership with his father. And his father, you couldn't talk to him, he was so proud of Izzy. He spoiled that boy twenty-four hours a day. He was afraid Izzy would go back to poetry.

"Now there comes out a new kind of silk, and every wholesaler in town gets

the sample. Izzy looks at that piece of silk, and touches it and smells it and caresses it. You ain't never seen such things the boy did with that piece of silk! The wholesaler had given it a name—I don't know what—but Izzy looks at the silk and smells it, and presses it to his cheeks and to his lips like he was crazy, and then he says again:

"'Indian Wind!' And his eyes were sparkling, and his face was red just like he was drunk from touching that piece of silk. Just like that. 'Indian Wind!'

"And when he sends an order he asks that they should print 'Indian Wind' all around the selvages of the silk, and pack it in a special kind of tinted silk paper.

"And 'Indian Wind' becomes such a craze that the women would have nothing but 'Indian Wind' and wouldn't buy silk that didn't have marked around it 'Indian Wind,' even if it was exactly the same. And the orders fly to Kantrowitz, until it almost put everybody else in the business out of the business. 'This is the same silk as the other,' I explain to customers. But they don't want nothing only 'Indian Wind.' And then Kantrowitz becomes very proud and shows to everybody that comes in the office that first poem which was still hanging on the wall with the name 'Indian Wind.' And when I come to see him, he tells me:

"'Levine, you were right. Such a boy I got!'

"And I give the man right. You got to be straight. When the man is right he is right even when it hurts your business.

"And so Izzy begins to come a little more often to the house. Business grows. Kantrowitz and Son were making lots of money. He and Margaret go out, and he spends money like water. I say nothing. Sometimes they were happy, sometimes they were not. One day they come home and say they got married. Just like that. They wanted no wedding, no ceremony. That boy was always a little peculiar, even if he was a success in business. It made me very happy and it saved me a lot of money, because the father of the girl pays the expenses of the wedding. And for business reasons I would have had to give a wedding supper of five hundred plates at ten dollars apiece. Count it up, please. And in this country you never know when a child of yours marries what the family is. And here I have known Izzy since he was a little boy and he was such a great success and had turned out to be A-one with such a mind like his, calling a silk 'Indian Wind.' With such ideas he had! And we were all very happy."

"The season over, people from the silk mills began to come around with new samples. I am very busy picking the new samples; and when Kantrowitz comes in I can see from his face that he is not so very happy.

"'What is it?' I asks him.

"'It's my Izzy,' he answers. 'He ain't come to the office in three days.'

"'For why?' I asks him.

"'I telephone and telephone, and he answers that he is very busy at home and that I should leave him alone; that he is too busy to come to the office. Levine,' Kantrowitz tells me, 'he is your son also a little, now. What can you do?'

"I came home and I didn't tell my wife nothing; for what's the use of worrying her!

"But when a man has got an only daughter and nothing else in the world except his business and he is no more young, I can assure you whatever I ate that night was poison. What does Izzy mean by not coming to the office for three days and answering his own father that he has no time? No time for business! How is that possible?

"So I ask my wife whether she has seen Margaret, and she said that she had telephoned her up and asked her to come, and Margaret said she was too busy; not to disturb her. So I remembered my Margaret was never satisfied that Izzy should not be a poet any more, and my blood got cold. You never can tell with women.

"So after dinner I couldn't hold out no more, so I said to my wife that I had to go somewhere very important to a lodge meeting and I get into the first taxi and go down town to Washington Square where they live. In the taxi I think and think what could it be; and wonder why they should have chosen to live in such a place. There are nicer houses in Washington Heights and still nicer ones in the Bronx. Why should they live in Washington Square? Even if he was in business, still he was a little peculiar, and Margaret, even if she was my daughter, she, too, had crazy ideas in the head. So I get out of the taxi and ring the bell with my heart so heavy as if I was going to visit a sick relative or going to a creditors' meeting of a bankrupt firm. When the maid opens the door and I come in, my heart becomes twenty times heavier than it already was; for there sits Izzy at a table and across from him sits my Margaret, and Izzy has again got long hair and smokes a pipe, and the table is just full of books. And the whole house was not like the home of a business man. The furniture was different. Full of couches and candlesticks. Why candlesticks when there is electricity and not like in the old country?

"'Just a minute, Pop,' Izzy tells me, and he reads poetry from a book and gets terribly excited because Margaret does not agree. When Izzy gets through, Margaret says:

"'Just a minute, papa. Sit down a minute.' And she reads another poem to me from a book.

"So I can see that the sickness has again come upon them, and I wonder that this can be a daughter of mine and a son of Kantrowitz that I have known so well for so many years. I saw ruin before me! If a hole should have opened before me I should have jumped in. They paid no attention to me at all, as if I didn't exist. Izzy takes out another book and reads. Margaret takes out another book and reads back. And they fight and quarrel about things I don't understand at all. And he smokes a pipe and she smokes a cigarette. And I feel I am going to die. My heart sinks. Then I can hold out no longer, so I get up and cry:

"'What is the matter with you children? Izzy! Again? You forget you are a married man. Izzy, again poetry! What's to become of you?'

"And so Izzy looks at me as if I was the greatest dumb-bell ever lived on God's earth. Then he smiles at me, and picks up a book, and I can tell you that in one moment all my happiness comes back with a rush. Between the leaves of the book were pieces of sample silk, and they were looking through poetry books to find another name as good as 'Indian Wind' for the new silks! So you see poetry pays in business. But you got to be an American boy and know how to make use of it . . . and not like them old country poets that starved in garrets.

"But I got very sick, and the doctor orders a rest. So I think I will visit my people in the old country.

"So why didn't you tell me that you are a writer? That's nothing to be ashamed of."

THE PENNY AND THE GINGERBREAD

SUCCESS WITHOUT SAVING: A PERSONAL RECORD

ANONYMOUS

TO SAVE or not to save—that is a singularly hardy perennial in our yearly crop of troublesome questions. The miser gives one answer, the spendthrift the other. But most of us are neither miser nor spendthrift; we oscillate between the two poles. We all spend prodigiously, even recklessly; and we all save, or at any rate mean to. Few of us satisfy either our friends or our critics, and none of us quite satisfies himself. The controversy is older than money itself—and is never quite settled. And yet it seems to me that there ought to be a discernible course in money matters so reasonable and convincing that one might adopt it and pass on to problems more inherently interesting.

"Life," I have just been reading, "is the gift of nature; but beautiful living is the gift of wisdom." To be wise in money matters is clearly to remember that, means being less important than ends, money is of far less moment than the causes which it may be made to serve. But it is equally important to remember that to gain the desired end one must have adequate regard for the means. And just here, I think, many persons are inclined to stumble. Idealists are disposed to entertain a high-minded contempt for money; they are also apt to miss their goals. This is the more regrettable because it involves not only the individual failure, but it also casts derision upon praiseworthy ideals, and causes confusion in the aspiring mind of youth.

One might say much about the importance of settling the personal money question once for all, and settling it right; but that is really gratuitous when perhaps nine out of ten, even in our prosperous America, are obliged by an unpleasant necessity to cudgel their brains over it. And one might speak of the difficulty of any such settlement, but in most cases a man's check book says all that is necessary, and is even given to tiresome repetition. I pass over them, both the importance and the difficulty, not blindly but intentionally, and proceed at once to what seems to me a rational solution. It is of course an individual experience, but I present it quite impersonally since I venture to think that it has about it at least a touch of universality. In one respect, perhaps, the point of view is not entirely typical of my class, for I hold personally the difficult ethical creed that it is a man's duty to succeed: there must be adequate methods as well as worthy goals. I agree with the poet of all idealists that a man's reach should exceed his grasp, but then I also contend that meanwhile his grasp should include something substantial; from which it will readily be seen that my own group of idealists are part Spartan and only part dreamer.

But since time by common consent *is* money, and I do not want to start out by being so much of a spendthrift that I shall alienate the prudent without so much as a hearing, I open the bag at once and allow my precious secret to escape—the solution of the personal money question lies neither in saving nor in not

saving; the true solution is to forget money utterly and to concentrate all one's thought and energy upon the wise spending of time, upon that chosen work which seems interesting and important, quite regardless of reward. I am not saying that even for an idealist the money question settles itself, for it is not so obliging as all that. But what I am saying is that if the much bigger problem—the spending of time—is handled with common sense, the smaller problem—the money question—which is inescapably involved in it, will be settled at the same moment.

As a financial program, put forward in all seriousness, the deliberate forgetting of money, the complete ignoring of dollars and cents, may easily seem both hazardous and fantastic. In reality, however, it is so safe and sound, so altogether sure to succeed, that it may properly be classed with those traditional gilt-edged investments recommended to widows and orphans. But I am here making assertions and must prove my case. This can best be done by an appeal to experience. If I turn to chapters in my own life it is only because I can here speak with entire authority. If I speak with surprising frankness, it can hardly seem a regrettable lack of reticence, since I speak, as I have said, not as an individual, but as a typical member of a class to which the world owes so much—and from which, alas, it has often suffered so much—the Idealists.

Imagine, then, an average American boy, neither rich nor strong nor gifted. On the contrary, I had several grave handicaps. A series of money troubles had reduced the family to moderate circumstances; I was always distressingly delicate; finally, if I had any talent, it was not sufficient to be noticeable. I did have one splendid heritage and that was an alert spirit. But this is not exceptional; it is, I think, typically American. I inherited my own high spirit from my mother. To her, nothing was impossible. When the doctors said that I could not, perhaps ought not, live she nursed me into reasonable health. When they said that I could not possibly go to college she provided the means and the necessary tutors and sent me. In this heroic atmosphere I early made the important discovery that the world is an extraordinarily interesting place, and I came to have a boyish contempt for those who found it otherwise. It is true that I met plenty of such persons, and they seemed to me even then quite unforgivably dull. I put my finger quite unerringly, I think, upon their defect—it was not lack of opportunity, but poverty of spirit. As for myself, I made up my mind that I would never allow life to bore me; that I would do only those things which seemed to me interesting and important; and finally that money should have no hand in the game. I still marvel that a delicate fifteen-year-old boy, singularly sheltered from the world, should have come to such important and far-reaching conclusions. It would be fatuous in the extreme to believe that this boyish wisdom was always lived up to. There were several desert wanderings, and probably others now quite forgotten. But the point is that on the whole I was faithful to all three resolutions, and that they did much to offset the grave handicaps I have mentioned and to make my life interesting and successful.

II

I was much too delicate to go to school; technically speaking, my early education was quite neglected. To this fortunate circumstance I owe so much that I have never ceased to be grateful. I escaped the commonplace, unimaginative standardized outlook on life which is the almost unavoidable portion of those boys who do go to school. Left so much alone, I could not help developing initiative. Such small originality as I possessed was conserved and strengthened. I learned to think for myself; I learned to write; I gained some of the minor accomplishments. I was early taught to

ride. But above all, I kept unimpaired that boyish sense of wonder and mystery which is the foundation of both knowledge and religion. What little I knew I knew at first hand and in a very real way. What I felt was the immediate Presence of God—I was a mystic before I knew the meaning of the term. This habit of mind still seems to me a priceless possession; and in any rational scale of values quite outweighs the best gifts of a more formal training. The unquenchable intellectual curiosity which marked these first sixteen years of life has never left me. I am still a student-at-large. It made it very easy to enter college after only five months' preparation, and to carry off prizes and scholarships. Better still, it made the four years of undergraduate study a period of unfailing intellectual excitement and delight. I was no brighter than the fellows I outdistanced; in many cases I was not so bright. Their handicap was that the lower schools had killed their interest; my advantage was that I was still a flaming spirit.

But now I met a genuine difficulty. My field of interest was so wide that it was a veritable hardship to turn my back upon any considerable part of it and concentrate upon a profession. I modestly wanted to know everything! Not only did knowledge seem to me better than riches—it seemed to me our nearest touch with the divine. But specialization was absolutely necessary, both as a practical program of culture and as a solution of the bread-and-butter problem, the problem which I have set out to illustrate and, in later paragraphs, to solve. My mother had made large sacrifices to send me to college, and it was now quite time that I should be earning my own living. I was twenty, but still much of a child. However, I am disposed to think that this unworldly outlook upon life was a distinct help. Had I been more worldly wise I might have been less fearless.

In looking over the delectable field of knowledge I discovered one profession which required by actual count a practical familiarity with at least the chief facts of eleven distinct and separate sciences. This offered a good start and, though I have since made many excursions into outlying fields, I have never regretted my original choice. And so I set to work. In the matter of opportunity I found a genuine embarrassment of riches. So many doors flew open that my satisfaction in what I was actually doing was always tinged with profound regret that I had to decline so many other alluring chances. Let me say again that this was not because I was clever. It was solely because my heart and mind were resolutely set upon the work in hand, upon the profitable spending of my time, and only quite incidentally upon the pay. Anyone who will honestly put his work first and the reward second simply cannot avoid success.

At first I worked for others—I had my apprenticeship to serve—but I soon found that it is vastly more interesting to paddle your own canoe; and after that I worked for myself. I came to value my time so highly that I refused to sell it, refused to do anything which did not seem to me both interesting and important. Sometimes the chosen bit of work was less profitable than the work declined; but you will remember that I had early resolved to allow money no hand in the game. I was bent upon doing what I wanted to do and what interested me. I meant, in a word, to have my own way just as far as I possibly could. And I commend this policy to everyone who attempts to handle his life seriously. So many men tell you quite pathetically that they are not doing what they want to do. The truth is that they may not want to do what they are doing, in and for itself, but they have been beguiled by the perquisites. As a boy, I felt a certain contempt for the people who did dull, unimportant, unessential things; as a man, I came to question the propriety of selling one's time upon any terms whatever—in a

word, the propriety of all wages and salaries. It seems to me more ethical, as well as more delightful, to be a genuine free-lance, to own your own time before you are willing to own anything else. Personally, I should find our dear present-day America a far more thrilling country if a larger percentage of our people were self-employed. The pay envelope may be a convenience, an easy unadventurous way of keeping body and soul together, but it takes the edge off of life most dreadfully. I commend self-possession.

I found it the more possible to carry out an individualistic program myself, because I early added a second profession—I began to write. I am somewhat appalled when I remember the wide range of subjects I wrote about in newspaper columns and magazine articles and in various books, but all this writing was fundamentally sincere, for it grew out of my own wide experience. Writing comes to be a habit, just as talking does, and so delightful a habit that in certain moods any blank sheet of paper is an invitation to your pen. I might easily have succumbed to this allurement and become a professional man of letters, but after a winter of almost feverish book reviewing for a large city newspaper—in those spacious days I covered books on education, religion, economics, and science!—I realized anew that literature to be sound and permanent must be the leisurely outgrowth of a well-scrutinized, first-hand experience. I did not want in the end to be obliged to say about myself what I had once been tempted to say about a far more famous writer: that he said it all so well that you really wished he would say something! It is my own deliberate judgment that all writers would do well to have a second profession, rather a strenuous one in fact, a profession which would bring them into daily touch with our three-dimensional world of effort and failure and success. At any rate, my own double calling added much to the pleasure of my very pleasant life, for each contributed substantially to the other; and each, when I turned to it again, offered the refreshment of a genuine recreation.

I even added a third string to my bow—I became in a very modest way a public lecturer. I never took this minor activity very seriously, for I have not what our Scotch friends call "the gift." But it so chanced that two or three causes in which I was deeply interested seemed at the moment to be without adequate spokesmen, and I felt that it was better to speak even indifferently well than to have the causes go without an advocate. It was a proper decision, I think, and neither causes nor audiences seemed any the worse for it, but I confess that I was myself the largest beneficiary.

This excursion into the lecture field lasted only two or three years. I soon realized that the popular lecture appeal must be to average intelligence rather than to one's intellectual peers and, like continued book reviewing and other newspaper work, led inevitably to a chronic and disastrous superficiality. I rather shivered at the sort of mentality which I glimpsed as threatening myself. There are a lot of things which a young man may profitably do, but which, if he loves his soul, he must not go on doing.

In addition to my major profession and my writing and my brief period of lecturing, I made a number of small excursions into other related and unrelated fields, and from all of them I brought something back. This very wide browsing does, of course, keep one from minute erudition and the chair of ultimate authority; but I have found that working disinterestedly, all these sidelights do help to illumine the major task, and to give it a large sanity and proportion. It must also be added that in and for itself the habit of wide horizons adds immensely to the interestingness of daily life

III

I am not forgetting that this little essay has an economic purpose, and so

I pause here to remark that meanwhile I was making my own living, and had been doing so from my twentieth birthday on. But the point which I want to emphasize is that I was making an adequate living quite incidentally, almost casually, and at no sacrifice of personal advantage or interest, or even inclination. I was doing resolutely what I wanted to do—the things which seemed to me at the moment the most important and the most worth while.

It was a time of great intellectual activity. Young people were reading Emerson and Matthew Arnold, Browning, and Newman. Few of us read Darwin "in the original," but most of us read about him in Huxley and Spencer. Evolution was then a new and thrilling doctrine, and all young and ardent spirits seized upon it with avidity. In handling the evolutionary doctrine in those early days and especially in trying to apply it to daily human life we made more blunders than ten-strikes. In particular we made the cardinal blunder of supposing that evolution explained many issues which are in their very nature inexplicable. But in spite of all our crudities and our downright errors and misapplications, the doctrine came as an immense spiritual stimulus. To a young man with my own passion for self-development it offered both justification and the outline of a new and more effective method. Almost without exception, we overemphasized the power of environment and too much lost sight of the inescapable force of heredity. This misconception had at least the advantage that it directed our attention to the one factor in evolution which is open to immediate control. Evolution at once became for me an ethical program, a process by which my smaller self might grow into the large self of my most vivid aspiration. Apparently the method was given, and so simple that in running one might read—it was to control the environment completely and so to adjust it that it might be the efficient cause of predetermined and clearly formulated effects. In a word, evolution was to be made conscious—we, the illuminati, were to do it—and environment was to be exploited to the utmost limit. This magic formula was, of course, only a new name for an age-long process, the eternal quest of perfection, which has its low tides and its high tides throughout the sweep of the centuries; but the new name had genuine value, even though we too often forgot that no environment, short of miracle, can make a silk purse out of a sow's ear.

In my own case evolution lifted my three boyish resolutions from the quiet domain of personal inclination into the categorical imperative of absolute duties. I was to avoid juiceless occupations, meaningless routine, mere money-making, not alone because they were stupid and distasteful, but even more because they were unethical, grave disloyalties both to myself and to the progress of civilization. I, a torch-bearer, could not settle down by the embers of a dying fire. I must be forever en route. After that I became more of a free-lance than ever. I was critical of every environment. I was eager to detect the precise moment when its value was spent. Practically, this meant that I traveled more, being as ready to change my geography as my particular bit of work. I was in Europe half a dozen times, remaining as much as a year at a time when such a stay promised desirable harvests. I took another year to go around the world and to see something of Japan and India. I visited our neighbors on the north and south, Canada and Mexico. I spent some weeks in Cuba and Porto Rico.

I was enjoying my life as an immediate experience—not to-morrow, not yesterday, but to-day. It added immensely to this enjoyment to feel quite honestly that I was responding to the larger influences around me and becoming more of a person. What I valued was not money but time, and the slow cultural reactions which only time can bring. I arranged my life so as to have plenty of

time, and in spending that I drove the sharpest bargains and tried to get the utmost possible benefit. By avoiding school when I was a boy I had had plenty of time and had learned something of its value. As a man I have avoided meaningless routine and the many forms of toil which bring no worthy harvest, and this has given me a wealth of time for better uses.

In such an atmosphere of intentional leisure one becomes a conscious lover of excellence and feels the reality of the true aristocratic spirit. Some things are worth while and some are not; and those who choose the first group are better companions than those who choose the second. There is a true distinction in persons and things, occupations and viewpoints, art and leisure, science and technology. There is a rich, fine way of handling life and there is a shabby, meager way of handling it; the first way requires leisure and intelligence, leisure and skill, leisure and piety. Only those who are persistently in a hurry are democrats; it fatigues them to take trouble and, finding the striving for excellence too exacting, they proclaim an equality which nowhere exists.

IV

And meanwhile I was making my living, but in such an effortless, casual way that it was increasingly possible to forget money altogether and to do pretty much as I wanted. I felt myself rich, indeed very rich, not because I had money but because I had time and always enough money to spend the time profitably. I was not troubled about either the present or the future. In a vague way I hoped to die while still in action and to be self-supporting to the end.

But there is nothing so sure as the unexpected. In my own case the unexpected came in the form of sudden, disabling illness. I had been frightfully delicate all my life, but I had managed to keep in the field, and to lead an active, interesting life. Now, however, a combination of unfavorable conditions turned the odds against me, and I found myself definitely on the shelf, perhaps for the rest of my life, certainly for a period of years. My earning capacity had ceased. When I had rallied sufficiently to set about adjusting my affairs to these altered circumstances I examined my financial resources to see just where I stood and how much I had to live on. I knew, of course, in a vague way, but not in terms of income-producing power, for the question had never before been important, and I was much too practical a philosopher to waste time in keeping personal accounts. On exploring the modest strong box which contained my securities, I found to my surprise that, after sorting the sheep from the goats, the good investments from the quite worthless ones, I had nearly two hundred thousand dollars. This is not a large amount, not so large indeed as the yearly income of many prosperous Americans, but it is a tidy sum, and was quite sufficient to satisfy the needs of an elderly gentleman of simple, scholarly tastes. But I was frankly puzzled to know where this small fortune had come from. Even now, several years later, I am still a bit perplexed. I had inherited very little; my accumulations were not the result of deliberate saving—I had never been so foolish as to tuck away a certain percentage of my income, quite regardless of whether it could be spent to advantage or not. Even had I been so foolishly inclined, the scheme would have been impossible, for not until that public nuisance, the Income Tax, arrived, with its devastating inroads upon a man's time, did I know what my yearly income amounted to. Nor had I the humiliation of feeling that this nest egg represented the price of omitted opportunities, for I had always been liberal with myself in this respect. I had done graduate work at a second American university; I had taken my doctor's degree in Europe; I had traveled extensively; I had

bought books and all other needed equipment; I had declined post after post when my soul cried out for leisure.

This little puzzle of my financial independence gave me food for thought during my enforced idleness. What had happened to me and to my worldly affairs was in reality extremely simple. My income had followed an upward curve—it was easily visible had I chosen to look. While I was so completely preoccupied with my own improvement, gaining knowledge and skill, growing in character and insight—as required by the formula of conscious evolution—I was all unconsciously becoming correspondingly more valuable to my surrounding world. My earning capacity increased simply because the worth of my service increased. And this, I am sure, would be the testimony of thousands of successful men everywhere. It is at once the strongest defense of individualism and the clearest social argument in its support.

In the matter of expenditure, I found a distinct and unsuspected novelty. It had come about quite without intention, and its belated recognition had all the flavor of a discovery. In general, as everyone will agree, the curve of expenditure is apt to follow the curve of income: the more a man makes the more he spends. This policy, I may point out, easily destroys a man's freedom. If his style of living grows as fast as his income does the chances are that he will become the slave of that income, and even do unworthy things to maintain or augment it, because he is unwilling, or believes himself unable, to change the style of living to which he and his household have, perhaps foolishly, become accustomed. The situation is ignoble, but it is also essentially tragic, and I am quite willing to incur the charge of preaching if I can induce any younger men to avoid it. To keep one's freedom in our present world of changing fortune, a man's wants must be simple and wholesome, not increasingly complicated and fantastic.

It was one of the surprises of this leisurely analysis of my own slender but long-drawn-out budget to find that the expenditures followed the income very closely for a number of years, but that there came a point when the two curves separated, the curve of expenditure rising less rapidly. Then there came a second point where this curve not only ceased to rise but began perceptibly to fall; that is, expenditure was not only less as compared to income, but was absolutely less. I have called this a surprise, but the explanation is very simple. Early in life opportunities for wise expenditure exceed one's means, and an earnest man will spend his income quite up to the hilt. With the passing years, however, one's needs become less and less objective, and more and more purely intellectual and spiritual. In my own case there came a time when it was less important whether I was in America or Europe, in town or country, on the Fortieth Parallel or in the tropics. There was no loss of interest, in fact, no loss of real activity, but life became more an affair of the inner spirit and, therefore, less expensive. In maturity a man's genuine needs are considerably less than in youth, and if the simple personal tastes, perhaps forced upon him in early life by necessity, are afterwards retained with slight modifications as a matter of choice, the yearly budget of expenditure tends to grow smaller instead of larger.

I knew now where my own fortune came from. It was not the result of conscious saving, of sacrifice, of niggardliness: it was the unspent surplus of a simple, active, industrious, interesting life.

My strong box revealed something else, something less admirable—an assortment of securities which had cost about one hundred thousand dollars and were now entirely worthless. This, of course, was a great stupidity, for I ought to have invested my surplus with more care and intelligence. I do not quite understand how I came to be so stupid. I do not allow myself to waste any time

in useless regrets, for that would only add to the loss, but occasionally I do think for a moment of the many delightful ways in which even a philosopher might spend a hundred thousand.

I have given at considerable length this concrete illustration of what we may now call Automatic Saving. It would have no value whatever if I were an exceptional person, and in any way brilliant or remarkable. But as I have been insisting all along, I was simply an average boy, or even below the average, for I carried the handicaps of small means, extremely delicate health, and limited talent. It is, therefore, reasonable to assume that what such a boy could do, other boys with sturdier qualifications and using the same method could do and do far more victoriously.

V

In trying to present a brief and simple and coherent account of an experience which was itself neither brief nor simple nor coherent, but was palpitating with all the vagaries and adventures of actual life, I have naturally been obliged to generalize, but I have, I believe, been faithful to the underlying truth. And now for the application. As a chance practitioner of Automatic Saving, whose experience was, on the whole, surprisingly favorable, I am naturally disposed to believe that the same method, carried out by intention, would yield even better results. The accidental might well be made the habitual. It is true that the spontaneity of the unconscious pioneer would be lacking, and one would miss some of the spirit of high adventure, but this would be offset a bit by the possibility of avoiding some or all of the pioneer's mistakes—that lost hundred thousand dollars, for instance. It is quite safe to believe, too, that the junior idealists of any new generation may be trusted to hit upon sufficient novelty to make any venture interesting.

The early activity of our youthful aspirant will have to do wholly with time; and money should stand in the same casual relation to it that a railway ticket does to a journey, as a means to an end. We do not hoard railway tickets; in fact they become at a later date quite invalidated. It is eminently worth remembering that money suffers a similar and more tragic depreciation. Its purchasing power is never so great as in youth. Then it spells opportunity. It brings advantages of every sort, travel, books, study, society, a hundred new experiences of value. When one is young, potential opportunity is always miles ahead of actual income, and the man who means to make the most of his life will spend every penny he can honorably lay hands on. To an older generation ocean travel to-day seems unreasonably expensive; but if one needs Europe it would be a thousand pities to put the passage money into a savings bank. The price of books is high; but if a new book offers a larger point of view, an added skill, a wider range of information, it is only elementary wisdom to pay the price. The same may be said of all the proffered agencies of human growth—study under expert guidance, social intercourse, travel, health measures, clubs with a purpose. It is no merit to make use of them, but it is a grave fault to omit them.

Any simpleton can save up his dollars, but the wisest of men cannot save up opportunities—they must be used as they come. They go on coming, it is true, but they come increasingly to younger men. The opportunities offered to the older man are less and less objective, and more and more subjective. They are opportunities for the spirit, and make so few demands upon the purse that the problem of wise spending almost disappears. It would be idle to try to say just when this point is reached, for it comes to different men at different ages. But it comes to all normal men and with sufficient definiteness to be easily recognized. The time to begin the accumulation of a surplus has arrived when the whole income can

no longer be spent to legitimate advantage. A man may be forty, or forty-five, or even fifty before the hour for accumulation strikes. Before that hour he would much better risk the poor-house than to hoard a penny which might have been exchanged for a larger personal experience. In a word, I am advancing the dangerous doctrine that a young man on the quest of personal good fortune may not morally save until he can no longer morally spend. A rational scrutiny of one's affairs does not inquire how much one can save but how much one can wisely spend.

When the curve of income and the curve of expenditure separate, with propriety, the resulting surplus may be invested from year to year with a perfectly clear conscience, but it should be done much more carefully than in my own case, and with not too many eggs in one basket. Normally this surplus ought to grow larger from year to year, both because one's income is growing larger, and because by reason of increased spirituality on the part of the spender, one's expenditure grows less both relatively and absolutely.

This perfectly painless, automatic accumulation may be ended by volition, by old age, by illness, by death—it is not important. The point is that the proverbial rainy day has been adequately provided for without the conscious saving of a penny; and the resulting little fortune does not represent the tragic price of omitted opportunities and narrowed horizons.

I hope that I have succeeded in doing what I set out to do—to show that in our somewhat mercenary age the wholesome procedure for those who love excellence is neither to save nor not to save. It is to occupy themselves solely with the wise use of time, knowing full well that the solution of this major problem carries with it the solution of all minor problems and, if I seem to the critical reader to be advocating a scheme by which a man may have both his penny *and* the gingerbread, I can only reply that such a scheme is precisely what I mean to advocate. I do so because the scheme is entirely practicable. Looking now at my own hands, I see in one of them the penny and, in the other, the gingerbread.

EXTRA LADIES

BY MARGARET CULKIN BANNING

SUPPOSE it all does come true. There is a reputable school of ingleside thought which refuses to credit such a possibility, but suppose, none the less, that marriage does come to be regarded as a short-term lease on a relationship, and that men and women look at it dispassionately, and at each other even more so. What is going to happen to all the left-over wives, the scrapped ones, the women set adrift after temporary anchorage, the women whose youth has passed and whose youth was their chief value in exchange—the extra ladies? That is what bothers me.

It is not one of those sex problems which tempt the imagination and hasten the blood. Most of the thought on the subject of marriage is concentrated on the injustice of imprisoning the emotions in unsatisfactory relationships, or on destroying all pretense that things are better than they are. It is a strange hour in which the scandal-monger is apt suddenly to turn prophet, and the world swarms with relief measures for men who weary of their wives and women who object to their husbands. Sentimentalists and scientists are working with the same material, with complete contempt for one another's methods. Women are growing bolder or more frightened; men are becoming wary, retaliatory, greedy. Meanwhile we can only cling to the arch proverb which assures us that love will find a way. It always has, and no doubt—with all the assistance it is getting from divorce courts and literary people—it will make shift to find a way again. But, even if it does, there are those extra women.

Their case has economic, sociological, philosophical angles. It is a question of surplus which might have intrigued Malthus. We have no statistics to tell us how large the surplus really is, and the figures quoted by press and pulpit seem to run rather wild. But during the year 1926, one hundred eighty thousand, eight hundred and sixty-eight divorces were granted to American citizens, which means that in that period those thousands of men and women were formally put back into matrimonial circulation.

A man said to me not long ago that he was always amazed in looking around the dining rooms of hotels and restaurants at the number of men with young wives —women with whom they could not credibly have started marriage on their first venture. He said that men were no longer content with one wife but that many of them were, more or less consciously, beginning to plan on an interesting succession of them. I argued that you could not consider the kind of people whom you see in large hotels as typical. In smaller cities, I said, divorces were still both infrequent and unfashionable, and I added that, while in the provinces we were familiar with all this fine talk about new methods of marriage, it hadn't taken hold there. It remained stuff on paper. I reminded him that these young women whom he saw with older men might not be wives at all. But he said that many of them were and, as he was a man of large acquaintance, no doubt he knew. It was then that I began to wonder and inquire what had happened to the earlier wives.

Widowers are scarcer than widows. And while these gentlemen might have adopted the leanings of Henry the Eighth toward variety, his effective machinery for wife disposal is out of date. Many of the sloughed-off wives must still exist somewhere.

II

It is true that the great hinterland of the country is still somewhat conservative about marriage. In my part of the world we may talk about the freedom of the sexes, but we usually say or think that present company is excepted. Even the statistics grant that most men and women still see a marriage through. I do not for a moment believe that they are all whited sepulchres. What they show of their lives represents them pretty adequately, and it is not suffering or lust or emotional disturbance. But every now and then someone does drift out of the group, and each time the shock is less, as if the mental ground were somehow prepared. There are extra women about, a few here, more there, many in the great cities, which makes a surprising total and constitutes a difficult problem. I have a distinct and amusing memory of the introduction of the subject at a luncheon not long ago by a young and delightful woman in a conservative company who leaned across the *narcissus poeticus* and said casually, "I don't know what you are going to do with all the sexually unemployed."

I don't know either. Other times took care of such women and certainly never mentioned them in such terms. It was better equipped to take care of them and spiritually it was more willing. The abandoned women—the divorcee who sought shelter for her flayed feelings, the unmarried woman who had been brought up to marry and had not managed to do it—were absorbed into the homes of their relatives. Houses were more spacious, families larger, and an extra woman was usually an asset in a household. There was more often a home to return to after domestic disaster than there is now and more duties to resume. But the physical environment of the average home has now become more constricted, especially in the cities, and the shift of dwelling place is so frequent that it is not always easy to take care of an extra woman. Moreover, with the diminishing of housework and the dwindling of families, there is often little for her to do if she is taken in.

The undeniable growth of individualism makes the extra woman less welcome. Families used to feel that they had to take care of their own, derelict or not. But there has been so much shouting from the housetops about living one's own life that everyone has heard that slogan. It works both ways. It is one reason why the divorced woman is often unwelcome among her own relatives and, on the other hand, it is also the reason why she herself is unadjustable. She does not want to go back to some relative's home with a broken life any more than she is wanted there. She wants, in the monotonous parlance, to be herself, to live her own life instead of lending a hand to someone else's mending and baking. Nowadays you find that tendency toward individualism in the meekest and the most battered women. Most pitiable of all, you find it in those who have nothing to offer a world which always drives a hard bargain for its favors and likes payment in advance.

For the most part the extra ladies have left youth behind. Until they have done this they are not apt to be extras. Such beauty as they had, such freshness, such piquant innocence, is spent. They are, as a rule, the women of whom men have tired. It is not the cruel nor the unfaithful women who are the superfluous ones nor the competent, but the limited, the dull, the ones who have done their best and found it wasn't good enough. Usually they have no profession or trade or else they have forgotten how to ply the trade, and the profession has gone on without them, so fast and far that they cannot catch up.

There have always been more than enough of such women. Marriage is an exhausting business and, in nine cases out of ten, it leaves its scars mostly on the women. Physical work, emotional strain, childbearing, even when they result in wisdom and dignity, eat like acid into youth and physical attractiveness. But they do not always leave either wisdom or dignity. They may as probably leave a residue of querulousness, ill-health, laziness, presumption, and that narrow, bigoted assurance which is the worst attribute of married women. But whatever the case might be, there was a certain traditional chivalry in marriage which took care of it, or at least made a pretense of doing so. In addition to the belief generally held that marriage was rooted in the supernatural, there was a sound psychology which understood, without talking about it, that most women were good for about one marriage, and that they had to be taken care of as they wore out. A body of common law and common decencies about marriage was built up. No matter if a wife was tiresome or unattractive, if she was a wife she remained one as long as she chose—and no doubt often longer. Decent men did not talk about being tired of their wives. Of course they found their diversions and they even ran off now and then, but unless they were scamps or pretty deep-dyed villains, they had the grace to feel guilty and often either came back or made amends. When they did not, they were the exceptions, to say nothing of the examples.

If there are changes in this philosophy it is not men who have sought them. It is women themselves, demanding more rights and greater privileges, wearying of the shelter of marriage and finding it often a pretty leaky one. Modern women with capable hands and lucid minds could not abide the way it was patched up with fraud. It was fraud, they felt, to live with women or men who were tiresome and after the desire to do so was dead. It was absurd to see men swaggering around and claiming credit for protecting women in marriage when they did it so inadequately. They took the chivalry off marriage and tore it to shreds—fit only for the rag-bag of history, a shabby old cloth, all spotted up with ill-faith and lies.

Perhaps it had to be done. But there was still warmth in the old thing, and without it a good many women were left shivering. The new frankness chilled into cruelty often enough, which is not so surprising. It is only natural, when women make a shrill claim that they can look out for themselves, that men, after a certain show of resistance, should tell them to go ahead and do it. Nor is it remarkable that, when women announced that marriage without continued mutual desire is fraud, men should take advantage of a release which to some extent they had denied themselves. Their denial was pretense, say the contemporary leaders of revolt, the glib analysts of marriage. Well, they can't start a quarrel on that. Nobody has more than the evidence he carries in his own mind, and it does not affect this issue, anyway.

The new convictions and the new experiments are trailing out of the books and off the platforms into action. Of course, as I say, off the main lines of travel we still cannot credit the complete upheaval. We take our brides seriously. But even we see that a great many women are drifting about from one marriage to the next or out of marriage forever. That this number will increase steadily over an indeterminate period is beyond any reasonable doubt. If marriage is to be based, as is prophesied and threatened, on skill in handling emotional relations, a great many women of this generation, especially those just now over forty, will be scrapped. They are too old to learn that game. They were not brought up for more than one supreme effort of charm, and they used that up in their courtship and honeymoon.

Whatever the consequences of all this may be, the men will have to take their share of them. I am inclined to believe

that they will not be entirely happy consequences. Men are the great sentimentalists. Their very sentimentalism has kept their emotional fiber from becoming even more coarse than it is and from a callousness which leads straight away from happiness. Sentimentality will have to go too. But men are not being cut adrift from one of their anchors, possibly the strongest one, which is their work. They do not have the same battle with age that women have. They do not for these reasons constitute a surplus.

III

The economic problem involved in turning a great many more women out of marriage, which was the only occupation for which they were even comparatively trained, was recognized first. Much as a machine age threw small craftsmen out of employment, so the new machinery of marriage will cast off its individual workers. Somebody has to take care of them, to pay for their food and lodging. That awkward method of compensation, alimony, is already existent and is relied upon to grind out rough justice. But alimony in its conception was a property amends for a wrong or lapse in duty, and gradually we are doing away with the idea that either wrong or duty is much involved in this business. There does not seem to be a future for alimony. A good many delicacies of manner and traditions of gratitude are rapidly going by the board. Women are often graceless and greedy, and men hold out on them. The lead-their-own-lifers are in chorus, with "Why should I pay?" as strophe and "Why shouldn't I take all I can get?" as antistrophe.

But again, except in the case of the extra women, the matter is soluble. More and more women can slip out of marriage into industry, if they have ever left it. They are, to be sure, the younger and more competent ones. The other day I heard a discussion behind the counter of a department store in which a certain judge's name was mentioned.

"He's an old crab," said one girl, "he wouldn't give me my divorce."

"I didn't have any trouble," said one of the others, "he gave me mine all right."

And the third one said, "He wasn't the one I went to."

They would have spoken in this same manner of a dentist. It is perhaps as apt a conversation as can be recorded to show the condition of mind of girls who take divorces like any other modern improvement. They had sloughed off a man apiece, or tried to, and thought none the worse of each other or themselves. But whether it was for good or ill, the girls themselves were not extra women, part of that disturbing surplus. They were at work.

The women with whom I am at the moment concerned are older. They bridge two generations, which is a very painful thing to do. They married without the nonchalance which characterizes those girls behind the counter. Some twenty, even thirty years ago they married for keeps, chancing disaster as well as happiness, but at least imagining that, in so far as one can tie up life, they had it tied up. They could not foresee that twenty years later their husbands would be wanting other wives while they themselves were still alive. Not only wanting but getting them. They could not foresee that a restless community would tolerate their husbands' desires. These women could not guess that such a condition would be a part of changing manners. Nobody told them, for nobody was in a position to tell them. Nobody knew.

The changes in thought and habit trapped these women. Of course they were not very bright, on the whole. They could not answer back, or talk of starved emotions or theories of sex repressions or companionate marriage. Many of them, no doubt, scolded and wept and resisted their way into the divorce court, seeking their decrees unwillingly and only after considerable provocation. When they came out they were often

vaguely and resentfully convinced that lack of youth and lack of allure had somehow done for them, through no fault of their own.

If such women are really poor the economic problem is simple. There is nothing ahead of them but unskilled labor. Aging women have always scrubbed and begged. There is nothing up to date about that situation. By this hard means or that they earn their pathetic way. But there is a group of more well-to-do derelicts differentiated from that scrubbing, begging group by their alimony, their private fortunes, or their pretensions, who are turned out of the divorce courts every day. They may have a child or two, but their main occupation for the future is to live their own lives in the most barren sense imaginable. They are part of the waste of the world. They do not earn their keep but they have to be kept. They are excrescences on economic life.

In the beauty parlors, in the shops, at the movies you can find them by the dozen. They are hunting in those places for the things they have lost, youth and charm. Sex appeal—that most brazen of all brazen catch words—is what they are after, and everywhere are people who are willing to trade upon their credulity and pretend that it can be supplied to them, at a price. These women's interests would normally have been extremely personal, and a home, a husband, and children would have absorbed them. Cut loose from these things, without much philosophy, without religion, with no abilities of consequence, and no market for such small talents as they have, their interests remain personal. They close in on themselves. Of course some of the women are lucky enough to have a residue of family duties. But the rest hunt out the doctors' offices and the beauty parlors where for an hour or two they can feel important. They buy flattery from hair-dressers and shop girls. They make a tremendous fuss over whether the first wave in their permanents should go back from the forehead or dip over the left eye. They lie awake wondering whether they will look better in the Rodier print or the polka-dotted chiffon. They experiment with massages and hot oils. They try Finnish baths, Turkish baths, face foods, wrinkle eliminators. They have nerve treatments and rest cures.

They seem to forget that nobody cares how they look or cares much how they feel. They themselves care tremendously, as if to make up for the defection of the rest of the world. They are the idlest, most useless social group imaginable except those definitely incapacitated mentally or morally. They are women without homes, without men, without jobs. The whole make-up of their days is synthetic. All they do is to keep what money they have in circulation and the blood idling through their silly veins. And sometimes, when you look around a beauty parlor or a tea room, there seem to be more of them than you had hoped. For to the divorced women one must add those whose marriages are so nominal that they might as well be divorced, and a galaxy of widows in like mental and social case.

There is no answer. It is commonly said that such people should be given an "interest." Anyone who believes that is welcome to try. But it is not so easy. The minds of these women are not well trained, their attention scatters, their enthusiasms are not retentive. They were brought up to care preeminently about a single relation to men and they are too old to learn new ideas, too old to become impersonal in their interests. Here and there they pick up a great deal of modern talk, quote it, claim that it expresses their own philosophy. That I presume to doubt. I think they are only repeating what they hear.

The one thing of which they seem thoroughly convinced is that they must keep young. Age is the great enemy against which they battle. Not lack of faith, not incompetence, not ignorance,

but age. "No woman ought to let herself get old" is their favorite phrase. Yet even they must sometimes wonder what they are trying to keep young for. They are not women of loose morals and easy virtue. They would probably run no risks if they had the chance to run them. To look well on the street, to have a hat brim properly turned up or down, to get the haircut which "will take ten years off" their age—how time must laugh!—these things are ends in themselves. The reason for their intense antagonism to age is presumably that they feel sure that it is age which is responsible for their failures. So they fight it, nag at it, defy it, so ineffectually that they are either pathetic or disgusting, according to your tolerances.

They are too old to learn and too healthy to die. All that can be done is to leave them where they are, in the hands of those mild anæsthetists, the beauty-parlor specialists, leave them to discuss whether a hot permanent is better that a cold permanent and whether hair dyes can suddenly turn one's face blue. The beauty specialists are always getting up surprises for them, new experiments and hopes, exercising their minds enough to keep them from complete disintegration. Leave them to the vicarious excitements of the movie houses. Let them play because they cannot work, poor things! There is not time enough to do anything with them as a group, though there is always a chance of individual solutions. Every now and then a latent talent, a re-shaped mind, a strengthened soul breaks through the fog and finds direction, lessening the waste. The rest of them will have to be scrapped and we might as well face it.

IV

The question is how long we are going to keep on wasting women, and whether the next few decades will see the last of such profligacy in human lives. If it does not, our modernism and feminism may turn out to be vicious things, cheapening and destroying too many. What most people hope is that this group of extra women will gradually disappear as it becomes the general practice for women to be equipped to earn their way in the world whether they marry or not. That will certainly thin the ranks of this difficult social group; but we are a little too confident, a little too gullible concerning that cure-all, the job. Some fatuous enthusiasts had the same hope for suffrage, already blasted. We have to do more than set up vocational schools for girls and employment agencies for divorced women. Until women learn to be independent, not only of financial help from men, but independent of their own youth and beauty, there will still be wasted women, still an over-large social group of those whom my friend spoke of so delicately as the sexually unemployed.

Work for women is, of course, of paramount importance, and they must be brought up to the thought of it as boys are, practically from the cradle. Otherwise they come to it as an adventure, a defiance, or a refuge, hurting their efficiency by theatrical attitudes. Work is better when treated as a commonplace necessity, and it should be the kind of work the world needs and will pay for.

There are some who have grave apprehensions as to whether there will be enough work in the world to go around if women insist on more than domestic duties. One answer is to make the domestic duties into honest jobs again, and another is that there is a great deal of work which could be better done if we had more competent hands. There are plenty of answers, and in any case we do not have to cross that bridge until we come to it. As yet we are a long way from it, and the approach is attractive. If girls are educated to work and to marry as boys are educated to work and to marry, we shall have less excitement and hysterics all around. Everyone who is not deaf, dumb, and blind knows that there must be special adjustments to take care of years of childbearing and child care; but an age which can be so deft in working

out electric refrigeration and laundering and cleaning ought to be able to solve another simple problem of mechanics in the household. Besides, a few things can be left to love and devotion, which still go about their business with no signs of fatigue, picking up the loose ends that everyone else is leaving around.

A capability which could be translated into an earning job might decrease some of the inherent fear of women that they will be stranded if they lose their husbands. It will not obliterate the fear, of course. That is out of the range of hope. For the disadvantage of middle age making a fresh start is not confined to women or the problems of marriage. Beginnings belong naturally, almost biologically, to youth, and there will always be something incongruous in a middle-aged woman—or middle-aged man—who becomes apprentice to a new trade. A suspicion of incompetency arises along with respect for such courage. It is equally hard to re-enter, on any fair basis, an occupation or a profession which has been laid aside or abandoned for a period of long duration. For methods and habits of work change almost over night, and the cry of the whole world is for new blood in industry and the experimental mind of youth. The only answer is not to lay aside the profession or trade, never to allow the tools to rust or the mind to become slack. It is incredibly difficult, often impossible, and always it is an individual problem, yielding its solution only to the wise and competent. But in so far as it can be done, the chances of middle age standing up against youth in their inevitable battle are greater.

To keep capabilities developed before marriage in an active condition, fit to earn a livelihood on the stroke of necessity would destroy many of the artificial situations and the pretensions, to say nothing of the death blow it might give to marital bullying. Instead of imperilling happy marriages, it ought to insure them. But this subject has been dealt with again and again by experts in feminism, and all one can do at this point is to italicize their conclusions and hope for a dubious best.

The independence which interests me more is not a financial one. It is an independence of beauty. In some way bodily beauty must be made to count less. Let it have its fling as the fountainhead of passion, the model for new clothes, the center of the stage spotlight. But that is enough for one attribute. The beauty of the body is getting to be too important. It wants to be a religion and it belongs on the dressing table and not on the altar. It is a very false god, indeed, and it keeps thousands of its worshippers in terror, as false gods are apt to do.

No one wants to deny beauty or its exaggeration to the young, the poet, or the lover. But to see middle age, and even old age, panting after it is revolting. The chase is not only unfitting but hopeless. It is shocking to think of women of forty and fifty spending long absorbed hours doing things to their faces which nobody will ever notice. People laugh and say, "Well, if it keeps them happy, why not?"

I do not think that is reason enough. But even if it were, it does not keep them happy. It keeps them ill at ease, nervous, disturbed, competitive at an age when such things should have been left behind. It makes them jealous and selfish. If they keep on as they are going it will make plenty of women crack-brained. It will constantly recruit that number of useless, extra women because it will produce women without philosophy and with false ideals, dependent on transitory emotions. The next generation, if it intends to be composed of competent women, will have to put bodily beauty in its place and keep it there. It is only a little fragment of the loveliness of the world and it should not be allowed to dominate lives or social groups except very rarely. A Helen of Troy once in a long while will do nicely. We can be grateful that there is a popular science of good looks

and a growing artistry in clothes. But there is more than that in life, if you take out the packing. Even for women.

The same thing is true about youth. Beauty and youth are the two most perishable things in the world, and women really know that satisfactory lives cannot be made out of such materials. There is no wear in the stuff. But to-day women insist on having it even when they know they are paying too high a price. They pay for their continued youth with their middle age. Suddenly they are old, really old. They miss maturity altogether, and maturity can be a delightfully strategic position when the passions are pleasantly tepid and humor has not yet turned to irony.

Back of the worship of youth and beauty is the belief that they are the clues to satisfactory relations with men. We have not yet learned better than that. Women have always been putting their eggs in that basket and having them smashed, but more and more of them seem to be running the risk. They know that, be the causes what they may, men are restive and not as loyal as they used to be. The rumor has gone about that the way to hold men is to keep young and beautiful. Women want to hold them. Work will never be enough for women any more than it is enough for men.

It is all very well to talk of equal rights. But justice does not control everything. A resentful woman said to me not long ago, bitterly, "Men win, no matter what we do. They can let themselves get gray. It doesn't do them any harm to age a little. They are still desirable. But when we get gray we're done for."

There is an old story of the mother who left her children alone with many cautions against various forms of mischief. Finally, in the act of departure she turned and said, "And whatever you do, don't put beans up your noses." Naturally, as soon as she was out of sight the children, who had not previously thought of this delightful vice, sought out the beans.

That is not too far-fetched a parallel to what women are doing now. Their own apprehensions provoke the very disasters they inveigh against. They themselves suggest that if they do not remain young and provocative they may be thrown on the marriage scrap heap. Some men are rakes of course, and more are in process of making. But a great many commonplace orderly citizens are being told not to put beans up their noses and so they are doing it. Women's fears are at least partly responsible for the present condition, and they are silly fears. Youth and beauty are very well, but wisdom and love can run rings around them. They can also stand alone, which is even more important. If it is only youth and beauty which hold men and women together, we may as well reconcile ourselves to a whirl of shapeless relationships and a world clotted with extra women and unsatisfied men.

Marriage slips out of all summaries. What its future may be neither statistician nor novelist nor witchdoctor knows. There it is, powerful and awkward, defying the world to do without it. Outside of the larger cities, I insist, we should not care to do without it. But even there we know that marriage must not be allowed to go on wasting women. In what we are always so volubly apologizing for as a transition period it may have been inevitable.

But history is not all transitions, and it is necessary now to look forward to the period ahead of us and make some preparations for it. It is high time for women to increase both their competence and their confidence, to slough off the superstitious worship of youth and beauty, so that no matter what happens they can take care of themselves, and this generation may be the last in which a great many women are spiritually on the town.

TWO PLAYS

BY THORNTON WILDER

THE ANGEL ON THE SHIP

THE fore-deck of the "Nancy Bray" lying disabled in mid-ocean. The figurehead of the ship has been torn from its place and nailed to the forepost, facing the stern, back to back, as it were, with its former position. It is the half-length of an angel bearing wreaths; she is highly colored and buxom and has flowing yellow hair. On the deck lie three persons in the last stages of rags and exhaustion: MINNA, *the captain's wife, the remnant of a stout coarse woman;* VAN, *the undercook, a lithe, sharp youth; and a fat old sleepy member of the crew,* JAMAICA SAM.

VAN (*driving the last nail into the figurehead*): There she is. She's the new gawd of the Atlantic. It's only a she-gawd, but that's a good enough gawd for a sailor.

MINNA (*seated on the deck*): Us'll call her Lily. That's a name like a god's.

SAM: You'z'n be quick. You'm say your prayers quick.

MINNA (*blubbering*): Her can't hear us. Her's just the old figgerhead we had thirty years.

VAN: Her's an angel. Her knows everything. (*He throws himself on his knees and lays his forehead on the boards; in a hoarse whisper*:) That's the joss way. We all got t'do it. (*The others do likewise.*)

SAM: Us'll pray in turns. Us must be quick. There ain't no more water to drink, and there ain't no more sails left to carry us on. Us'n have to be quick. You'm begin, Van. Youn's a great lad with the words.

VAN (*with real fanaticism*): Great gawd Lily on the ship *Nancy Bray*, all's lost with us if you don't bring us rain to drink. All the secret water I saved aside is drunk up and we got to go over the side with the rest, if you don't bring us rain to-day—or to-morra. You'n allus been the angel on the front of this yere ship *Nancy Bray* and you ain't goin' to leave us rot now. I finished my prayer, great gawd Lily, Amen.

MINNA: Great god Lily. I'm the captain's wife that's sailed behint you for twenty years. Many's the time, great god Lily, that I shined your face so you'd look spick and span and we sailing into London in the morning, or into heathen lands. You knows everything, and you knows what I did to my husband and that I didn't let him have none of the secret water that me and Van saved up, and that when he died he knew it and cursed me and Van to hell. But you'ms forgiven everything and send us some rain or by and by we'll die and there'll be no one here prayin' at you. This is the end of my prayin', great god Lily.

VAN (*whispers*): Say Amen.

MINNA: Amen, great god Lily.

SAM: I ain't goin' to pray. I'm just a dog that's been on the sea since I was born. I do' know no land eddication.

MINNA: We all got t'pray for some rain.

VAN: You got t'say your word, too.

SAM: God forgive me, great god Lily, I'm old Jamaica Sam that don't never go ashore, Amen. I'd be dround, too, only for Van and the captain's wife who gave me some of the secret water, so that if they died I could roll 'em over the side and not leave 'em on the clean deck,

Amen. You'ms known my whole life, great god Lily, and how I stole the Portagee's red bag, only it was almost empty, and . . . and that other thing. Send a lot of rain and a ship to save us. Amen.

VAN (*crawling up beneath the figure and throwing himself full-length, hysterically*): You gone and forgiven me everything. Sure you have. I didn't kill the captain. The secret water was mine. Save us now, great gawd Lily, and bring me back to my uncle in Amsterdam and make him leave me his three coal barges.

MINNA (*rocking herself*): We'ms lost. She'll save Sam, but I've done what the gods don't like. They'm after me. They've got me now. (*Suddenly staring off the deck.*) Van! Van! Them's a ship coming to us, Van, looka! (*She falls back crying.*)

VAN: Them's comin'!

SAM (*trying to jump up and down*): It's the *Maria Theresa Third*. Comin' right at us.

VAN (*his eye falls on the angel*): What'll they say to the figgerhead here?

SAM (*sententiously*): It'll look queer.

MINNA (*in consternation*): But that's the great god Lily. Her's saved us. You ain't goin' to do anything to her?

VAN (*starting to beat the angel forward with his hammer*): They'd call us heathen, bowin' down to wood and stone. Get the rope, Sam. Us'll put her back.

MINNA (*frightened*): But I can't never forget her and her great starey eyes. Her I've prayed to.

MOZART AND THE GRAY STEWARD

MOZART is seated at a table in a mean room in Vienna orchestrating the "Magic Flute." Leaves of ruled paper are strewn about the floor. His wife enters in great excitement.

CONSTANZA: There's someone come to see you, someone important. Pray God it's a commission from Court.

MOZART (*unmoved*): Not while Salieri's alive.

CONSTANZA: Put on your slippers, dear. It's someone dressed all in gray, with a gray mask over his eyes, and he's come in a great coach with its coat of arms all covered up with gray cloth. Pray God it's a commission from Court for a Te Deum or something.

[*She tidies up the room in six gestures.*]

MOZART: Not while Salieri's alive.

CONSTANZA: But now, do be nice, 'Gangl. Please. We must have some money, my treasure! Just listen to him and say "yes" and "thank you" and then you and I'll talk it over after he's gone. (*She holds his coat.*) Come, put this on. Step into your slippers.

MOZART (*sighing*): I'm not well. I'm at home. I'm at work. There's not a single visitor in the whole world that could interest me. Bring him in.

CONSTANZA (*adjusting his stock*): Now don't be proud. Just accept.

[*She hurries out and presently reënters preceding the visitor. The visitor is dressed from head to foot in gray silk. His bright eyes look out through the holes in a narrow gray-silk mask. He holds to his nose a gray perfumed handkerchief. One would say: an elegant undertaker.*]

THE GRAY STEWARD: Kappelmeister Mozart, *servus*. Gracious lady, *servus*.

MOZART: *Servus*.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Revered and noble master, wherever music reigns, wherever genius is valued, the name of Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart is . . .

MOZART: Sir, I have always been confused by compliments and beg you to spare me that mortification by proceeding at once to the cause of your visit . . . the—the honor of your visit.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Revered master, before I lay my business before you may I receive your promise that—whether you accept my commission or not—you both will . . .

MOZART: I promise you our secrecy, unless our silence would prove dishonorable to me or injurious to someone else. Pray continue.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Know then,

gracious and revered genius, that I come from a prince who combines all the qualities of birth, station, generosity, and wisdom.

MOZART: Ha! a European secret.

THE GRAY STEWARD: His Excellency, moreover, has just sustained a bitter misfortune. He has lately lost his wife and consort, a lady who was the admiration of her court and the sole light of her bereaved husband's life. Therefore, His Excellency, my master, commissions you to compose a Requiem Mass in honor of this lady. He asks you to pour into it the height of your invention and that wealth of melody and harmony that have made you the glory of our era. And for this music he asks leave to pay you the sum of four hundred crowns—two hundred now, and the second two hundred when you deliver the first four numbers.

MOZART: Well, Constanza, I must not be proud.

THE GRAY STEWARD: There is but one proviso.

MOZART: Yes, I heard it. The work must represent the height of my invention.

THE GRAY STEWARD: That was an easy assumption, master. The proviso is this: You shall let His Excellency have this music as an anonymous work, and you shall never by any sign, by so much as the nod of your head, acknowledge that the work is yours.

MOZART: And His Excellency is not aware that the pages I may compose at the height of my invention may be their own sufficient signature?

THE GRAY STEWARD: That may be. Naturally, my master will see to it that no other composer will ever be able to claim the work as his.

MOZART: Quick, give me your paper and I will sign it. Leave your two hundred crowns with my wife at the foot of the stairs. Come back in August and you will have the first four numbers. *Servus. Servus.*

THE GRAY STEWARD (*backing out*): *Servus*, master. *Servus*, madame.

[CONSTANZA *returns in a moment and looks anxiously towards her husband.*]

CONSTANZA: A visit from Heaven, 'Gangl. Now you can go into the country. Now you can drink all the Bohemian water in the world.

MOZART (*bitterly*): Good. And just at a time when I was contemplating a Requiem Mass. But for *myself*. However, I must not be proud.

CONSTANZA (*trying to divert him*): Who can these people be? Try and think.

MOZART: Oh, there's no mystery about that. It's the Count von Walsegg. He composes himself. But for the most part he buys string quartets from us; he erases the signatures and has them played in his castle. The courtiers flatter him and pretend that they have guessed him to be the composer. He does not deny it. He tries to appear confused. And now he has succeeded in composing my Requiem. But that will reduce my pride.

CONSTANZA: You know he will only be laughed at. The music will speak for itself. Heaven wanted to give us four hundred crowns—

MOZART: And Heaven went about it humorously.

CONSTANZA: What was his wife like?

MOZART: Her impudences smelt to Heaven. She dressed like a page and called herself Cherubin. Her red cheeks and her black teeth and her sixty years are in my mind now.

CONSTANZA (*after a pause*): We'll give back the money. You can write the music, without writing it for them.

MOZART: No, I like this game. I like it for its very falseness. What does it matter who signs such music or to whom it is addressed? (*He flings himself upon the sofa and turns his face to the wall.*) For whom do we write music?—for musicians? Salieri!—for patrons? Von Walsegg!—for the public? The Countess von Walsegg! I shall write this Requiem, but it shall be for myself, since I am dying.

CONSTANZA: My beloved, don't talk so! Go to sleep. (*She spreads a shawl*

over his body softly.) How can you say such things? You will live many years and write countless beautiful things. We will return the money and refuse the commission. Then the matter will be closed. Now go to sleep, my treasure.

[*She goes out, quietly closing the door behind her.* MOZART, *at the mercy of his youth, his illness, and his genius, is shaken by a violent fit of weeping. The sobs subside gradually and he falls asleep. In his dream* THE GRAY STEWARD *returns.*]

THE GRAY STEWARD: Mozart! Turn and look at me. You know who I am.

MOZART (*not turning*): You are the Steward of the Count von Walsegg. Go tell him to write his own music. I will not stain my pen to celebrate his lady, so let the foul bury the foul.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Lie then against the wall, and learn that it is Death itself that commissions . . .

MOZART: Death is not so fastidious. Death carries no perfumed handkerchief.

THE GRAY STEWARD: Lie then against the wall. Know first that all the combinations of circumstance can suffer two interpretations, the apparent and the real.

MOZART: Then speak, sycophant. I know the apparent one. What other reading can this humiliation bear?

THE GRAY STEWARD: It is Death itself that commands you this Requiem. You are to give a voice to all those millions sleeping who have no one but you to speak for them. There lie the captains and the thieves, the queens and the drudges, while the evening of their earthly remembrance shuts in, and from that great field rises an eternal *miserere nobis*. Only through the intercession of great love, and of great art which is love, can that despairing cry be eased. Was that not sufficient cause for this commission to be anonymous?

MOZART (*drops trembling on one knee beside the couch*): Forgive me.

THE GRAY STEWARD: And it was for this that the pretext and mover was chosen from among the weakest and vainest of humans. Death has her now, and all her folly has passed into the dignity and grandeur of her state. Where is your pride now? Here are her trinkets; here are her slippers. Press them against your lips, with devotion. Again! Where is your pride now? Again! Know henceforth that only he who has kissed the leper can enter the kingdom of art.

MOZART: I have sinned, yet grant me one thing. Grant that I may live to finish the Requiem.

THE GRAY STEWARD: No! *No!*

MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE

BY ARTHUR S. EDDINGTON, F.R.S.

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THE largest telescopes reveal about a thousand million stars. Each increase in telescopic power adds to the number, and we can scarcely set a limit to the multitude that must exist. Nevertheless, there are signs of exhaustion, and it is clear that the distribution which surrounds us does not extend uniformly through infinite space. At first an increase in light-grasp by one magnitude brings into view three times as many stars; but the factor diminishes so that at the limit of faintness reached by the giant telescopes a gain of one magnitude multiplies the number of stars seen by only 1.8, and the ratio at that stage is rapidly decreasing. It is as though we are approaching a limit at which increase of power will not bring into view very many additional stars.

Attempts have been made to find the whole number of stars by a risky extrapolation of these counts, and totals ranging from 3000 to 30,000 millions are sometimes quoted. But the difficulty is that the part of the stellar universe which we mainly survey is a local condensation or star-cloud forming part of a much greater system. In certain directions in the sky our telescopes penetrate to the limits of the system, but in other directions the extent is too great for us to fathom. The Milky Way, which on a dark night forms a gleaming belt round the sky, shows the direction in which there lie stars behind stars until vision fails. This great flattened distribution is called the Galactic System. It forms a disc of thickness small compared to its areal extent. It is partly broken up into subordinate condensations, which are probably coiled in spiral form like the spiral nebulæ which are observed in great numbers in the heavens. The center of the galactic system lies somewhere in the direction of the constellation Sagittarius; it is hidden from us not only by great distance but also to some extent by tracts of obscuring matter (dark nebulosity) which cuts off the light of the stars behind.

We must distinguish then between our local star-cloud and the great galactic system of which it is a part. Mainly (but not exclusively) the star-counts relate to the local star-cloud, and it is this which the largest telescopes are beginning to exhaust. It too has a flattened form—flattened nearly in the same plane as the galactic system. If the galactic system is compared to a disc, the local star-cloud may be compared to a bun, its thickness being about one-third of its lateral extension. Its size is such that light takes at least 2000 years to cross from one side to the other; this measurement is necessarily rough because it relates to a vague condensation which is probably not sharply separated from other contiguous condensations. The extent of the whole spiral is of the order 100,000 light years.

Amid this great population the sun is a humble unit. It is a very ordinary star about midway in the scale of brilliancy. We know of stars which give at least 10,000 times the light of the sun; we know also of stars which give 1/10,000 of its light. But those of inferior light greatly outnumber those of superior

light. In mass, in surface temperature, in bulk, the sun belongs to a very common class of stars; its speed of motion is near the average; it shows none of the more conspicuous phenomena such as variability which excite the attention of astronomers. In the community of stars the sun corresponds to a respectable middle-class citizen. It happens to be quite near the center of the local star-cloud; but this apparently favored position is discounted by the fact that the star-cloud itself is placed very eccentrically in relation to the galactic system, being in fact near the confines of it. We cannot claim to be at the hub of the universe.

The contemplation of the galaxy impresses us with the insignificance of our own little world; but we have to go still lower in the valley of humiliation. The galactic system is one among a million or more spiral nebulæ. There seems now to be no doubt that, as has long been suspected, the spiral nebulæ are "island universes" detached from our own. They too are great systems of stars—or systems in the process of developing into stars—built on the same disc-like plan. We see some of them edgeways and can appreciate the flatness of the disc; others are broadside on and show the arrangement of the condensations in the form of a double spiral. Many show the effects of dark nebulosity breaking into the regularity and blotting out the starlight. In a few of the nearest spirals it is possible to detect the brightest of the stars individually; variable stars and novæ (or "new stars") are observed as in our own system. From the apparent magnitudes of the stars of recognizable character (especially the Cepheid variables) it is possible to judge the distance. The nearest spiral nebula is 850,000 light years away.

From the small amount of data yet collected it would seem that our own nebula or galactic system is exceptionally large; it is even suggested that, if the spiral nebulæ are "islands," the galactic system is a "continent." But we can scarcely venture to claim premier rank without much stronger evidence. At all events these other universes are aggregations of the order of 100 million stars.

Again the question raises itself, How far does this distribution extend? Not the stars this time but universes stretch one behind the other beyond sight. Does this distribution too come to an end? It may be that imagination must take another leap, envisaging super-systems which surpass the spiral nebulæ as the spiral nebulæ surpass the stars. But there is one feeble gleam of evidence that perhaps this time the summit of the hierarchy has been reached, and that the system of the spirals is actually the whole world. As has already been explained, the modern view is that space is finite—finite though unbounded. In such a space light which has traveled an appreciable part of the way "round the world" is slowed down in its vibrations, with the result that all spectral lines are displaced towards the red. Ordinarily we interpret such a red displacement as signifying receding velocity in the line of sight. Now it is a striking fact that a great majority of the spirals which have been measured show large receding velocities often exceeding 1000 kilometers per second. There are only two serious exceptions, and these are the largest spirals which must be nearer to us than most of the others. On ordinary grounds it would be difficult to explain why these other universes should hurry away from us so fast and so unanimously. Why should they shun us like a plague? But the phenomenon is intelligible if what has really been observed is the slowing down of vibrations consequent on the light from these objects having traveled an appreciable part of the way round the world. On that theory the radius of space is of the order twenty times the average distance of the nebulæ observed, or say, 100 million light years. That leaves room for a few million spirals; but there is nothing beyond. There is no beyond—in spherical space

"beyond" brings us back towards the earth from the opposite direction.

II

The corridor of time stretches back through the past. We can have no conception how it all began. But at some stage we imagine the void to have been filled with matter rarefied beyond the most tenuous nebula. The atoms sparsely strewn move hither and thither in formless disorder.

> . . . Behold the throne
> Of Chaos and his dark pavilion spread
> Wide on the wasteful deep.

Then slowly the power of gravitation is felt. Centers of condensation begin to establish themselves and draw in other matter. The first partitions are the star-systems such as our galactic system; sub-condensations separate the star-clouds or clusters; these divide again to give the stars.

Evolution has not reached the same development in all parts. We observe nebulæ and clusters in different stages of advance. Some stars are still highly diffuse; others are concentrated like the sun with density greater than water; others, still more advanced, have shrunk to unimaginable density. But no doubt can be entertained that the genesis of the stars is a single process of evolution which has passed and is passing over a primordial distribution. Formerly it was freely speculated that the birth of a star was an individual event like the birth of an animal. From time to time two long extinct stars would collide and be turned into vapor by the energy of the collision; condensation would follow, and life as a luminous body would begin all over again. We can scarcely affirm that this will never occur and that the sun is not destined to have a second or third innings; but it is clear, from the various relations traced among the stars, that the present stage of existence of the sidereal universe is the *first innings*. Groups of stars are found which move across the sky with common proper motion; these must have had a single origin and cannot have originated by casual collisions. Another abandoned speculation is that lucid stars may be the exception, and that there may exist thousands of dead stars for every one that is seen shining. There are ways of estimating the total mass in interstellar space by its gravitational effect on the average speed of the stars; it is found that the lucid stars account for something approaching the total mass admissible, and the amount left over for dark stars is very limited.

Biologists and geologists carry back the history of the earth some thousand million years. Physical evidence based on the rate of transmutation of radio-active substances seems to leave no escape from the conclusion that the older (Archæan) rocks in the earth's crust were laid down 1200 million years ago. The sun must have been burning still longer, living (we now think) on its own matter, which dissolves bit by bit into radiation. According to the theoretical time-scale, which seems best supported by astronomical evidence, the beginning of the sun as a luminous star must be dated five billion (5.10^{12}) years ago. The theory which assigns this date cannot be trusted confidently, but it seems a reasonably safe conclusion that the sun's age does not exceed this limit. The future is not so restricted, and the sun may continue as a star of increasing feebleness for 50 or 500 billion years. The theory of sub-atomic energy has prolonged the life of a star from millions to billions of years, and we may speculate on processes of rejuvenescence which might prolong the existence of the sidereal universe from billions to trillions of years. But unless we can circumvent the second law of thermodynamics—which is as much as to say unless we can find cause for time to run backwards—the ultimate decay draws surely nearer, and the world will at the last come to a state of uniform changelessness.

Does this prodigality of matter, of

space, of time, find its culmination in Man?

III

I will here put together the present astronomical evidence as to the habitability of other worlds. The popular idea that an answer to this question is one of the main aims of the study of celestial objects is rather disconcerting to the astronomer. Anything that he has to contribute is of the nature of fragmentary hints picked up in the course of investigations with more practicable and commonplace purposes. Nevertheless, the mind is irresistibly drawn to play with the thought that somewhere in the universe there may be other beings "a little lower than the angels" whom Man may regard as his equals—or perhaps his superiors.

It is idle to guess the forms that life might take in conditions differing from those of our planet. If I have rightly understood the view of paleontologists, mammalian life is the third terrestrial dynasty—Nature's third attempt to evolve an order of life sufficiently flexible to changing conditions and fitted to dominate the earth. Minor details in the balance of circumstances must greatly affect the possibility of life and the type of organism destined to prevail. Some critical branch-point in the course of evolution must be negotiated before life can rise to the level of consciousness. All this is remote from the astronomer's line of study. To avoid endless conjecture, I shall assume that the required conditions of habitability are not unlike those on the earth and that, if such conditions obtain, life will automatically make its appearance.

We survey first the planets of the solar system; of these only Venus and Mars seem at all eligible. Venus, so far as we know, would be well adapted for life similar to ours. It is about the same size as the earth, warmer but not greatly warmer, and possesses an atmosphere of satisfactory density. Spectroscopic observation has rather unexpectedly failed to give any indication of oxygen in the upper atmosphere, and thus suggests a doubt as to whether free oxygen exists on the planet; but at present we hesitate to draw so definite an inference. If transplanted to Venus we might perhaps continue to live without much derangement of habit—except that I personally should have to find a new profession, since Venus is not a good place for astronomers. It is completely covered with cloud or mist. For this reason no definite surface markings can be made out, and it is still uncertain how fast it rotates on its axis and in which direction the axis lies. One curious theory may be mentioned, though it should perhaps not be taken too seriously. It is thought by some that the great cavity occupied by the Pacific Ocean is a scar left by the moon when it was first disrupted from the earth. Evidently this cavity fulfils an important function in draining away superfluous water, and if it were filled up practically all the continental area would be submerged. Thus indirectly the existence of dry land is bound up with the existence of the moon. But Venus has no moon and, since it seems to be similar to the earth in other respects, it may perhaps be inferred that it is a world which is all ocean—where fishes are supreme. The suggestion at any rate serves to remind us that the destinies of organic life may be determined by what are at first sight irrelevant accidents.

The sun is an ordinary star, and the earth is an ordinary planet, but the moon is not an ordinary satellite. No other known satellite is anything like so large in proportion to the planet which it attends. The moon contains about 1/80 part of the mass of the earth—which seems a small ratio; but it is abnormally great compared with other satellites. The next highest ratio is found in the system of Saturn whose largest satellite, Titan, has 1/4000 of the planet's mass. Very special circumstances must have occurred in the history of the earth to have led to the breaking away of so unusual a fraction of the mass. The ex-

planation proposed by Sir George Darwin—which is still regarded as most probable—is that a resonance in period occurred between the solar tides and the natural free period of vibration of the globe of the earth. The tidal deformation of the earth thus grew to large amplitude, ending in a cataclysm which separated the great lump of material that formed the moon. Other planets escaped this dangerous coincidence of period, and their satellites separated by more normal development.

Mars is the only planet whose solid surface can be seen and studied; and it tempts us to consider the possibility of life in more detail. Its smaller size leads to considerably different conditions; but the two essentials, air and water, are both present though scanty. The Martian atmosphere is thinner than our own but it is perhaps adequate. It has been proved to contain oxygen. There is no ocean; the surface markings represent, not sea and land, but red desert and darker ground which is perhaps moist and fertile. A conspicuous feature is the white cap covering the pole which is clearly a deposit of snow; it must be quite shallow since it melts away completely in the summer. Photographs show from time to time indubitable clouds which blot out temporarily large areas of surface detail; clear weather, however, is more usual. The air, if cloudless, is slightly hazy. W. H. Wright has shown this very convincingly by comparing photographs taken with light of different wave-lengths. Light of short wave-length is much scattered by haze and, accordingly, the ordinary photographs are disappointingly blurry. Much sharper surface-detail is shown when visual yellow light is employed (a yellow screen being commonly used to adapt visual telescopes for photography); being of longer wave-length, the visual rays penetrate the haze more easily. Still clearer detail is obtained by photographing with the long infra-red waves.

Great attention has lately been paid to the determination of the temperature of the surface of Mars; it is possible to find this by direct measurement of the heat radiated to us from different parts of the surfaces. The results, though in many respects informative, are scarcely accurate and accordant enough to give a definite idea of the climatology. Naturally the temperature varies a great deal between day and night and in different latitudes; but on the average the conditions are decidedly chilly. Even at the equator the temperature falls below freezing point at sunset. If we accepted the present determinations as definitive we should have some doubt as to whether life could endure the conditions.

In one of Huxley's Essays there occurs the passage "Until human life is longer and the duties of the present press less heavily I do not think that wise men will occupy themselves with Jovian or Martian natural history." To-day it would seem that Martian natural history is not altogether beyond the limits of serious science. At least the surface of Mars shows a seasonal change such as we might well imagine the forest-clad earth would show to an outside onlooker. This seasonal change of appearance is very conspicuous to the attentive observer. As the spring in one hemisphere advances (I mean, of course, the Martian spring), the darker areas, which are at first few and faint, extend and deepen in contrast. The same regions darken year after year at nearly the same date in the Martian calendar. It may be that there is an inorganic explanation—the spring rains moisten the surface and change its color. But it is perhaps unlikely that there is enough rain to bring about this change as a direct effect. It is easier to believe that we are witnessing the annual awakening of vegetation so familiar on our own planet.

The existence of oxygen in the Martian atmosphere supplies another argument in support of the existence of vegetable life. Oxygen combines freely with many elements, and the rocks in the earth's crust are thirsty for oxygen. They would in course of time bring about its complete

disappearance from the air, were it not that the vegetation extracts it from the soil and sets it free again. If oxygen in the terrestrial atmosphere is maintained in this way, it would seem reasonable to assume that vegetable life is required to play the same part on Mars. Taking this in conjunction with the evidence of the seasonal changes of appearance, a rather strong case for the existence of vegetation seems to have been made out.

If vegetable life must be admitted, can we exclude animal life? I have come to the end of the astronomical data and can take no responsibility for anything further that you may infer. It is true that the late Professor Lowell argued that certain more or less straight markings on the planet represent an artificial irrigation system and are the signs of an advanced civilization; but this theory has not, I think, won much support. In justice to the author of this speculation, it should be said that his own work and that of his observatory have made a magnificent contribution to our knowledge of Mars; but few would follow him all the way on the more picturesque side of his conclusions. Finally we may stress one point. Mars has every appearance of being a planet long past its prime; and it is in any case improbable that two planets differing so much as Mars and the Earth would be in the zenith of biological development contemporaneously.

IV

If the planets of the solar system should fail us, there remain some thousands of millions of stars which we have been accustomed to regard as suns ruling attendant systems of planets. It has seemed a presumption, bordering almost on impiety, to deny to them life of the same order of creation as ourselves. It would indeed be rash to assume that nowhere else in the universe has Nature repeated the strange experiment which she has performed on the earth. But there are considerations which must hold us back from populating the universe too liberally.

In examining the stars with a telescope we are surprised to find how many of those which appear single points to the eye are actually two stars close together. When the telescope fails to separate them, the spectroscope often reveals two stars in orbital revolution round each other. At least one star in three is a double—a pair of self-luminous globes both comparable in dimensions with the sun. The single supreme sun is accordingly not the only product of evolution; not much less frequently the development has taken another turn and resulted in two suns closely associated. We may probably rule out the possibility of planets in double stars. Not only is there a difficulty in ascribing to them permanent orbits under the more complicated field of gravitation, but a cause for the formation of planets seems to be lacking. The star has satisfied its impulse to fission in another manner; it has divided into two nearly equal portions instead of throwing off a succession of tiny fragments.

The most obvious cause of division is excessive rotation. As the gaseous globe contracts it spins fast and faster until a time may come when it can no longer hold together, and some kind of relief must be found. According to the nebular hypothesis of Laplace, the sun gained relief by throwing off successively rings of matter which have formed the planets. But were it not for this one instance of a planetary system which is known to us, we should have concluded from the thousands of double stars in the sky that the common consequence of excessive rotation is to divide the star into two bodies of equal rank.

It might still be held that the ejection of a planetary system and the fission into a double star are alternative solutions of the problem arising from excessive rotation, the star taking one course or the other according to circumstances. We know of myriads of double stars and of only one planetary system; but in any

case it is beyond our power to detect other planetary systems if they exist. We can only appeal to the results of theoretical study of rotating masses of gas; the work presents many complications, and the results may not be final; but the researches of J. H. Jeans lead to the conclusion that rotational break-up produces a double star and never a system of planets. The solar system is not the typical product of development of a star; it is not even a common variety of development; it is a freak.

By elimination of alternatives it appears that a configuration resembling the solar system would be formed only if at a certain stage of condensation an unusual accident had occurred. According to Jeans, the accident was the close approach of another star casually pursuing its way through space. This star must have passed within a distance not far outside the orbit of Neptune; it must not have passed too rapidly, but have slowly overtaken or been overtaken by the sun. By tidal distortion it raised big protuberances on the sun, and caused it to spurt out filaments of matter which have condensed to form the planets. That was more than a thousand million years ago. The intruding star has since gone on its way and mingled with the others; its legacy of a system of planets remains, including a globe habitable by man.

Even in the long life of a star encounters of this kind must be extremely rare. The density of distribution of stars in space has been compared to that of twenty tennis balls roaming the whole interior of the earth. The accident that gave birth to the solar system may be compared to the casual approach of two of these balls within a few yards of each other. The data are too vague to give any definite estimate of the odds against this occurrence, but I should judge that perhaps not one in a hundred millions of stars can have undergone this experience in the right stage and conditions to result in the formation of a system of planets.

However doubtful this conclusion as to the rarity of solar systems may be, it is a useful corrective to the view too facilely adopted which looks upon every star as a likely minister to life. We know the prodigality of Nature. How many acorns are scattered for one that grows to an oak? And need she be more careful of her stars than of her acorns? If indeed she has no grander aim than to provide a home for her greatest experiment, Man, it would be just like her methods to scatter a million stars whereof one might haply achieve her purpose.

The number of possible abodes of life severely restricted in this way at the outset may no doubt be winnowed down further. Trivial circumstances may decide whether organic forms originate at all; further conditions may decide whether life ascends to a complexity like ours or remains in a lower form. I presume, however, that at the end of the weeding out there will be left a few rival earths dotted here and there about the universe.

A further point arises if we have especially in mind contemporaneous life. The time during which man has been on the earth is extremely small compared with the age of the earth or of the sun. There is no obvious physical reason why, having once arrived, man should not continue to populate the earth for another ten billion years or so; but—well, can you contemplate it? Assuming that the stage of highly developed life is a very small fraction of the inorganic history of the star, the rival earths are in general places where conscious life has already vanished or is yet to come.

I do not think that the whole purpose of the Creation has been staked on the one planet where we live; and in the long run we cannot deem ourselves the only race that has been or will be gifted with the mystery of consciousness. But I feel inclined to claim that *at the present time* our race is supreme; and not one of the profusion of stars in their myriad clusters looks down on scenes comparable to those which are passing beneath the rays of the sun.

MANICURE

A STORY

BY MARGARET LEECH

SATURDAY afternoons wrought subtle changes in the salons of Leon and Jules (Specialists in the Artistry of Coiffure). To a superficial observer all was as usual. In every orchid and green compartment a feminine form, lavishly bibbed in fresh white linen, sat before the mirror of the toilet table. Sharp little clicks came from the snapping irons of the artists in marcel. Heads were deftly molded in the plasticene dampness of finger waves. Cold cream was competently smeared on heated faces, to a murmur of "Just relax, please, Madame. Lie perfectly quiet and relax." In the booths devoted to permanent waves sat ladies with heads grotesquely bristling into huge painful coronets, like Russian headdresses. Miss Nina and Miss Hazel ran back and forth. "What's the matter with that cold air?" "Just a minute, Madame. No, I'm not going to leave you alone. It's only the steam, it won't burn you." In rows outside the compartments, the little manicure tables were crowded. Indeed, on Saturday afternoons there were so many manicures that clients often had to be "started" on stray chairs placed in the narrow aisles, with bowls of hot soapy water perilously poised on their knees.

Whatever the subtle changes of Saturday afternoons, they did not diminish the number of patrons who thronged the salons of Leon and Jules. On the contrary, these last hours of the week supported their tradition of amazing success—contributed to explain the country house toward which Mr. Leon sped at one o'clock each Saturday in a comfortable motor car with a uniformed chauffeur. For Mr. Leon—there was no Mr. Jules, and if there ever had been he was lost in the dimness of legend—did not remain in the salons on Saturday afternoons. That was a part of the subtle changes. None of "his ladies" was expected to be there.

Downstairs in the foyer of the great hotel in which the establishment of Leon and Jules was housed swirled a flux of expensive gaiety. By the entrance to the Florentine Room, a fixed point in the restless tide, stood Mr. Peter Koch, the handsome assistant manager of the hotel, smiling affably under his slight mustache. Eddies of smartly gowned women broke and rippled around him. For though his connection with the hotel was of only a year's standing, Mr. Koch had already made his impression. It was inevitable, with that face and that figure, that he should have done so. Many women paused to speak to him as he bent forward deferentially from the waist, smiled, nodded, noted things on a pad. "But, certainly, Madame, I will arrange everything. No, no, no, you must not trouble at all. I will speak to Louis myself, *parole d'honneur*. I will arrange it personally. It will be a pleasure to do it—for you, Madame."

He would glance at Madame with his full, excitable eyes, which the large lids could veil so quickly. And she, if her companion happened to be another woman, would murmur a moment later,

"Isn't he marvelous? I'm afraid it's running into a flirtation. I ought to be ashamed to let him look at me the way he does."

Under the small felt hats which bobbed in the foyer or bowed across small tables in the Florentine Room were many heads shingled and waved in the salons of Leon and Jules. But none of these women ascended on Saturday afternoons. A new invasion, unfamiliar on week days, crowded the orchid compartments. These were the women who worked five afternoons of the week. On the sixth they repaired the ravages of time and exertion.

The Saturday afternoon patrons were persons well up in the world. Here were buyers, smartly dressed and deftly rouged. Here were well-informed private secretaries, in dark woollen dresses. Here were women executives with lines of worry between their brows. They looked prosperous, even affluent. But some grace was lacking—some glaze of exquisiteness which leisure and years of infinite luxury impart. On Saturday afternoons, there was none of the casual elegance of an enameled cigarette case, of a glimpse of *binche* at the bosom, of a square emerald sliding negligently around a thin finger. And it might have been observed that on Saturday afternoons the deference of the girls at Leon and Jules fell a shade short. For these women were not silken creatures from some incredible Aladdin's palace. After all, they worked for a living. They might be wise and friendly, but they were not opening doors of vivid life, they were not clear windows through which to peep into a fairyland of riches. The young persons with the soft names—Miss Rose, Miss Nina, Miss Adele, Miss Hazel, Miss Blanche—were a little bored when Saturday afternoon came.

Miss Nina was terribly bored. She was not the prettiest of the girls at Leon and Jules, by any means. She brushed her short brown hair forward to soften her face; for, though she was only twenty-four, it was rather a pinched little face, dark-skinned. Her green-blue eyes looked surprisingly light between black lashes. Her lips were thin and avid, and she carried her head high.

But, if she was not remarkably pretty, Miss Nina undeniably had a way with her. Her figure was supple, and she had tiny feet with steep little insteps. She swished her skirts slightly when she walked. Dressed for the street in a carmine frock and hat and a plain black coat, she looked quite striking. She rouged her drooping little mouth very red, and this made her eyes look brighter and her skin less drab. The men's eyes turned as she passed through the lobby of the great hotel with her mincing, rather affected walk. It was the sort of walk which takes cognizance of the fact that men's eyes often turn.

Miss Nina was proud of working at Leon and Jules. She had striven for this job through years of initiation in lesser shops. Here she made breathless contact with something she desired, something on which her spirit fed. She looked hungrily at the women who came to the salons, appraised their jewels, their dresses, listened rapturously while they prattled of their travels, beaux, parties, appointments, shopping.

When occasion arose, Miss Nina could do more than listen. She could join in the conversation—about the cabarets, the theaters. Her evenings were not always dull. To her less conservative customers—gay debutantes, lively married women—she hinted as much: cocktails, champagne, a midnight roof. Sometimes, bending confidentially over a white hand, Nina forgot that her name was really Nellie, forgot her tiny tawdry flat, forgot long evenings spent in making clothes, or in washing, ironing, and repairing them. Almost she was able to identify herself with the other woman, to please the men that the other woman pleased, to shine in the glitter of her good fortune. They sat, half-whispering, like two friends. There was only a narrow green table between them.

When the long fantasy of her day was

over Miss Nina slipped into her street clothes. Nor was disillusionment immediate. The carmine dress and hat were more becoming than the white linen uniform. She rouged her lips very carefully and buttoned her gloves and took her square shiny black purse. In the elevator she was no longer Miss Nina of Leon and Jules—she was, with some faint impertinence of lifted chin, a guest of the great hotel. The moment of traversing the foyer was pure magic every evening. Through the luxurious corridor she moved, gazing about her with her astonishingly light eyes, as though she were looking for someone. Outside the Florentine Room, where music sounded and people still lingered over tea cups among potted palms, stood Mr. Peter Koch, handsome, erect, deferential. Their eyes just met before she smiled at the doorman and was whirled into the street.

Miss Nina wandered around the airless little cloakroom, munching a very late lunch of an olive-and-cream-cheese sandwich. She was hoping that Miss Rose would forget that she had been gone quite half an hour; for her distaste for the ugly cloakroom was less than her distaste for the boredom of Saturday afternoon. Her mouth drooped as she washed her hands and dried them slowly with a towel secreted from the salons, with *Leon and Jules* straggling across it in green chain-stitching. She licked her thumb and forefinger and twisted an upturned sickle of hair on each cheek. Then from the breast of her white uniform she drew a square envelope, addressed in an angular handwriting, foreign and precise. There was more of the handwriting inside. Miss Nina ran her eyes along the lines, drawing in her chin with a mysterious little smile.

"Miss Nina! Miss Nina!" The voice of Miss Rose, officiating at the appointment desk, came sharply up the stairs. Miss Nina frowned, thrust the letter into its hiding place, and minced down the stairs on her steep little feet. "Your lady's waiting," Miss Rose informed her crossly. "Manicure. Second table."

Miss Nina stifled a yawn. She took from a shelf her small crowded tray of manicure necessaries, she filled a bowl with hot soapy water. "Second table, Madame. Right this way," Miss Rose prompted the woman who had asked for Miss Nina. Her tone was a trifle brisk and businesslike, for even on a Saturday afternoon this was not an impressive customer. It was less an indication of appearance than of manner. She seemed oddly confused, ill at ease in the orchid and green salons. She stood by the appointment desk, looking about her with an exaggerated assumption of indifference. But, at Miss Rose's direction, she now moved to the second table, her head raised, as one who has outfaced many situations. Miss Nina came tripping toward her; deposited her tray and the bowl of soapy water on the glass-topped table; laid a fresh towel over the small cushion; snapped on the green-shaded light.

"Good afternoon, Madame!" she said in her eager voice. Miss Nina's eyes ran curiously over the customer. She was a new one, a stranger. Miss Nina, who had an excellent memory for faces, couldn't remember ever having seen her in the shop. She was a blonde woman, with large pale-brown eyes. The light on the table struck the flat planes of her face, cleft by fine lines about her eyes and mouth. She had neatly rubbed her thin cheeks with a brickish, dusty-looking rouge. Between the fur bands of her coat collar there was a glint of metal cloth. She laid on the table a pair of fresh kid gloves and a bag worked in blue glass beads with a German-silver mounting. Miss Nina quickly appraised the blouse, the new gloves, the beaded bag, the hat—blue velvet with a rhinestone ornament. There was that about them which spoke of Sunday, of occasion. Tissue paper seemed to rustle faintly around them. They were her "best" things. Miss Nina's upper lip curled slightly, briefly,

as she took the woman's left hand, a capable hand with large shapely nails. She ran her file experimentally around the littlest one.

"Not much shorter, Madame?" she suggested. The woman shook her head.

"You have very lovely nails. Very lovely nails, Madame," said Miss Nina absently. With mechanical skill the long file moved around the nails, shaping them. The left hand, the finger-tips dabbed with salve, was consigned to the bowl of water. Miss Nina shifted her shoulders, glanced cursorily at the customers seated at the other manicure tables. She took up the right hand, smothering another yawn.

The woman spoke so suddenly that Miss Nina was startled. Her voice had a queer husky quality, very pleasant. "Do you know a girl named Adele that used to work here?"

"Why, yes," said Miss Nina, and bit her lip. "Why, yes, of course. Yes, Adele was here for a good while, I guess, about a year or two—"

"She's not here any more, is she? Do you ever see her?" pursued the woman. Her large hazel eyes were fixed on Miss Nina's face.

The girl looked up briefly. "No," she said, twisting a fragment of cotton around an orangewood stick. "Not any more. Not for—oh, two or three months. I haven't seen her since she left."

"You didn't know her very well?" asked the woman, and again Miss Nina looked at her.

"Why, yes—" she began hesitantly. Then she gave a little laugh, and leaned confidentially over the woman's hand. "Why, I'll tell you how it was, Madame. Adele was my girl friend. Then we had a little fuss. She said something I didn't like. Will you have the white under your nails? We don't talk now." Miss Nina poked among the articles on her tray for an emery board. "You knew Adele, Madame? I mean, you were one of her customers? I didn't think—"

"No," said the blonde woman. "I've never been here before. Quite some place you have, isn't it? I've never seen this Adele. But I've heard about her." She lowered her eyes, raised them again, moistening her lips. "I heard she got in some trouble here," she said and waited.

"Well!" Miss Nina threw back her head with an explosive little laugh. "What do you think of that? Well, some people say more than their prayers."

"I heard," said the blonde woman softly, "that Adele did."

"Oh, no, no." Miss Nina deprecated the entire report. "There isn't anything to that. Why, I can't believe there's anything to that. She just wanted a new place, Madame. Some place handier to where she lives."

The woman shook her head slowly. "No. That wasn't it. She got in trouble on account of some man here in the hotel. She *had* to leave."

Miss Nina drew a quick breath. Her eyes darted about the shop. A drying machine whirred behind the curtains of the nearest compartment. There was a chatter of conversation. At nearby tables Miss Blanche and Miss Myrtle bent over their customers' hands. Their backs were concentrated, oblivious. Calmly above them lay a soft haze of cigarette smoke. Miss Nina picked up her orangewood stick.

"Well, Madame," she murmured, "you know all about it, don't you? Would you put your other hand in the water, please? I did hear some gossip myself, but I don't think there was anything to it. Nothing wrong, I mean, Madame. Nothing really wrong."

"Foolish girl, wasn't she?" said the blonde woman. "Going up to his room here in the hotel and all. She might have known they'd find out."

Nina conceded the wisdom of this with a hunching of her shoulders and a sympathetic smile. "Well, of course, you know, Madame"—her voice had dropped to an eager whisper—"some girls never think how things look. You know how they are, Madame. That's what I always told Adele, she'd get in

trouble if she didn't look out. I like a good time myself. But the idea, can you imagine, going up to a man's room, in a hotel like this, too, where they're so careful. They have to be." Miss Nina paused, while she ran a soapy brush over the nicely groomed nails of the woman's left hand. "Will you have the medium polish, Madame? Or do you prefer the very red?" Her fingers quivered among the bottles, chose on instruction the very red. She drew out the cork, with its tiny pendant brush, and began to paint the neat finger nails.

"I got disgusted with her," Miss Nina resumed. "That's how we came to have this falling-out I spoke of. Going up to his room!" Miss Nina sniffed.

The blonde woman raised her hand, gazed intently at the shining red nails. "I suppose," she said, "you've seen this man she went with?"

"Seen him?" said Miss Nina. "Oh, yes. Yes, indeed, I've seen him." She cleared her throat. "Well, you see, Madame, Adele and I had a little apartment together last year. East Thirty-first Street. A nice little place. This man—this friend of Adele's—used to come there, see? Then sometimes, you know, my boy friend would be there, and the four of us would go out somewheres, to dinner or a show or to dance somewheres. That's the way I got to know him. Of course, I wasn't paying any attention to him. I had a friend of my own." Miss Nina moved her shoulders expressing hauteur. "I could see all along he was getting sick of Adele. She was just crazy about him. Silly over him. And here he was with his wife and all—"

"So he has a wife?" said the woman. And her eyes opened very wide, as she stared at the five red, shining nails of her left hand.

"Oh, sure," said Miss Nina. "I should say so. Believe me, he has a wife. Very delicate. Just relax your hand a little, Madame. She's a very delicate woman. Lives in the country, New Jersey some place. If you could just let your hand lie quiet—that's better, thank you, Madame. She's crazy about him. At least, that's what Adele used to say. He's just got to be home certain nights in the week. He has three children, too. He thinks the world of them. Quite a family man." Miss Nina laughed.

"Yes," said the woman. "It would seem that way. Well, that's hard on a man, a nagging wife."

Miss Nina was voluble, eager. "Yes, Madame, that's just what I used to tell Adele. 'Adele,' I used to say to her, 'there's no use *your* nagging at him; he's got one like that already.' And I told her, 'He's a married man, that'll never bring you luck.' But she said, 'If you like them, what can you do?'"

The woman uttered a little exclamation that was not quite a laugh. But Miss Nina did not heed. "Well, finally, she heard about Adele—the wife did. So he came to Adele and told her she'd have to leave and go some place else, because his wife, see, would make trouble if she stayed here. So that was how it happened. That's the whole story."

"Yes," said the blonde woman. "Yes, that's what I heard happened. I live in Brooklyn, and I heard about it from friends of her married sister's. I heard she got going out with this man, and then she lost her place. They all thought it was too bad, she was such a nice girl." She leaned forward across the narrow table, her lips parted. "There couldn't—you're sure that was what happened, that his wife found out about it? You couldn't be wrong about that?"

"No, I'm sure," said Miss Nina. She snipped her little scissors delicately, decisively. "Sure that was what happened. He was always scared to death his wife would find out. Why, sometimes he used to break dates the last minute. She's sick, see, and she gets suspicious. I guess she gave it to him all right."

The woman sighed. "I wonder," she said, "if Adele ever sees him now?"

"No," said Miss Nina quickly. "No, she doesn't see him any more. Hasn't seen him since she left."

"But I thought," said the blonde woman in a puzzled tone, "that you and Adele weren't friends any more? How would you know if she saw him or not? You wouldn't—" she hesitated—"I don't suppose *you* ever see him, do you? To talk to, I mean?"

"Me?" cried Miss Nina. "Why, no. No, I'd never dream— Why, what made you think—?" She laid down her small sharp scissors and ran her fingers quickly across her upper lip. The blonde woman's eyes were lowered. They stared intently at the middle finger of her right hand. And, following her gaze, Miss Nina's eyes rested on a scarlet speck beside the finger nail, which grew to a tiny bubble of blood, spreading across the whiteness of the finger. "Oh, Madame, I'm so sorry! How stupid of me! I don't know when I've done such a thing." With tremulous fingers she took the cork from a bottle of colorless fluid, and moistened a scrap of cotton which she pressed against the tiny wound. "Terribly sorry, Madame. I —I must be nervous to-day."

"That's all right," said the woman. Her voice was low and quiet. "We all make mistakes. I'm afraid I've upset you, talking about your girl friend. We'll drop the subject if you'd rather."

Miss Nina pressed her palms to her cheeks. "It upsets me awfully to cut a customer. No, no, Madame, why should I mind talking about Adele? She's nothing to me any more. I don't care what she does. You needn't worry over her. She's got somebody else by now. She never cares long for anybody. That's why I was so sure, see, that she doesn't meet this man any more. Ah, you don't know what a fool she is!" Miss Nina's mouth was bitter. "Going up to his room here! If she had to see him, why couldn't she meet him some place else? I knew she'd get in trouble. I *told* her, 'Adele,' I said, 'a manager of a hotel has his position to consider. A big hotel like this, you want to be careful about going up there to see him; he can't always be telling you, don't come up to my room—how does that look for a man to be the one to be careful?'" Miss Nina was breathing fast. "I'll tell you what's the trouble with Adele, Madame. She's too easy. That's why, see, I know they don't see each other any more. A man gets sick of that, believe me."

The blonde woman bent her head. "Well, I should blame her," she said. "I should blame her. I guess every woman's been easy one time anyway—or wished she'd had the chance to be. I was easy once myself," she whispered, and her hand twitched in Miss Nina's clasp. "One time I was cashier in a hotel. There was a handsome fellow was one of the day clerks." She smiled wryly. "Well—"

She caught her lip between her teeth, with a long intake of breath, as though she were nerving herself to go on. "I fell for him," she said slowly. "A ton of bricks. I was nutty about him. His manners, you know. Always so polite and like that. He used to write me notes, lovely handwriting, like a copy book. He was educated in Europe. I'd carry those notes around with me for days—read them over and over again. He was crazy for women." She gave a nervous laugh of apology. "I thought he was crazy for me. Funny, isn't it? That's a mistake a lot of women make. Well—" After a minute she went on, "He had a wife. She was awfully delicate. That made her nagging and suspicious of him—the way they get. He couldn't bear to hurt her. And then there were the kids. He was so fond of his kids."

Miss Nina had stiffened. A confused hostility was hot in her narrowed eyes. Meeting that gaze, the woman flinched, looked away. Her lips trembled, and she bit at them to make them steady. "I stuck to him for six years," she said. "Six years out of my life, you wouldn't believe it. Every thought I had for that man, every breath I drew."

Miss Nina ran the scrub brush over the fingers of the woman's hand. Chill soapy water dripped through the fingers. Miss Nina squeezed them briefly in a towel.

"It's a bad thing to happen to a girl," said the woman. Her eyes were fastened on Miss Nina with a quivering intensity. They seemed to implore her to understand, to respond. But Miss Nina's eyes were as blank as two bits of pale-blue glass. "It's a bad thing," the woman went on, "getting mixed up with a married man. It gets a girl a bad name around. I could have married—oh, easy—before I got to going with this fellow. But after—well, after, it was different. No man's going to wait for a woman six years. Not these days. You can't blame them. And with the talk and all. There's always talk."

Miss Nina painted the last finger of the right hand with the very red polish. She thrust the cork into the bottle, busied herself with tidying her tray of small articles. The woman opened her beaded bag, awkwardly with her left hand, and took from it a mirror and a powder puff in a figured silk handkerchief. She powdered her nose and straightened her hat. "Of course, I'm not out of the running yet," she said. She snapped her bag shut, and took up her new gloves. She laughed lightly. "No, sir, I haven't given up hope yet."

But as she hesitated to rise it became clear that she had not yet finished. She was mustering the courage to go on. There was a minute of painful silence. "There's just one thing," she at last admitted. "I—I'm sorry you aren't friends with Adele any more. Because I was hoping you could take her a message from me. I—I got a feeling I wanted to tell her something."

Miss Nina had raised her tray. Now she set it down with a clatter. She took the edge of the table in both hands. "Tell me," she whispered. The light from the lamp flickered sharply in her eyes. "Tell me," she repeated.

"Well, you see, I guess I know him better than you do. This man Koch—" The name fell like a stone between them. And, seeing that the woman's face was white, Nina started sharply. In her thin young throat muscles twitched.

"Oh, my God!" said Nina. "You—you're not—"

For a moment they faced each other. Then the blonde woman understood. "No," she said, "I'm not. My God, do I look like a delicate wife? No, dearie, I never made it. But what I wanted to tell you was about her—Koch's wife. This sick wife of his that he can't bear to hurt." The woman swallowed, as though it hurt her. "She died four years ago," she said. "I happen to know that. You see? Well, that's all."

She did not look at Miss Nina now, stared instead at her new gloves and the blue-beaded bag. "He really did have the sick wife when I knew him. Yes, and the kids, too. Her family took them when she died. I guess he couldn't bear the idea of losing her," she said with a dreary smile. "She came in so—handy."

The woman rose, moved toward the cashier's desk, her head raised, as one who has outfaced many situations. With uncertain fingers she fumbled in her bag for a crumpled bill. Outside the orchid and green salons, she paused in the gloomy carpeted silence of the hotel corridor. Almost she turned back. Her lips twisted. She clenched her hands, turning her head in a panic of regret. Suddenly she pressed her stiffened palms over her eyes. She did not hear Miss Nina coming until she stood beside her.

"Oh," cried the blonde woman. There were tears in her big hazel eyes. "Oh, I shouldn't have told you. I did wrong to tell you. It's none of my business, I know, what you do. But I got so's I couldn't sleep, thinking of him giving out he was a married man—getting away with it time after time—other girls suffering the way he made me suf-

fer." Tears spilled down her thin cheeks, across the dusty pink areas of rouge. She brushed them away angrily.

"I'm glad you told me," said Miss Nina in a queer little voice. Her aquamarine eyes were very light in her drab face. "I only wish," she said slowly, "I only wish I had of known before."

The woman laid one hand on Miss Nina's arm. "Listen," she implored her. "Would you take a piece of advice? I'm older than you. Don't let this break your heart, dear. Go back to that boy friend you talked about. You get married, hear me? That's the only thing for a woman to do, get married—"

"Boy friend?" cried Miss Nina. She spat out the word in disgust. "Married? Say, what's getting married? Kids. No clothes. No fun. Washing and ironing and mending his clothes, instead of just your own. Cooking and cleaning and losing your looks. And him not as nice to you as before you were married." She thrust her face close to the blonde woman's. "I'm going to have things," she said. Her little voice was shrill and vibrant. "No thirty-dollar clerk for me when I marry. I've been studying, educating myself to speak nice, and everything. I gave the boy friend the air six months ago. Do you think I'm going to throw myself away?"

Before such indignation the woman gasped speechless. Her large hazel eyes, around which moisture still clung, looked at Nina with a hypnotized fascination which was almost fear. "What you just told me," said Nina grimly, "explains a lot of things. It's just what I needed." Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the woman. "I've got enough on Pete Koch to put him in States Prison." And absently, thoughtfully, her fingers tapped the corner of a white envelope which protruded at the bosom of her dress.

The blonde woman drew on her new kid gloves before she stumbled from the elevator. The big foyer seemed almost quiet. The woman glanced about her. In the cashier's cage, at the end of the long hotel desk, sat a very pretty girl. And, as the blonde woman looked, she saw that a tall man stooped attentively beside the cage. His back was toward the blonde woman. But she could see that he leaned forward eagerly, absorbed in his conversation with the pretty girl. The woman took an impulsive step toward him. "Oh, my God!" she whispered. The expression on her face might have been pity—as though those bland shoulders in the well-cut coat seemed suddenly pathetically vulnerable, unaware of dangers.

Then abruptly she turned and walked down the long corridor which led to the side entrance of the hotel. She kept clasping and unclasping her gloved hands as she walked. She was still laughing when she reached the street.

PORTRAIT OF BEETHOVEN AT THIRTY

BY ROMAIN ROLLAND

Translated from the French by Lawrence S. Morris

BEETHOVEN'S music was the child of the same imperious forces of nature that had already tried their strength in the author of the *Confessions*. Both were the flowering of a new season. . . .

I cannot help admiring those youngsters that shake their fists at Rousseau and Beethoven. It is much as if they defied the spring and fall, the destined withering of the leaves and renewal of the blossoms! . . . Rousseau and the *Sturm und Drang* were the April showers and equinoctial storms, announcing that an old civilization had broken up and that a new one was about to appear. Before the new society could be built man had to free himself as an individual. For individualism in revolt was at once a prophecy and the prerequisite of the Order to come. Each thing in its time! First, the self; later, society.

Beethoven belonged to that first generation of young Goethes in Germany (not so different as one might think from old Lynkeus in the Second Part of *Faust*)—those Columbuses that, launched in darkness on the hazardous sea of Revolution, discovered the Self and conquered it greedily. Having triumphed, they abused their conquest; they thirsted for power. Each Self, in its new freedom, longed for command; and when this was impossible in reality, sought it in art. All of life became a field for deploying battalions of thoughts, desires, regrets, desperations, and melancholies. The self had been transformed into an autocrat. . . . After the Revolution, the Empire: and Beethoven carried both under his skin. Their coursing in his veins was the circulation of the very blood of history. For, just as the imperial venture, which had to await Hugo to find a poet worthy to sing it, had already inspired its Iliad, from the time of Beethoven's symphonies and sonatas before 1815, so, when Napoleon fell at Waterloo, Beethoven the *imperator* abdicated also. He too, like the eagle on his rock, exiled himself to a speck in the sea, more lost even than the little island in the African ocean, for he could no longer hear the waves breaking against his cliffs. He was immured. And when the voice of those last ten years rose from the silence, it was no longer the same self: Beethoven had renounced power over men, and was with his God.

But in this article, which is merely, as it were, the chronicle of the early campaigns from Marengo to Wagram, I shall study the Self that had found expression in struggle. And I must begin by roughly outlining its features. For though, with our perspective of a hundred years, it is easy to see at a glance in what respects this mountain formed part of the range of that distant period, we must also distinguish in what way it dominated it; what valleys, precipices, and slopes separated it from the surrounding peaks. The Self of Beethoven was certainly not that of the romantics. It would be absurd to confuse those neoGothics, or impressionists, with the Roman builder. Everything in them repelled him: their sentimentality, their lack of logic, their undirected imagination. He was the

most masculine of musicians. There was nothing (or, perhaps, not enough) in him that was feminine—and I confess that, except for certain pieces, I have never enjoyed hearing him interpreted by women. Neither was there any trace in him of that wonder-gaze of children, for whom art and life are a game of soap bubbles. Not that I despise such children! I love their wonder; and, like them, I find it beautiful to see the world reflected in shimmering bubbles. But it is still more beautiful to embrace it, as Beethoven did, and possess it. He was the male sculptor, subduing his material and molding it to his hand: the master builder whose workshop was nature. For those who can see the vistas of the mind that are lighted up in the "Eroica," the "C Minor," and the "Appassionata," the most striking feature of these works is not the vastness of the armies engaged, the floods of sound, the masses hurled into the attack: it is the mind that directs them, the imperial reason.

II

But before considering the work let us consider the workman. And first let us reconstruct the frame in which he dwelt.

He was built of sand and lime, for the mind in Beethoven was founded on strength. His body was athletic and sinewy. One may picture him a thickset, squat figure, with broad shoulders; burnished face, roughened by wind and sun; heavy black hair erect like a forest, with bushy eyebrows and beard up to his ears; the brow and roof of the skull wide and high, "like the vault of a temple"; powerful jaws, "which would crush walnuts"; a lion's muzzle and a lion's voice. Not one of those that knew him was not struck by his physical vigor. "He was embodied force," said the poet Castelli. "*Ein Bild der Kraft*," wrote Seyfried. And this strength did not desert him until the last years—not until the attempted suicide of his nephew, which touched him to the quick. The word "Cyclopean," used by Reichardt and Benedikt, characterized him well. Others compared him with Hercules. Gnarled and pitted with smallpox, he was a sturdy fruit of the age that produced Mirabeau, Danton, and Napoleon.

He maintained this strength by vigorous bathings in cold water, great care in physical cleanliness, and daily walks, which began immediately after lunch and lasted throughout the afternoon, sometimes even into the night. On top of that a long, heavy sleep, which he complained of resentfully. "I am so unfortunate," he wrote to Wegeler, "as to have to give too much time to it."

His diet was substantial and simple. No excesses, no gluttony—and no heavy drinking, of which he has been mistakenly accused. He loved life like a good son of the Rhineland, but did not abuse it, except for the brief period with Holz (1825–26), when he was in despair. His luxury was fish, which he ate more than meat. But his cooking was rustic and crude; dainty stomachs rebelled against it. His two "pretty witches," Unger and Sontag, the singers of the Ode to Joy, whom he entertained, were ready to give up the ghost after one of his lunches.

Under the dæmon that possessed him his external life grew more disordered as he grew older. There should have been a woman to watch over him. Lacking one, he forgot to eat; he had no home. But there was no woman ready to devote herself wholly to him. And perhaps his independence refused in advance to accept the obligations such a devotion would have entailed.

Yet he loved women and needed them. The place they occupied in his life was larger than in that—I shall not say of Bach or Handel—but of any other great musician. I shall come back to this subject later. But, although his ardent nature craved love, and love eluded him less than has been claimed (we shall see that he fascinated women and that more than one offered herself), he was on guard against them: he was on guard

against love itself. His sexual continence, however, has been exaggerated. Certain notes in his diary, in 1816, prove by the disgust aroused in him that he had tasted the satisfactions of a night. But his conception of love was too exalted for him to cheapen it in these "bestial" encounters, as he called them. Eventually he suppressed all sensuality in his emotional life. And when the once beloved, and still beautiful, Giulietta came in tears to offer herself he refused her contemptuously. He was defending the sacredness of his memories against her. He was also defending his art, his God, against stain.

"If I had been willing to sacrifice my energy thus what would have been left for nobler uses?"

This dominion of the mind over the flesh, this rugged moral and physical constitution, together with his temperate living, should have assured Beethoven an invincible health. Roeckel, who saw him, in 1806, stripped and splashing in the water like a Triton, said that "one would have expected him to live to the age of Methuselah."

But he had a heavy burden of heredity to carry. More than likely, a tendency towards tuberculosis, which came from his mother; from his father and grandmother alcoholism, which he resisted morally, but which must have left defects in his organism; a violent enteritis, from which he suffered early; and, perhaps, syphilis. In addition to all of this, weak eyes and deafness. Yet it was from none of these ills that he died, but from cirrhosis of the liver. And even then, accidental circumstances determined his death: an attack of pleurisy, at the beginning of his last illness, brought on by his reckless return from the country to Vienna, in icy December weather, without winter clothes and in an open milk-cart; and when this seemed to have been checked, an outburst of anger which caused a relapse. . . . Of all these cracks in the structure, the only one that deeply affected his spirit was, as we know, his deafness.

But at the starting point of his career—which for other men would have been the goal—when at the age of thirty he had already conquered first place beside the veteran Haydn, his strength seemed intact, and he was proudly aware of it. He that frees himself from the bonds and gags of a decaying world, from his old masters and gods, must prove himself worthy of his new liberty: he must be able to use it. Otherwise, let him stay in chains! The first condition of a free man is force. Beethoven exalted it, and he was led by this to overestimate it. *Kraft über alles!*—The forerunner of Nietzsche's superman stirred in him. If he could be extravagantly generous, it was because such was his nature, and it pleased him to scatter his booty royally among friends in need. But he could also be pitiless in his lack of consideration, and he often was—nor am I referring merely to his fits of rage, in which he respected nothing, not even his inferiors. He professed at times the morality of the strongest, a "*Faustrecht*":

"Force is the morality of men that stand out from their fellows; and it is also mine."

He was rich in scorn: scorn of the weak, the ignorant, the masses, and the aristocracy, even of the good folk that loved him and admired him; a scorn of all men, which at bottom was terrifying, and of which he was never entirely free. As late as 1825, he was writing:

"Our time needs strong spirits to lash these wretched, snarling, sneaking drabs of human souls."

In a letter to his intimate friend, Amenda, in 1810, he expressed his contempt for Zmeskall, who was to remain faithful to him to his last breath, even having himself carried on his sick bed to a nearby house when Beethoven was dying, in order to take his part in the terrors of the last days:

"I value him and his kind," Beethoven had written, "merely for what they give me. I consider them nothing but instruments for me to play on when I feel like it."

This boasting cynicism, which he paraded before his most devoted friends, was to appear more than once in his life, and his enemies did not forget it. When Holz first entered into relations with him, about 1825, Steiner, the publisher, sent word to him that he was a fool to go to any trouble for Beethoven; that Beethoven would discard him when he had used him, as he had done with all his *famuli*. And Holz promptly repeated his words to Beethoven.

In every period of his life such instances were contradicted by the torrent of his deep humanity. But it must be admitted that the two currents, love and contempt, frequently clashed in him, and that in the full tide of his youth, when success was breaking down all dams, it was contempt that boiled over.

I am not idealizing; and tender souls must make what they can of it. I am describing the man as I see him.

It is in this same trait, however, that we shall recognize the sublimity, in the ancient style, of the fate that overtook him, like Œdipus, in the most sensitive spot of his pride and strength—his hearing, the instrument of his superiority. It tempts one to believe in Hamlet's words:

> " . . . and that should teach us
> There's a divinity that shapes our ends
> Rough-hew them how we will."

Let us, who can judge the tragedy from a century's perspective, fall to our knees. Let us cry, "*Heilig! Heilig!* Blessed be the misfortune that befell thee! Blessed be thy sealed ears!"

For the hammer alone is not enough; there must also be the anvil. There would have been no tragedy, but merely an item of news, had fate found a weakling, an imitation great man, to bend beneath the burden. It found a man of its own caliber, who seized it by the throat, and wrestled with it savagely through the night till dawn—for him, the final dawn; whose shoulders touched the ground only in death, and who, even in death, was carried a victor on his shield. A man who turned his want into wealth and his infirmity into the magic wand that opened the rock.

III

Let us return to his portrait, at that decisive hour when misfortune was about to enter. Let us savor the lasting delight of that struggle in the arena between the nameless Force and the man with the lion's muzzle!

This superman over whose head the storm was gathering (for peaks attract the thunderbolt) was marked, as with smallpox, by the moral characteristics of his time: the spirit of revolt, the torch of the Revolution. This had already become evident in the days at Bonn. As a student at the University, in 1789, Beethoven had attended the lectures of Eulogе Schneider, the future public prosecutor of the department of the Lower Rhine. When the news reached Bonn that the Bastille had fallen, Schneider kindled the enthusiasm of his pupils with a fiery poem, which he read in class. The following year Hofmusicus Beethoven subscribed to a collection of revolutionary poetry, in which Schneider cast the defiance of a future democracy at the feet of the old world:

"To scorn bigotry, break the scepter of stupidity, and fight for the rights of man is a task no prince's valet can perform. There must be free souls who prefer death to flattery, and poverty to servitude. . . . And let it be known that among such souls, mine shall not be the last to offer itself. . . ."

Who is speaking? Beethoven already? The words were Schneider's, but Beethoven made them flesh. The young Jacobin, who was to have plenty of chance later on to change his political, but who never changed his moral, convictions, carried this haughty profession of republicanism into the salons of Vienna where, from his earliest successes, he rode rough-shod over the aristocracy that feted him. . . .

The elegance of a dying world: never had it been more subtle, more delicate,

or worthier of love (in default of respect), than during this vigil that preceded the arrival of the cannon of Wagram. One is reminded of the Trianon; but how superior, both in taste and culture, were these aristocrats of Vienna at the opening of the new century to their exiled princess, the daughter of their own Maria Theresa! Never has an aristocracy loved beauty and music with a more complete passion, nor shown greater favor to those who make possible their enjoyment. One might almost think the Viennese were doing penance for their abandonment of Mozart, huddled into a pauper's grave. In the years between the death of the unhappy Wolfgang and that of Haydn the aristocracy of Vienna humbled itself before art and paid court to artists; it prided itself on treating them as equals.

The 27th of March, 1808, marked the apogee of this consecration: the coronation of music. On that day Vienna was celebrating Haydn's seventy-sixth birthday. At the door of the University aristocrats rubbed elbows with musicians, waiting for the son of the wheelwright of Rohrau, who arrived in Prince Esterhazy's carriage. With a roar of drums, trumpets, and acclamations, Haydn was carried into the hall. Prince Lobkowitz, Salieri, and Beethoven came forward to kiss his hand. Princess Esterhazy and two other great ladies threw off their cloaks to wrap them about the feet of the old man, who trembled with emotion. The delirium in the hall, the shouts and tears of enthusiasm, overwhelmed the author of the "Creation." In the midst of his oratorio he left in tears and, from the doorway, conferred his blessing on Vienna.

A year later Napoleon's eagles had pounced down on Vienna; and Haydn, dying in the occupied city, carried the old world with him into the tomb.

But the youthful Beethoven had already known, and despised, the gracious smile of this old world, which cast the cloak of its aristocracy under the feet of artists. And he trampled on the cloak.

He was not the first of those peasants (the two first had been Gluck and Rousseau from the Danube and the Rhone) who saw the arrogant nobility scurrying to please them, and avenged the humiliations suffered by their class for generations. But while the "Chevalier Gluck" (the son of a forester) had been born sly and had learned to temper his rudeness with the deference due to the great, until his rudeness itself added to his celebrity; and while timid Jean-Jacques bowed and stammered and only when he was on his way down the stairs remembered the proud speeches he might have made—Beethoven launched his contempt and insults openly in the crowded drawing-room. When Princess Lichnowsky's mother, the Countess Thun, that magnificent woman who had been Gluck's friend and Mozart's protectress, knelt before him and begged him to play, Beethoven did not stir from his sofa, and refused. . . . "Put a beggar on horseback—" Centuries were finding their revenge through him, and, as always, on the tenderest victims.

What kindness that princely house of Lichnowsky showed him! They adopted the uncouth young musician from Bonn and polished him, taking infinite precautions not to ruffle his susceptibilities. The Princess gave him the love of a "grandmother," as Beethoven himself said; "she put him under glass, to keep any unworthy breath from touching him." Later we shall read the story of that evening at the Lichnowsky palace, in December 1805, when his friends tried to save the "Fidelio," which Beethoven, after its first failure, had refused to revise and was thinking of destroying. Seated at the piano, the Princess, who was already gravely ill, evoked the memory of his mother and besought him "not to let his greatest work perish." But a few months afterwards it needed only a word, which seemed to him an encroachment on his independence, for Beethoven to shatter the bust of the Prince and leave the house, slamming the door behind him;

he was never to see the Lichnowskys again.

Yet he loved them, and certain words of his later indicate that he was grateful to them; but his gratitude entitled no one to any claims on his liberty. The scene, in fact, had been more violent than is usually admitted, for Beethoven's friends made an effort to hush the matter up. An intimate letter from Ries to Wegeler, December 28, 1837, reveals what had happened:

"If it had not been for Count Oppersdorf and a few others, we should have had an ugly brawl, for Beethoven had seized a chair and was about to smash it over Prince Lichnowsky's head, the latter having broken down the door of the room where Beethoven had bolted himself in. Fortunately Oppersdorf threw himself between them. . . ."

The cause of the quarrel had been Beethoven's refusal to play for some French officers who had been invited to dine at the Prince's table.

"Prince," wrote Beethoven on leaving, "you are what you are through the accident of birth; I am what I am through myself. There are plenty of princes, and there will be thousands more in the future. There is only one Beethoven."

This arrogance bristled not only against members of another class, but against those of his own, against other musicians, against the masters of his art, and against its rules.

"The rules forbid such and such harmonies."

"But I allow them."

Yet when Anton Halm brought him a sonata, in 1815, and apologized for certain irregularities by saying that Beethoven had often allowed himself to break the rules, Beethoven replied, "I can do it, you can't."

He refused to accept what was taught until he had tried it and tested it, submitting only to the direct lesson of experience. His two masters, Albrechtsberger and Salieri, testified that he owed them nothing, for he had never been willing to admit what they told him; hard, personal experience had taught him what he knew. He was the rebellious archangel, of whom Gelinek said in dismay, "There is a Satan in that young man."

But patience! The spear of Saint Michael was to release the hidden God. It was not an unfounded pride that made him refuse to accept authority. In his time it seemed presumptuous of this young man to feel himself the equal of Goethe and Handel. But he was.

If he was proud towards others, he was not towards himself. Speaking to Czerny of his defects and his imperfect education, he said, "And yet, I had a talent for music. . . ."

No one has ever worked harder, or more patiently and perseveringly, from his first to his last days. The theorists whom he rejected at twenty, he was to take up again at forty, after the "Pastoral" and the "Symphony in C Minor," read them, and make extracts from Kirnberger, Fux, Albrechtsberger, Turk, C. P. E. Bach. His intellectual curiosity, not only in music but in every field of thought, was prodigious. When he was about to die, he said, "I am beginning to learn."

Patience! The iron was already separating from the fused ore. The jealous love of fame, which had led him to compete with virtuosos and dazzle the public, was only a childhood eruption of the skin. When his friends talked to him later of his youthful celebrity, he replied:

"Nonsense! I never thought of writing for reputation and glory. What is in my heart has to come out; that is why I write!"

All else was subordinated to the imperious voice of his inner life.

IV

Every true artist carries within him, though diffused and intermittent, that dream life that flows in vast sheets through the subterranean world. But in Beethoven it attained a unique degree

of intensity, even before the closed doors of his hearing shut out the rest of the world. One has only to think of that magnificent "*Largo e mesto* in D Minor," in the sonata op. 10, no. 3—that sovereign meditation that overlooks the wide plain of life and its shadows. It was the work of a young man of twenty-six. And all of Beethoven is already in it. What a maturity of soul! If he was less precocious, perhaps, than Mozart in the art of graceful expression, how much more mature was he in his inner life, in the knowledge and mastery of himself, his passions, and his dreams! His struggling childhood, with its premature experiences, had developed these powers early in life. I see Beethoven, the boy, as the old baker, Gottfried Fischer, has recorded in his diary that he saw him in Bonn: sitting in his attic window, overlooking the Rhine, his head in his hands, absorbed in "his fine, deep thoughts." Perhaps that melodious lament, the poetic *adagio* of the first sonata for piano, was already singing in him. For he was haunted by melancholy while still a boy; he tells us of it in the poignant letter that opens his correspondence: "Melancholy, which is almost as great an illness with me as disease itself . . ." But he was soon to acquire the magic power of freeing himself from it by giving it form in the art of sounds.

Whether the victor or the victim, however, he stood alone. From childhood, he had an extraordinary capacity for isolating himself wherever he might be, in the street or the drawing-room. When Mme. de Breuning saw him lost thus in space, unaware of what was going on about him, she used to say that he was having his "raptus." Later this was to become an abyss where his spirit disappeared from the sight of men for hours and days. On such occasions it would have been dangerous to try to recall him. The somnambulist would not have forgiven you.

Music develops, in its votaries, this power of concentration on an idea, a sort of European yoga, stamped with the Occidental traits of action and control; for music is a moving architecture, all of whose parts must be grasped simultaneously. It demands a dizzying movement of the soul in immobility, a clear eye, a taut will, and a soaring flight over the whole field of dream. In no other musician has this effort of thought been more violent, more continuous, or more superhuman—I would even say, more inhuman. Let us not overlook this; for it contains the key to the enigma of Beethoven, his genius and, as I believe, his tragedy. Nature is not to be violated by the mind with impunity. And when the mind wrings from it the secrets it has never yielded to any other it exacts payment. Whatever idea he grappled with, he did not release it until he had possessed it. Nothing could distract him from his pursuit. It was not accidental that his playing was marked with *legato*, unlike the dainty, *staccato* playing of Mozart and all the other pianists of his time. Each part was linked to the rest in Beethoven's thought, though it seemed to jet forth in careless torrents. He mastered it, as he mastered himself. He appeared to be delivered over to the world by his passions, but in reality no one could read to the bottom of his mind. During the first years of the century Seyfried, who observed him at close range in society and at home, where they lived together, was less struck by the marks of emotion on his face than by his impassivity.

"It was difficult, even impossible, to divine his approval or displeasure from his features" (when he was listening to music); "he was always the same, apparently cold and contained in his judgments. But within, his mind was working unceasingly. The animal envelope was like a marble without soul."

This is a Beethoven unsuspected by those that imagine him a sort of King Lear in the storm. But who really knew him? Each spectator had to content himself with a snapshot.

At thirty he had achieved a command-

ing equilibrium over the opposed elements in his thought. If, outside of art, he allowed his passions free rein, he curbed them in art with a steeled grip.

For this reason he delighted in improvising, for then he wrestled with the surprises of his genius; the subconscious forces were released and had to be subdued. Many master musicians have been master improvisers, especially in the eighteenth century, when music, still preserving its suppleness, cultivated the quality of free invention. Yet this public of connoisseurs, who had just been spoiled by Mozart, admitted unanimously that no one equalled Beethoven in the unprecedented force of his improvisations. "Anyone who has never heard Beethoven improvise," said the Baron de Tremont, "does not know the full depth and power of his genius."

It is difficult for us to form a conception of this, unless perhaps from the "Choral Fantasy," which Moscheles tells us he could not hear without being reminded of Beethoven improvising. Pianists as experienced as Ries and Czerny have described the inexhaustible richness of his playing on such occasions, the bewildering problems stated and solved, the unexpected flights, the grappling passions. These professionals, who were on their guard, were entranced like the rest. Whatever the company, said Czerny, it was impossible to resist; the audience was overwhelmed. "Besides the beauty and originality of the ideas, there was something extraordinary in their expression." Aloys Schosser spoke of his "poetic fury." . . . Like Prospero, Beethoven evoked spirits "from the depths to the heights." His listeners sobbed, Reichardt wept openly. Not an eye was left dry.

When he had finished and noticed their tears, he shrugged his shoulders, laughing contemptuously:

"The idiots! They are not artists. Artists are made of fire; they don't weep."

But this is another aspect of Beethoven that is little known. His scorn for sentimentality has hardly been suspected. We have turned this oak into a weeping willow. It was his listeners who wept. For his part, he chose to control his feelings.

"No emotion!" he said to a friend when they were parting. "A man must be resolute and brave in everything."

Later we shall see him give Goethe a lesson in self-restraint.

If he allowed the torments that ravaged his inner life to pass into his art, it was because he wished to do so. As artist, he remained their master, not to be swept away by them. He had been at their mercy? Very well, his turn had come now. He held them in his power, he looked at them, and he laughed.

V

In all of the above I have been describing Beethoven in 1800, the genius at thirty. These are the powerful, wounding traits that denote an abuse of force, but still force: an immense, inner sea, unaware of its limits. The risks, however, were great that it might lose itself in the sands of pride and success. Would the God he bore within him prove a Lucifer? . . .

The word "God" on my tongue is not a literary image. In speaking of Beethoven one is forced to speak of God: for him God was the first and most real of realities. We shall find him throughout all of Beethoven's thought; for Beethoven could treat God as an equal or as a master. He could regard him as a companion of his life, whom he bullied, or as a tyrant, whom he cursed ("I have frequently cursed the Creator," he wrote to Wegeler in 1801); as a part of the Self, a stalwart friend, or a severe father, *qui bene castigat* (the son of Johann van Beethoven had tested the value of that method in childhood). But whoever it was that struggled with Beethoven, the struggle continued every hour of the day; this God was a part of his household and lived with him; he was never absent. Other friends disappeared; he alone was

always there. And Beethoven pressed him with laments, reproaches, and questions. There were always two voices in his inner speech. And you will find these dialogues of the soul everywhere in his music, from the earliest works: two souls in one, married and opposed, discussing, battling, their bodies laced together—was it a struggle or an embrace? One, however, was the voice of the master; there could be no mistake about that.

As the year 1800 approached, Beethoven was fighting against this God, and recognizing him. The contest was incessantly renewed. Each time, the master printed his burning stamp in the soul, and waited for the conflagration. So far only the first flicker had been lighted by the gentle breath of Beethoven's theological friend, Amenda. But the flame and the stake were ready. Let the wind but come . . .

It came.

Until the period we are now entering Beethoven's hearing had been excellent. He was proud of its extraordinary delicacy and precision. "A sense which I possessed in its fullest perfection, as few other musicians had ever possessed it!"

The misfortune that overtook him between 1800 and 1802, like the storm in the "Pastoral"—except that the fresh sky of the early period was never to reappear—affected him in every part of his being at once: in his social life, in love, and in art. All were touched.

First, his social life. For the Beethoven of 1800 this was no trifle!

Consider the celebrity of an artist who, in five years, had given the world the first ten sonatas for piano (and, among them, the "Pathetic"), the first five sonatas for piano and violin, and, in a cluster thrown at the feet o Prince Lobkowitz, the first two concertos for piano and orchestra, the "Septet" and the "Serenade"!

Yet I have mentioned only the most famous, works whose fire, a century later, has not paled. What a treasure of poetry and passion this young genius had poured into them: exquisite melody, humor, and fantasy, unleashed passions and brooding reveries! A whole new world, as his contemporaries, and especially the younger men, felt at once. As Louis Schlosser said later, "The musical hero, whose genius, by releasing the infinite within us, founded a new era in art."

Moreover, these compositions for pianoforte and chamber orchestra (for this tempestuous genius had had the rare patience not to undertake the conquest of the symphony in the grand style until he had subdued the entire domain of *Kammermusik*) enjoyed an unparalleled popularity. Before thirty he had been recognized as the greatest of all composers for pianoforte, and in other fields as equalled only by Mozart and Haydn. From the beginning of the nineteenth century he was being played everywhere in Germany, Switzerland, Scotland, and Paris. At thirty he had already conquered the future.

Let us picture this victorious Beethoven, a distinguished virtuoso and brilliant artist, the lion of the drawing-rooms, who fascinated the young and stirred his listeners to ecstasy; who despised this elegant, sensitive, subtle society but who craved it—he had always lived in it since his early days as a boy *Hofmusicus*, emerging from his parents' needy home, or, later, from his unkempt bachelor's quarters in Vienna, to breathe the most aristocratic atmosphere in Europe and to feel its intoxication. A Beethoven whose uncouth manners had been patiently refined by Princess Lichnowsky; who pretended to scorn fashion but carried his chin high over a beautiful white stock, cascading down in triple folds, while he glanced about him from the corner of his eye, proud and satisfied, yet a trifle uneasy, to surprise the effect on his audience. A Beethoven who danced (and, alas, how clumsily!); a Beethoven who rode horseback (unlucky horse!); a Beethoven whose good nature, full-throated laugh, gusto, and

hidden grace (well hidden, but still there!) found expression in ravishing music: the "Ritterballet" at Bonn (1791); the "Serenade" (1796); the exquisite Variations: "Vieni amora" (1791), on a Russian dance (1795–7), on an air of the "Molinara" (1795), bouncing German dances (1795–97), waltzes and *Laendler* enraptured with happy youth. . . . Let no one imagine that he was unsociable! Though he clashed with society, he could not do without it. And from that we may measure what the loss of it must have cost him later on.

For the moment he was enjoying it; he was its favorite. But, child of the people that he was, he knew that such favors were precarious and tinged with irony, sometimes kindly but often malicious. His countryman's distrust warned him that his noble admirers watched for his blunders, his timidities, and signs of awkwardness. However truly such friends might love him, they would drop him from one day to the next! But he never humored them; he humored nobody, for it was an impossibility to his nature. He preferred to starve rather than mince the truth. To be sure, he had devoted Mæcenases, but he also had many more jealous enemies, virtuosos he had put out of countenance, embittered composers, fools he had shown up, and even young musicians he had made no effort to flatter. He was harsh with those who showed him their anæmic works. And he had no skill in gathering worshipful disciples about him; one or two professional pupils at the most. No one ever fitted less into the role of "dear Master."

He stood alone on the tightrope; beneath him, the gaping crowd waited for a misstep. He had not been troubled by them so long as he had felt sure of the integrity of his body. Himself against all! He had liked it that way, and played with the vertigo. . . . But now that he was mutilated by fate? The tightrope walker struck with dizziness, what could he do? Admit that he no longer saw clearly? He clenched his teeth. As long as a flicker of light entered his pupils he would go on.

And the imminence of night exalted his creative fury.

VI

It exalted also love.

Beethoven was possessed by love. The fire burned continuously, from adolescence to his last days. One of his intimate friends remarked that "his heart was never free of passion." Sensitive to beauty, he could not see a pretty face without becoming inflamed. To be sure, none of these flares lasted for long; one extinguished another. He even boasted complacently that the longest had endured seven months! But this was only the first zone of love. Above it were the sacred passions that left the "*Wonne der Wehmut*" in the soul—a wound that bled unceasingly. . . . There were mistresses, there were loves, and there was "the immortal Beloved." With Beethoven it is often hard to distinguish between them. More than one of these little fires began in play and ended in a consuming blaze.

But all degrees of love and passion were united in those first years of the century when deafness was about to immure him. In the drawing-rooms of Vienna he was surrounded daily by clusters of girls, many of whom were his pupils (he never refused such pupils!), and all of whom paid court to him (I must insist on this fact which, at first thought, surprises one). He was the fashion: it was he who had written the new ballet, "*Die Geschöpfe des Prometheus*," for Vigano and Casentini, to be given at the Court Theater, March 26th, 1801.

In all ages the performer, the artist in public view, has attracted women. But Beethoven exercised also a personal fascination over them. Ugly and coarse as he seemed at first glance, he no sooner began to talk and smile than all of them, frivolous, serious, romantic, or mocking, were subjugated. They discovered then

that he had an elegant mouth, dazzling teeth, and "handsome, eloquent eyes which reflected every shade of his protean moods—gracious, kindly, rude, angry, or threatening." True, they laughed at him; they were glad to discover foibles they could tease him about. These foibles supplied a protection without which he would have been dangerous; in the light duels of the heart they gave his opponents an advantage over him. For, of course, there was no question, with these lovely, rich, titled young ladies, of pushing the adventure beyond a drawing-room flirtation. Let us not reproach them for that! What is more surprising is that several were touched to the heart. In the letters published by La Mara and A. de Hevesy, they speak frequently of Beethoven, "who is an angel." Even while ridiculing him, their imaginations were often a little too much occupied with him. They dragged him in their wake to chateaux in Hungary, where in gardens at evening he whispered, kissed, and made promises to be carried away by the first wind. . . . But we shall hear that wind, burning and terrible, in the *presto agitato finale* of the "Moonlight Sonata."

The years from 1799 to 1801 saw the budding of his intimacies with the two related families, Brunsvik and Guicciardi. He loved the three cousins, Tesi (Therese), Pepi (Josephine), and Giulietta (twenty-five, twenty-one, and sixteen years old), in turn and simultaneously. And his feeling was shared, as much as it could be by those little heads bubbling with youthful happiness, by the beautiful and flirtatious Giulietta, by the tender, proud, and fascinating Josephine—the one who at that time loved him the most deeply—and by the serious (but not too serious) Therese Brunsvik, who for so long wavered anxiously. Giulietta triumphed over her rivals, loosing a storm of passion in Beethoven. Yet it was not to her that the letter "to the immortal Beloved" was to be written eleven years later. But in November, 1801, she was "a dear, enchanting girl" who had captured Beethoven's heart and by whom he thought himself loved. She alone dispelled the clouds of sadness and misanthropy gathering over him since he had been haunted by "the specter of deafness." But, unhappily, she dispelled them only to let them fall again, heavier than before.

Aware of his approaching misfortune—that terrible affliction he would soon be no longer able to conceal—he longed to take refuge at a woman's side. In his thoughts it was not merely a question of love now, but of marriage. "For the first time," he wrote to Wegeler, "I feel that marriage might make me happy." Until 1816 this was to be his constant hope and his constant disappointment. Watching the light grow dim, he fumbled for a hand to guide him. But who would extend it? Not one of the women who alone attracted him. Aside from their pride of caste (and if they had none, their families watched over this for them), what means of living had he to offer? Before the first attacks of deafness he had lived without thought for the morrow. But his compositions brought him little, and he seldom exacted pay for his lessons. He lived on uncertain benefactions, always somewhat wounding to his susceptibilities. To collect a nest-egg he would have to tour Germany and other parts of Europe in recitals. He even considered this. "If it were not for my hearing," he wrote, "I should already have covered half the earth. And I must do it." But deafness was coming on so fast that the project already made him apprehensive. In any case, it would take years to lay aside enough money. . . .

Giulietta did not wait. She offered him a double affront by marrying a musician—and what a musician!—a man of the world, an amateur, a handsome fellow, one of those dandies that play the role of great artist without any realization of the gulf between their babblings and a work of genius. In the orchestra concerts of the winter of 1803 this little Count Gallenberg, a youngster of

twenty, had the impudence to elbow Beethoven's symphonies with his overtures copied from Mozart and Cherubini. Nor did Giulietta recognize the difference any more than himself. Between Beethoven and Count Robert Gallenberg, she did not hesitate: it was Robert who was the fatal and misunderstood genius. She married him November 3rd, 1803, a year and a half after Beethoven had dedicated the grievous "Sonata Quasi una Fantasia," op. 27, no. 2 (the "Moonlight"), "*alla Damigella Contessa.*" The illusion had not lasted long: in the sonata there is already more grief and anger than love. Six months after this immortal ode, Beethoven wrote, in despair, the "Testament" of Heiligenstadt (October 6, 1802).

VII

There are some biographers who like to lecture their heroes. And Beethoven's have not spared him. Throughout the whole of the monumental work they have devoted to him, Thayer and his German successors have been anxious to prove that, whatever Beethoven's misfortunes, aside from his deafness, they were well deserved!

It is true: he was guilty of not being able to adapt himself to ordinary standards.

His biographers have shown an equal zeal in proving that, after all, he was not so unhappy!

Again it is true: this unhappy man nourished within him the immense joy of the Symphonies.

But when they use his laughter to deny his anguish, his biographers lack not only a sense of greatness but of the most elementary traits of human nature. What treason history becomes in the hands of conscientious scholars who seek life in archives and not in men! I have no wish to be unjust. With the patience of ants, these scholars have collected a treasure of documents, for which we cannot sufficiently thank them. And, from time to time, like the good musicians they were, they warm to a splendid homage before the perfection of art. But how empty of life they are! And what a sealed enigma life remains to them! Especially have they no suspicion of the proportions of their hero. They measure him with the common yardstick of all men. They are right, and they are wrong! Their yardstick gives them the right to conclude that the mountain is out of proportion. But the mountain, in turn, would have the right to accuse them of that "*Geist der Kleinlichkeit*" which Beethoven despised and which he attributed, in irritation, to one of his good friends.

Beethoven would not be Beethoven if in all that he was there had not been an excess. I am not praising, I am not blaming. He who wishes to understand him must be able to embrace the extremes of his contrasts, which formed the natural balance of his powerful equilibrium. Yes, Beethoven was capable, at least in his youth, of almost simultaneous grief and joy. One did not exclude the other. They were the two poles of his "electrical genius," as he himself called it. It was through them that his prodigious vitality was charged and discharged. His most extraordinary trait was not his enormous capacity for suffering and love, but the elasticity of his nature. The crisis of 1802 is a magnificent example.

Beethoven was stricken. Never did a more heart-breaking cry of despair come from the throat of a man than that testamentary letter (which was never sent). He measured his length on the ground. But, like the Titan in the fable, it was only to leap up again with strength multiplied tenfold.

"No, I will not endure it. . . ."

And he grappled with fate.

"You shall not crush me entirely. . . ."

In such natures the excess of grief assures a healthy reaction. Strength grows with the enemy that assails it. And when the stricken man rose to his feet again, he was no longer a man alone: he was the army on the march of the "Eroica."

VICIOUS

A PARROT BIOGRAPHY

BY GUSTAV ECKSTEIN

THE Pullman porter watches me as I read the card. On it is written: *Full-grown—A Year Old in January.*

The Pullman porter has known her only a day but is fond of her, is anxious that I should be as fond as he. He tells me her history, an odd little history. Born in Mexico, robbed from a nest, thrust into a cage, stuck up on a shelf, sold to an American lady, bumped and shaken all the long way from Cuernavaca to New York, frightened almost to death by the dog of the wife of the banker, reluctantly yielded by that kind lady to the Pullman porter who brings her to me. The lady had read something I had written. The lady believed—and it was very wise of her—that my laboratory would make a good home for her little green parrot.

But the little green parrot this morning wants no human home. She wants to keep as far as possible from all things human. She stands on one leg, to be the more sensitively ready should danger come, and if I so much as look her way threatens me with her beak. Indeed, whoever enters the room she threatens with her beak. Indeed, whoever moves along the walk outside she threatens with her beak. Such ferocity in a thing so tiny is funny to see; and when now she also draws a drop of blood from a gentleman's finger—a gentleman who had poked that finger at her, and had said she wouldn't dare—the gentleman calls her Vicious, and the name sticks.

Another bird, Ab, is in the room when the porter brings her, but does not look from his work. When Ab works he sees nothing but his work, and when he does not work he eats, and then he sees nothing either. And even if he did see —woman is woman.

He digs his beak with emphasis into the curtain-rope. The curtain-rope is tough. He transfers his beak to the lampshade. The lampshade is tough too. He notes something on the other side of the room, something into which he has not dug his beak, flops over the space, bangs with his head into the window glass. He is dazed, nevertheless moves toward a volume of Henry James. I leap to save the volume. He is pained that I should leap, turns his back on me, waddles over to his bamboo cage, draws himself up one side, spies her. Woman is woman—he jams his jaw imperturbably into the bamboo. And an affair with this woman would be absurd in any case. She is not a tenth of him for size.

But she—she has no notion how small she is. She has found one of her own kind. She adores him on the spot. She has not taken her eyes off him, not once since his wild flight. She watched that flight as a small boy watches a heaven full of balloons. And she means not to hide how she feels. She deserts her cage, hustles to his. He backs off. She follows. *His* cage! *His* territory! He is too worried to bite. He backs. She follows. The cage is small. He tries to recover his poise, but does not

succeed. When he can back no farther he swings round, slaps his tail across her face. But Vicious's feelings are not hurt. Vicious is no silly bird. She is old, old. She was old when she was born. She knows one must pay for what one adores.

At five o'clock, over the houses, across the valley, a blast of the factory whistle. Instantly Ab drops his work. He listens. He gazes over the houses, watches the rising steam. There is a quaint baby intensity about all he does, and with every bit of it he listens. Then a second blast. He turns to Vicious, forgets the pest she is, looks questioningly into her face. But she—now she has him looking—gazes over the houses, watches the rising steam. Then a third blast. Ab is so excited he can hold himself in no longer. He makes a blast of his own. The blast is not right. He clears his throat, tries again. This new one is better. He repeats it, amplifies it, finally is shrieking at the top of his voice. Vicious hears him shriek, shrieks too. And I shriek. I hardly know why I shriek, but I shriek. And he shrieks. And she shrieks. We all shriek, shriek till the factory whistle is tired and gives up the unequal fight.

Breakfast. Vicious debates, chooses apple—a huge apple. She picks at it here and there. She breaks the surface, and the excavations proceed at a rapid rate. Soon I cannot see her face. Then her face emerges again, and she cleans her beak at the table's edge. The night watchman is amused at the way she cleans it. She detests the night watchman. She takes his amusement for an attack, bites north-north-west—generally his direction—then sinks her beak into the apple again.

Ab's choice is sunflower seed. Ab's choice every breakfast is sunflower seed. System! Ab eats breakfast by the clock. He knows the value of the morning hour.

Seeing him eat at such a rate makes Vicious nervous. Again and again she looks from her apple. She could not eat one single seed in the time he eats twelve. Nevertheless, she quits the apple. She goes over to the seed. But even now she cannot make up her mind just dully to eat seed. If one must eat seed one must at least make a game of it. She climbs half up the cage, takes tight hold with both her feet, and every time she takes a seed she pivots from the top to the bottom of the cage. Top to bottom. Bottom to top. Top to bottom. Bottom to top.

I offer her cracker. Cracker is no game. Cracker is serious. She loves nothing in this world so much as cracker, excepting Ab. It is a round cracker. Big as the moon. How those tiny fingers balance that immensity I cannot imagine. No more can I imagine how those tiny jaws advance so swiftly to the cracker's center. Suddenly she drops the cracker, flies to the bamboo cage, screams. It is a scream which would turn cold the bones of one who did not understand. But I understand. She has just this moment realized I have neglected to set out her morning milk. Yet when I do set it out she only looks at it with one eye, leaves off screaming, goes back to cracker.

Ab does not like milk. Ab knows what he likes. Ab eats what he likes and does not eat what he does not like. Presently he spies a cork. He likes cork. Vicious gives up cracker and milk, eats cork too.

Twice in this hour he bit at her, and twice she yelled, and twice I must cry fiercely to him to let her alone. He pretends he does not know why I scold. She, however, hears me with satisfaction, sees in my scolding a reason for moving closer to him still. She sees reason in anything. I continue scolding—a big fellow like him—a tiny woman like her. She hears me mention *her*, and moves closer. Closer. Closer. It is more than flesh can bear. He hangs over her. Had he arms he would crush her. In moments like this his shoulders look

lopped and incomplete, as if he had had arms and lost them. Only the more portentous when now he descends with his beak. That beak is bigger than her head. Nevertheless, she only indifferently draws up one leg, is more dreamily fascinating than before. The devil! I understand it now. She is watching him with one eye while she watches me with the other. The inclination of her head is saying sharp as speech, "Now bite me if you dare!" She settles yet more positively into his wing. Poor fellow, he is sick of himself, shuts both eyes, wishes he might fall asleep.

Almost a month now that he has had a cold-in-the-head. It is her eternal nagging. Yesterday he was worse. He sat there still as an owl, every few minutes falling into a doze. It made me frantic. Surely one can imagine a man dying of a woman like this. Then I bethought me of an old saloon-keeper, a German who used to amuse us with the swearings of his great gray Javanese. I called on the gentleman. "They're like children," he told me. "They need a little regular toddy. Whisky and a raw carrot. Raw carrot is medicine to a polly." Ab will not touch raw carrot. But when to-day I bring him a drink he first cautiously inserts the tip of his beak into the drink and, if mere water, cautiously withdraws the beak, cautiously dries it on my shoulder. Not a doubt in the world, the whisky has cured him.

They are changing, changing. Especially he. He lets her, this morning, put her foot exactly on his foot, does not grumble, does not bite, does not so much as draw the foot away. He has got used to her. He scarce knows she is about. She is an old habit now. And yet I am not sure. I cannot escape the feeling that there is more. I cannot escape the feeling that he likes her too—that he would miss her if she went away. A vague poetry lies on him.

Nights, before even I have thought of putting her to bed, she flies to the top of the clothes closet. I go to the clothes closet, and she starts for the instrument case. I go to the instrument case, and she starts for the chemical bench. I go to the chemical bench, and she is back at the clothes closet. Then round and round and round, round and round till she can fly no more and drops on her side and lets me do with her as I like. She hates to go to bed. When I have worn her out she does not enter the cage. She still loiters before the door. She prays something at the last may intervene.

With him it is different. He is tired after the day's work. He is glad to go to bed. Already as I tidy the cage he fidgets about my fingers. At the first chance, in he waddles. He waddles to the right side of the cage. He mounts to the right side of the perch. He bends low and takes one long draft of whisky. He yawns twice. He closes one eye. He falls asleep. System! I tuck the covers round him. He likes me to tuck the covers round him. He likes the dark. He likes the warmth. He knows the first winter north may go hard with even the sturdiest tropical bird.

In the morning she who was so anxious not to go to bed is as anxious not to stay in bed. She pops from the cage. She is full of raw life. But he, his trouble is he cannot wake. He moves like someone in the dark, and often too is in the dark, for often he comes with both eyes still shut. She watches him. If she must take off an instant to scratch at something under her wing, next instant she is watching again. She wants him fully awake and, when he is, her pupils grow small and the whites of her eyes flash forth immense, and she shrieks one high salutation—Good Morning! And then another. And another. He never answers. He never says one word till noon, and even then, like the artist he is, talks not to woman but to the impersonal air.

At 8.30 I left. It is 10.30 now. Usually the two are sitting next each other on the chemical bench. To-night she sits alone. He is gone. I am terrified. I do not know why I am terrified, but I am. I rush to the other side of the bench, and there he lies, his wings outstretched, flat on his back, the body warm—dead. He has chewed the glass connection between the hot and cold water. The glass is scattered everywhere about.

I have been tricked, miserably tricked. Less than an hour ago he was alive. Less than an hour ago he was hungry. The core of his apple still lies by his side. Less than an hour ago he was healthy. And now only a bundle of disheveled feathers. Yes, tricked. Struck from behind by someone at whom I cannot strike. Once more I have let myself be lulled over the abyss from which we living things are separated never by more than the thickness of a rotten plank. Violence is the common death of animals. I have had much to do with animals, but I do not get used to it. I do not get used to it.

Poor little Vicious was here through it all, saw it all. She sits just where she was sitting before. She looks as if she were hearing over and over the last thing that he said. People tell you a bird's face shows no change of expression. They have not studied a bird's face. I have never seen such terror in any face whatever. I should say that she had been in the presence of something more horrible far than this sad body. She does not know I am in the room. When I move toward her she does not see me. And when she does see me she does not draw away as other times she did, only regards me dully, then regards the body again, regards that dully too.

This morning in the new surroundings —I took her home for the night—she seemed to forget, even talked a bit. But this evening, back in the laboratory, she remembers all, sits in gloom by the side of his cage. *Her* companion. *Her* Ab. She can think of nothing but him. She does not eat. She does not play.

And the same with me. I can think of nothing but him. I did not realize how he had got into my life. I keep seeing his great awkward movements, the way he lifted one foot, slowly spread the toes, slowly closed them again as he brought that foot down over her head. When she screamed he drew the foot away. He thought the act so quick that I could not follow. He thought I thought he had nothing to do with the scream. When I scolded he took on an injured look.

What a quaint little tale his life would make. Not for what he did in it. What he did in it was not much. But for the way he did it. The way the whole of him went in. The way he was intense in every minute. A ray of light would have been enough to set him off. And he must have been the same from his birth. Even in that ugly hour when they steal him from the free green world, even in that ugly hour there is some scrap of wood, some bit of moss, some dry leaf to fill his mind, to make him forget. They push him into a cage, but a cage is no prison to a nature like his. They ship him over the seas—the passage rough, no air in the bunk, the stomach bad; but one's ills melt when one knows the secret of work. And he works and works and works. He works with everything. He wastes scarce a waking hour of his life. Even that final bit of glass—I can see just how he did it, how he chewed it with a thoroughness and, tired of glass, turned to apple, wondered suddenly if he did not look a little strange, shook his head impatiently, fell in a swoon, and the short busy life was done.

This evening the factory whistle calls across the valley, but no answer comes. Ab greeted that whistle as invariably as the cock the morn. And when he greeted it then invariably did Vicious greet it too. And I greeted it. Neither of us has any heart to greet it now. Only once Vicious lifts her head, looks

across the valley, watches the rising steam, as he watched the rising steam. A little later I hear her whispering low to the setting sun.

It is a month since he went away. She is a different bird from the one the Pullman porter brought me in the spring. This one would talk to me day and night. When I come from the hall she salutes me, as she saluted him when he came from his cage. I go to her. She shifts her place a little—politeness, one would say. She intends not to talk. She intends to hold back till I begin. But impatience gets the better of her. She is so very eager that I should learn her language. She gives me a phrase. I imitate the phrase. She gives me another. I imitate this other. Finally she selects a phrase I cannot imitate, and on that she dwells. She repeats it over and over. She touches it with every shade of inflection. Suddenly she shrieks—like a coarse laugh—a kind of diabolic recognition of my discomfiture. Then good-naturedly she steps from her cage and perches on my finger. She moves up the finger and down the finger. She hesitates. She thinks. She is trying to remember some phrase she is sure I can imitate. She wants me in a good humor. She wants all the world in a good humor. If the night watchman himself were to enter the room she would perch even on his finger.

Saturday nights we go to the symphony. She lies on my chest, just under the edge of my coat, never makes a sound the whole concert through. I can feel every breath she breathes. I can feel how she chews. For she chews and chews and chews. All my ties are frayed on the left side and all my shirts are punched with holes. Yet never once has she dug into my skin. She makes a clear distinction, down there in the dark, between cloth and flesh.

This evening on the way to the symphony something frightened her. She rose from my coat. A fearful sight. Up and up and up, into the sky, all alone, this little bird that has not been out of rooms and cages since a baby. If she did not return it was certain death. The cold of the night would kill her. Up and up and up till I could barely see the blackening figure against the blackening sky. In my horror I called to her. I have never been sure she knew her name, but to-night, so soon as the name rose up, down she bent her flight, lighted on the ground next my feet, let me quietly pick her up and quietly put her back in her place.

The experience, nevertheless, agitated her. At the concert in a pause between two measures of the music she talked. The gentleman on my right was in a fury. He thought it was I making that remarkable noise. And I had humbly to allow him to think so. It would have been yet more difficult to tell him the truth.

The air outside is biting. But here in my friend's room it is warm. I have got so in the habit of taking her everywhere of late. Nevertheless, I should not have brought her. She perches, as always, on the back of my friend's chair. Not once that I remember has she interrupted our talk, but to-night, abruptly, she begins to sing. Our talk breaks off. I did not dream she could sing that way. She lets out the whole of her little voice, lets it out freely and beautifully. Strange there can be so much song in so tiny a body! She sings and sings. Neither my friend nor I speaks one word. Indescribably moving, this little song. Only an overwhelming internal need could produce such a thing. Nevertheless, it puts a heaviness over us. I have a feeling as when a hand, kind though it is, has rested on me too long. Then, with the suddenness it began the song ends. But the heaviness remains. The talk will not pick up, and I bid my friend good-night.

I wrap her into my coat, wrap her even more carefully than at other times. Frankly, I am not easy. I tell myself

that changes in mood are mostly based on nothing at all. But I do not believe what I tell myself.

When I reach home she is ill. She is very, very ill. I take her at once to the fireplace. Her heart races so fast I cannot count the beats. Her body lies inert in the palm of my hand. But the most dismal sign of all, her eyes are closed. Never have I seen those eyes closed before. No matter how quietly I have approached her, night or day, the eyes have always been open. But now they are closed. I know with the hideous certainty of a long experience that there is nothing I can do.

It is odd what I think of. It is always odd what one thinks of at a time like this. And it is odd too how one keeps coming back upon the same, same thought. I am thinking of the lightness of this little body. I suppose that when she was well her restless balancing gave me the illusion of weight. But now she is light, light, light—and small too. Yes, very small. The head rests between two of my fingers, and the tail reaches only to the side of my wrist.

But—but the body is light no more. The body is heavy now. And it is growing heavier and heavier. And smaller too. Oh, the breathings have ceased. The beats have ceased. . . . She has gone the way of Ab whom she loved so dearly. Both, both are gone. Poor little Vicious—one of the sweetest things I have known in life, one of the most perfect—if I have killed her, may the Lord forgive me.

I have not slept well this night, and things are too simple, too definite, as they are when one has not slept well. One fact, and not a big fact either, stands out before all others and has for me almost the force of a revelation. Little Vicious had a lesson to learn among men. That is why she came to me. So soon as she learned her lesson He took her away. Queer too how quick He took her. He left her scarce a day.

The death of the very young is always hard to understand. Why did they come at all? What mark could they have left on life in so brief a time? What mark on themselves? But I understand a little better now. At least in this young life the gain is clear and complete, as clear and complete, if one consider it not too humanly, as in the fiercely rapid course of a Shelley or a Mozart.

Far back in it there were the several bad frights. There was the capture from the nest and the caging and shipping. There was the dog of the wife of the banker. There were the long, fatiguing, terrifying journeyings. And at the bottom of all was the human being. She feared the human being. She hated the human being. She could not love this creature so unlike herself.

Then came Ab. To him she went as thirst to rain. It was an extraordinary love, so impossible and yet so fierce and so beautiful. His grumblings she accepted with patience. His indifference she accepted with calm. If he bit her she screamed, but the scream was in spite of herself, and she did not love him less for it. There were moments when his ill-temper got too great, moments when I would feel I must step between, but never did because each time I would think: after all, it is only in the nearness of him that she escapes from things much worse, from her memories of her bad frights and from her fears of the human being.

True, she feared me less than the others. She chatted with me from the beginning, but it was the involuntary baby self that chatted, chatted really to no one in particular. If another human being came into the room, she backed off. If the other human being approached, she slid down the side of the cage. If the human being continued to approach, she hid. This behavior seemed funny to the gentleman who gave her her name, the gentleman whose finger she bit, but it did not seem funny to me. Me it pained. Me it made careful never to show her anything but kindness. And kindness was in my heart too.

Her beauty, her littleness, her lightness, all made kindness natural. Even so, I did not fool myself. I knew I had not got far into her affections.

Then Ab went away. I shall never forget the night, how still she sat, how she gazed on the outstretched body, how ungraspable everything on earth. Her companion, her one love, the meaning of life—gone.

And yet, not gone either. Something had happened inside her. Something made her see that this sadness of hers was my sadness too, and from the moment she saw that we came nearer each other by quick degrees. The old timidity would still return, but it would go, and the returns were fewer and fewer. She would let me stroke her now. She would let me whisper into her ear. Uninvited, she would waddle toward me. She would tramp over my writings, as he had tramped over my writings. She would stand quietly in the shadow of my head while that mammoth mass descended to kiss her tiny neck. Finally the night of the illness, the night she sang her song and, the song done, lay down in my hand and was glad I was with her at the last. That song into which she poured her heart, that song was to me. I know that now. I felt it then. It was I who had taken the place of Ab. She loved me. She loved a thing unlike herself, and this experiment of rooms and cages—this hard experiment was at an end.

FINALITIES

BY JOHN KINGSTON FINERAN

JUST as I pass, high gates of steel clang to;
When I have crossed a bridge, I see it fall;
Where I had joy, there men have built a wall,
And I must leave the old ways for the new.
No word said yesterday, to-day is true.
Of last year's ways, no memory at all
Returns to me, unless I choose to call,
And those I would remember so are few.

The sharp perfection of finalities
Entrances me. I would not take away
With me the thing I pass, nor stop to seize
A little joy. No moment may I stay.
I am rewarded thus, in being free
From all that was, for all that is to be.

TOOLS FOR THE INTELLECTUAL LIFE

BY BERNARD DEVOTO

GRANTING that the college of to-day is an imperfect means to the attainment of education, but assuming that it is the best means at present available, how may a student make the most of it?

The question is at once ingenuous and terrific. I have phrased it to represent the mean of many questions that have been asked me following my essays in HARPER'S MAGAZINE about the present state of education in America. It is a fair question and, I believe, an important one. But in order to discuss it, I must both limit the question and apologize for the frequency with which the personal pronoun appears herein. Generalizations about the defects of the college system are valid when they are based upon sufficiently widespread and thoroughgoing observation, the defects tending to be uniform; but the virtues of the system are too individual, too much a matter of comparatives, to be generalized about. In such case it is better to go the whole hog than to attempt compromise, and I, therefore, frankly announce that I am writing entirely of my own experience. I am no longer a part of the collegiate scene, but I have spent ten years as a student and a teacher at various colleges, the greater part of the time as adviser to the kind of student who asks the question that forms my opening paragraph.

Let me, then, assume that kind of student, and describe him. He is a highly intelligent young man, and his purpose in coming to college is to secure the best education possible. (This one sentence at once excludes ninety-nine per cent of all undergraduates.) He does not regard college as a trade school in which he will learn a profession or prepare to learn one. If he is to have a profession he will study it in a graduate school or entirely outside of the university: he does not require college to return him any cash value whatever. He asks only that the institution, so far as possible, fit him for companionship with educated men. He regards education as the process by which one's mind is given discipline and discrimination, orientation in the modern world and understanding of it, and the adult ability to derive satisfaction from knowledge and from the pursuit of knowledge for its own sake.

There are more pretentious definitions. Professors of Education, whose trade is no more than definition, create them in gross lots and awesome syllables. But with the powers of darkness I am not, here, concerned, and I assume that the desire for this kind of education is sufficiently comprehensible. Our question is, then: how may a superior student, taking the college of to-day on its own terms, best achieve the kind of education here defined? . . . I do not, remember, undertake to answer it. I merely comment on it in the light of my experience. There would be more sanity in discussions of education if fewer of us were omniscient.

II

For education, abandon the fetish of the degree. That is the first necessity

which such a student as I have postulated must understand. The initials which follow the name of an alumnus in the quinquennial catalogue are the trademark of a protected industry. Like all other trademarks, they denote a standardized product. Like all other trademarks, they have an economic value. Furthermore, they represent a definite entity. When you observe that John Doe is a Bachelor of Arts or of Science or Philosophy you may risk certain judgments about him at once. It is safe to say that the Bachelor of Arts knows no science, the Bachelor of Science, no classics, and the Bachelor of Philosophy, no science and no classics but only something innocuous in between them, say social ethics or English literature. But that is perhaps an unfair way to put the matter. It is better to say that any set of the initials represents an inchoate mass of work done—work which, at best, is more than half wasted.

For the colleges have set the requirements for the degree in line with standardization. And in their understanding of that end they have confused two aims. On the one hand they try to confer a liberal education, and on the other hand they try to prepare for, or actually achieve, professional training. In the compromise that results the professional aim is slighted, and the aim of liberal education just about extinguished. Furthermore, the trademark is placed, in the end, upon a product that has tried to fulfill at least three different theories, theories that cancel one another. There is the traditional theory that an intensive study of respectably ancient subjects will produce education; a later one, now in disrepute, which holds that the student will satisfactorily educate himself if given complete freedom to roam the curriculum at will; and a third, now dominant, which tries to induce the presumably free student to choose studies that may be co-ordinated toward a foreseen end. Upon the resolution of these three theories and two aims the college sets its approval in the form of the Bachelor's degree. The man who wears it has, theoretically, a thorough knowledge of something and a superficial knowledge of everything. Actually, he has only a scroll of imitation parchment printed in impermanent ink which will introduce him to prospective employers as a certified product, and so give him a higher economic standing than can be aspired to by the man who has abandoned the fetish.

A number of mistakes have gone to produce this result. My present purpose being to treat specific subjects, however, I do not intend to analyze the conflicting theories responsible for the mistakes. From my point of view the two major errors are the attempt to cover too much ground in the requirements, and the naïve assumption that all fields of human knowledge are of equal worth. Let us examine a representative program.

On the basis of half-courses—classes that meet two or three times a week throughout a half-year—a typical college graduate has studied at least forty different subjects. If he has had good luck or intelligent guidance, about twenty of these will be co-ordinated toward a respectable end. Let us grant him ten half-courses in, say, European history, and ten more divided between literature and philosophy, chosen to support and supplement the work in history. That is a better fate than attends most graduates; for the college will accept minors in bee-culture and advertising psychology to support the major in history, and if the courses in them meet at seasonable hours—well, the flesh is weak. But granting this fortunate outcome, he has tangible results from no more than one-half of his work. The remaining twenty half-courses were expended in satisfying requirements for the degree, requirements at once so numerous and so idiotic that they accomplished nothing.

Our graduate studied French because the degree required a year of French. He couldn't read a paragraph outside of the textbook when that year was over, but he had to give up French in order to take the required year of German. Finishing that year, he had to give up languages altogether, for a half-dozen requirements in other fields were crowding him. Nine-tenths of all the college graduates in the country have studied one modern language, and most of them have studied two, but not one in fifty can read a page of French or German, still less, translate it. Our graduate, too, took a year of mathematics to satisfy the requirements, but a year doesn't teach one to think mathematically, or even to apply mathematics to the purchase of a life-insurance policy. He has studied economics and chemistry as well, because they were in the requirements, but he cannot distinguish, offhand, between the laws of Boyle and Malthus, and has no conception of the place of either chemistry or economics in modern life. His smattering of psychology and sociology, dictated by the degree, is actively harmful, for these dubious sciences are dangerous to an extreme in their elementary, *a priori* stages. He has had a little fine arts, too, and perhaps some anthropology—of precisely the value of his French.

In short, the requirements have compelled him to waste half or more than half of his time. The only conceivable value that any of this introductory work could have for him was as preparation for further study in the same field. But further study was precisely what he could not afford. The requirements forced him to abandon every subject in its elementary state and to hurry on for some equally superficial acquaintance with something else. . . . So he emerges and joins a university club—and exercises the franchise and takes his place in the economic and social and intellectual life of our time, a man unfit to hold or express an opinion on any intellectual subject under the sun, and still less fit to dictate our destiny, as in mass he will.

This waste our selected student will take pains to avoid. He cheerfully sacrifices the degree in order to attain the end that we have defined. He lacks the indolent concept of education as an entity whose achievement can be blown in the bottle or stamped on the label. He thinks of education, rather, as a process—and as one of which his college years will be only an incubating period or apprenticeship. His demand on the institution is at once more rigorous and more humble than that of the certified product. All he asks of his college is that he be allowed to take there the first steps toward a method of thinking which he hopes eventually to make habitual—to put under way a process which will continue and, ideally, will accelerate during the rest of his life. In other words, his demand is that he be made familiar with the capacities and limitations of certain intellectual tools, and that he be given sufficient practice with them to master the technic with which they may be effectively employed. Leaving college at the end of the traditional four years, he will not be an educated man, not a man warranted complete in the intellectual life, but a man who has, in the process of learning to use the tools of knowledge, acquired some knowledge perhaps, but primarily the means of acquiring more.

III

The first tool that an intelligent man should master is language. Many people, I know, try to keep oriented in the world on a one-hundred-per-cent-American basis, with no knowledge of other tongues than their own. The strain is enormous, however, and the result unsatisfactory. The person who cannot read French and German with absolute ease cannot hope to under-

stand either the present or the past. French and German are, in fact, the minimum: one should have Italian and Latin as well, but may make fair shift without them. I cannot here debate the value of the classical languages. The tradition of their moral value seems hardly supported by a universal moral superiority among those who possess them, even if the meaning of "moral value" is held to be quite clear. An intelligent man's use for them is confined to the philosophy, history, and literature written in them. One may get the philosophy and history just as well in translation as in the original, and the time needed to master either Greek or Latin sufficiently to give one a better literary knowledge than can be had in translation is greater than our aspiring student can afford to spend at it, greater in fact than the average professor of the classics has spent at it. Such a knowledge is a pleasant self-indulgence, but the educated man's need for Latin has little to do with the classical language. He can profit more from a knowledge of the Latin that became the language of scholarship and diplomacy, which is practically untranslated and which he must know if he is to enter at all into the fascinating field of medieval life.

Here, however, our aspirant runs into one of the greatest weaknesses of the colleges. He must learn French and German, and in order to do so he must usually take courses in them—not French A and German A merely but advanced courses that will enable him to master the languages. But instructors of Romance languages are generally, as teachers, the very worst on the faculty. Most of them fall into two classes: Americans who have learned foreign languages at American colleges, and foreigners who have come here to teach their native tongues. In each class there are, of course, many adequately trained men, but the majority is ineffective. The American is likely to have little or no first-hand acquaintance with the language he teaches. His pronunciation of it is the one taught to him by Americans and is usually corrected by no more than a summer's tour of Europe. His feeling for the literature is always that of an alien and is usually, apart from the standard classics, based entirely on textbook editions of inconsiderable, forgotten, or unrepresentative works. He does not think in French or German and is seldom at home in its idiom. The foreigner does not work under these handicaps, but he is usually too little acquainted with American ways of thinking to get into effective *rapport* with his students. He seldom understands or even perceives the difficulties which an American has with a foreign language, and so is unable to help solve them. Colleges, too, have a way of employing foreigners to teach language on no other ground than that they are foreigners, and so often get men whose professional training is inadequate.

In such a dilemma the student must reach a conclusion he will repeat throughout his career: that he must teach himself. His best plan is to register, as soon as his prerequisites are satisfied, in the courses given by professors known to be the best in the department. These will probably be courses in literature, but they are not open to the objection I shall presently make about courses in English literature. A student cannot hope to cover French or German literature for himself without taking more time than, for our purposes, the result is worth. He will, therefore, consider the professors as consulting experts and will accept their guidance. Since he cannot expect much help from the instructors in elementary courses, he must get a reading knowledge of the language by himself. Fortunately, this is not difficult. The essential is continual reading, supported as little as possible by dictionaries and grammars. It must be continued until the student can read

without mentally translating, and until an assignment of a thousand pages in either language represents but little more time than one of the same length in English.

Whether the aspirant will study mathematics depends entirely on the nature of his mind. The common requirement of quadratics and trigonometry, very often unavoidable for the Bachelor's degree, is downright absurd. Of the thousands who are forced, every year, to take such courses, less than ten per cent are capable of learning mathematics. The idea that there is some moral or intellectual value in forcing oneself to do work that one cannot understand is probably the most preposterous notion which afflicts American pedagogy, as it is certainly one of the most wasteful. If our student can learn to use statistics, the calculus, and the more abstruse branches of geometry with perfect ease he should do so, and the best way of learning is to take the courses offered in them. They will serve him magnificently in his other work. They will, too, help him toward the great goal of intelligent men, impersonal thinking. If he has a turn for mathematics and develops it sufficiently—I mean by years of study—he will eventually be able to think of phenomena purely as phenomena. He will then be able to bring to the chaos of thinking one of the most effective tools for the resolution of chaos. He will have a considerable reward, also, in his ability to understand mathematical thinking in fields outside the traditional ones of mathematics.

A book like Pareto's *Traité de Sociologie Générale*, for example, that epochal work which for some years has been slowly making its way among intelligent men in this country and abroad, applies mathematical ways of thinking to social phenomena in an effort to integrate their future from the data compiled about their past. I do not presume to evaluate the effort: I merely point out that the person who cannot think mathematically cannot even understand much of it. Similarly, he cannot understand the theory of probability, which has in much contemporary thinking a place comparable to that of the holy Trinity a thousand years ago, or many other concepts which the scientific age is evolving and testing out.

Courses in language and mathematics, then, will give the student valuable tools. The only other courses of whose value I am quite certain are those in science. From my point of view it does not matter a great deal what sciences they are chosen from. My preference is for physics, chemistry, and zoölogy, on the ground that they deal directly with basic properties of matter and with basic processes of life —with the reality of the objective world; but I do not see why the desirable ends cannot be just as well satisfied in, say, paleontology, geology, and botany. The essential is that the student study as much science as possible. He must study it in college, which means in courses, for science is the only field of learning that one cannot cover outside of college as well as he can inside. One cannot duplicate in one's library or kitchen the equipment of the laboratory, and it is almost entirely for the sake of the laboratory that one studies science.

There are two reasons for my insistence on science, and I cannot say which is the weightier. The dominant thinking of to-day is scientific: the modern world has been created by science and is governed by it. One may rejoice or regret that this is so; one may feel that civilization is the nobler because of it, or may lament that civilization has lost its soul; one may look forward with eager impatience to a day when science shall be still more powerful, or one may believe that such a day will be the end of hope and desire and all human values. That does not matter: the fact is that the world is dominated by science.

The major object of our education, we have said, is understanding of the world as it is to-day. I do not see that there is any hope of understanding it without understanding science. Let the student, therefore, study as much of it as he can, till he knows and understands the concepts of science, the methods of science, the results of science—and, let me add, the true nature of what science is not as well as what it is, its limitations, and the problems that it does not hope to solve.

This is a weighty motive and an ambitious aim. My other reason, however, is no less powerful. It seems to me that an educated man, a man who is capable of living the intellectual life, is one who, to a greater degree than is common, has learned to think impersonally. I have here no exalted hope or too pretentious expectation. I know that the best of us cannot dissociate our emotions from our thinking for very long or with much success. Nor do I find men of science conspicuously more impersonal than the rest of us, outside of their own laboratories. Still, that is the ideal, and we must do our best. We must labor, if not to weed out prejudice and wishfulness and social compulsion from our thinking, at least to recognize that they are present in it, to isolate them as completely as we can, and to allow for them in our perception and judgment of facts. If this end cannot be accomplished in the laboratory, then it is a hopeless end. But I think it can be accomplished there, in some faint measure. To some degree, small but greater there than anywhere else, a man can learn in a laboratory to be impersonal. He can acquire there the habit of seeing facts as facts and treating them as facts, phenomena to be studied of themselves and in their relation to other phenomena. He can learn there to control his attitude toward facts by their continuities and uniformities, not by some religious or ethical bearing he may think they have, or by the implications of his emotions, or by the judgment of fashion or orthodoxy or formal logic. Of all the aims that education can have, this one, I think, is the greatest. I do not, let me repeat, hope that it can be realized. I do not believe that the laboratories will ever turn out large numbers of free minds. But at least they are the straight path to the limited freedom that is permitted us. The man who does not take advantage of them is no student but a fool.

IV

There is little else that I should advise such a student as I have postulated to study in college courses. Here I must again admit my presumptuousness in passing judgment on the work of my betters and in trying to survey, in a few paragraphs, the entire field of human knowledge. Need I say that my own experience is very limited and that the judgments I have made from it are certainly full of ignorance and prejudice? Probably not—if this essay calls forth such a mail as its predecessors have, there will be enough to point them out. Still, I cannot let professional courtesy stand in the way of the discussion I have begun.

The rest of the curriculum divides into two groups, the studies whose worth is dubious and those that can be covered to best effect by oneself. Let me arrange in the first group all the half-sciences whose popularity is to-day almost universal. Next to the English department, that of economics and what is called political science is probably the most popular in the undergraduate schools. A great deal of the material taught by it is indispensable for the practice of certain professions, but we have excluded professional training from our program. The rest of both economics and government has little place in the intellectual life. Both disciplines heatedly claim to be on a scientific basis; neither is. Their material is as yet

capriciously organized, directed largely by wishfulness or fanaticism or wild assumption, and uncontrolled by scientific method. Both make religious enthusiasts of their disciples, and both play a large part in contemporary thinking, but the skeptically minded must conclude that that part is full of vanity and illusion. One must examine it, if only to round out one's knowledge of human error, but one can examine it best in private reading, compressing into hours what the courses spread over whole years.

In the same class are such studies as anthropology, "social ethics," and the hybrids that these make when cross-bred with economics. Many reputable men profess them, and as greater numbers do so they will approach nearer the dignity of knowledge. As yet, however, their valid results are too small to occupy much of the student's precious time. They can best be dealt with privately. A few books, a few journals, and intelligent reference of their data to other fields of knowledge must suffice for them.

I come rather dubiously to psychology—dubiously because my opinion of it, and hence my recommendation to our student, is not the accepted one. It seems to me that no other subject is to-day so dominated by uncontrolled enthusiasm, fanaticism, ignorant and absurd pretension, and downright charlatanism. Its hold on the public mind is enormous. One would suspect it for that reason alone, but that is the slightest of all. Psychology is the contemporary phase of the medieval mind. It claims to be the philosopher's stone, the mother element, and the secret name of God. It has preserved heaven knows how many medieval concepts, from Freud's incubi to the rapt trance of saintly mystics. It has a medieval parade of half-scientific method as impressive to the populace as the rigamarole of alchemists and astrologers. The captains of its host are religious men, who exhibit the stigmata of the religious mind in great purity, from fanatical denunciation of one another to absolute confidence in personal revelation, but few of them have as yet proved themselves scientists. In so far as psychology is in the hands of physiologists and neurologists, in so far as it is a branch of medicine, it is admirable and sound, but in its academic aspects it is a chaos of *a priori* reasoning and mutually destructive data that have not been subjected to control. Its collegiate practitioners go about calling upon God to witness that they have solved all mysteries, answered all questions, and revealed all truth; and they present as earnest thereof the most pitiful handful of guesses that anywhere masquerades as knowledge. I say nothing about the future of psychology, but its present is to a skeptical mind not even tentatively valid. Its value to the intellectual life is almost entirely that of a case-history in the pathology of human folly. The student will avoid contamination.

Philosophy remains. Here I must guard against bitterness, for it was my undergraduate "major," and I cannot see that it has contributed anything at all to my mature thinking. Oh, my acquaintance with its subject-matter has enabled me to enjoy the misrepresentations of it in recent popular outlines, but that is an inadequate compensation for four years of hard study that were supposed to teach me the nature of reality. Philosophy is an exhilarating game so long as one plays it as a game without believing that it can do what it pretends to do, and is altogether a more adult diversion than chess. But its value for the intellectual life is wholly accessory—it, too, is a monument for orientation in the wastes of human error. Courses in the history of philosophy assist one to understand the world that is presented by history and literature. They are, therefore, valuable. But courses in pure philosophy, in logic or ethics or epistemology or metaphysics or the

more specialized problems seem to me a danger to those who take them seriously and a luxury to those who do not.

All this vast heap of learning having been set aside, what will our aspirant to the intellectual life do with the time that is left him? The answer to that question is, briefly: he will use the tools that he has mastered. That means—reading. The true university is a library, and the true student a man whose eyes are red with strain. He reads far more widely and intensively than the average person believes quite sane. He must make omniscience a foible and try to cover the entire range of human knowledge in its effective results. And he must be in no way whatever disturbed by the absurdity of his effort. He must, in four college years, form a habit of reading and inquiring that will become a permanent function of his mind.

I could leave the question here, answered in the foregoing paragraph. I should be accused, however, of avoiding the very issue I have raised. Let me say then that the field toward which our aspirant must of necessity work is that of history. But it is history as no college department conceives it. It is history regarded as the sum of human experience. It is hardly at all economic or political history, to which the colleges are given over almost entirely. It is the history of religion, of science, of philosophy, of literature, of adventure, of illusion, of myth, of superstition, of aspiration. Its province is the human individual and the human mass. Teachers of literature these days comprehend it better than teachers of history, though the increasing vogue of what is called social history is of great promise. But I do not recommend courses in literature. The colleges being what they are, even the professor who has the conception of his function I have indicated cannot teach it in that way. He must teach as the aims of the college necessitate, which means that he must observe the traditional limits of literature and must go on lecturing to a mob of amorphous minds which cannot understand even those limits.

The student will, therefore, avoid courses in history and literature. He can do better by himself. This is not to say that he will avoid the men who give the courses. He must regard them as specialists, to be freely consulted for guidance. It would be a happy earthquake that would so upset the system as to cut down every professor's actual class-work three-fourths and let him divide his new leisure between individual consultation and the research that is his primary function. But we are not speaking of Utopia, nor am I the first to lust in print for its coming. Such a student as we have postulated must make friends with the teachers who can serve his ends and must make their lives as miserable as they will permit. He needs expert guidance not only for bibliographical purposes but also to avoid the disaster of undirected reading on routes already charted. In such a plan of education as I have outlined perpetual wrangling is a necessity. Education becomes a series of disputes with men who know more than oneself—a sustained contention with experts while one tries to make oneself an expert as well.

Such students as I have been writing about could never compose even one per cent of any undergraduate body. The discipline of self-education is far too rigorous for any but the very best. They are the ones, however, whom we postulated in the beginning—vigorous, self-reliant, courageous minds capable of sustaining an adventure that would destroy the average college man. As things stand, such students are not well dealt with by the college system, but they can convert it to their use. They must transvalue the values it is dedicated to and must be content to appear outlanders among the orthodox. That much once resolved upon, however, they can find education in college.

COME WEAL, COME WOE, MY STATUS IS QUO

FIVE POEMS

BY SAMUEL HOFFENSTEIN

I

TEMPORA MUTANTUR

BEFORE Sir Isaac Newton sent
The Serpent back a riper apple;
Before Professor Einstein bent
The cosmos in a single grapple;

Before Marconi flung an S
Across the orthodox Atlantic,
And Freud confirmed our private guess
That sex was capriped and antic;

Before the Brothers Wright prevailed
On ether to endure the human;
Before the modest darkness paled
When Man decided to illumine;

Before the Frenchman found the spoor
Of the incredible bacillus,
And Ehrlich left the goddess poor,
With not a decent way to kill us—

A man was born (as he is now—
The method shows no sign of failing).
He suffered from his fellows. (How?
Vide the manner still prevailing.)

He lost his teeth (as we do now,
For all Sangredo's dental capers),
And skilful fingers milked the cow—
(The others? Read the daily papers.)

He groaned (like us) in care and debt—
Consult the archives of the breezes—
He earned his taxes in his sweat
And died (as we do) of diseases.

He dreamed in air and strove in dust
And bled for priests and politicians;
He learned to place his final trust
(Compare our own!) in the morticians.

He served a million gods (what news!)
With first his crimes and then his chorals;
He stole (aha!) his neighbor's shoes
And paid him back a set of morals.

In short, while scientists unborn
Prepare to search the stars and roses,
The snail is on his ancient thorn
And God in conference with Moses.

II

A SUPPLIANT ENVIES THE LOWLY CABBAGE

DEAR God, or Allah, Buddha, Christ,
Osiris, Zeus, or what You will,
Lord of impenetrable mist
And (what a range!) the daffodil—
Let not Your servant (me, of course)
Who, much as any man, admires
Your very tiniest tour de force,
Despise so much what he desires!

Let him (I pray You) either want
Completely, or be quite exempt;
Let him (a trifling boon) not haunt
The loud bazaars of his contempt,
Eventually there to find
The immemorial, dusty prizes,
And then, with a tormented mind,
Desire so much what he despises!

Grant me, I beg, if You have time,
A modest increment (unearned),
A fringe of unlaborious rhyme,
And leagues of sleep (my candle's burned);
A ton of Sitzfleisch *for my mind,*
Which noble longing often irks,
And for my solemn soul, the kind
Of grin that overspreads Your works.

Let me, in short, on Your estate
With You serenely vegetate!

III

ELEMENTARY PSYCHOANALYSIS

IF THE truth were not so hard,
You might say this thing to me,
That you made me shard by shard
Out of ruins tremblingly—

Out of fragments that remained
In your heart of other days;
Out of knowledge that you gained
When you walked on greener ways.

I am what the rest were not;
I am not myself at all;
I am something you have wrought
Like a vase upon the wall.

Well, I'll ever be on guard,
And I'll safely play the game,
Lest I crumble shard by shard
And you cry some dearer name.

IV

TU QUOQUE, DOMINE

"MOSES, my servant, is dead." So spake the Lord,
Laying a hand all warm with love and sun
Upon the shoulders of the son of Nun,
"And I shall keep with thee my promised Word!"
And Joshua fumbled at his girded sword,
For on his arm the hand of Israel's God
Was trembling like a grass-blade in the sod.
The mighty Captain plucked his garment's cord,
And dared not look upon the Face that spake,
Hearing a Voice that wavered like a flame
Before the mention of His servant's name.
He thought the Heart of God would surely break,
And looked out tearfully upon his clan;
The Lord of Wrath was weeping like a man.

V

ALIBI

THOUGH I made songs clear as green-housed birds,
Or bells going their Sabbath round,
Or the wind driving the silver nails
Of summer rain into the ground;

Though I made songs as high and shining
As stars fleeing their storm-barred jails,
Or the moon shaking her dripping horns
After the charge of the tempest fails;

Though I made songs as strange and witchlike
As cloud-ships sailing leisurely
The burning inlets of the sundown
With cargoes from the crimson sea;

Though I made songs as wise and placid
As the look in a dead man's face,
Where the still flood of the fatal lightning
Lies like a dawn in a desert place;

Greater than all my songs am I;
Much more have seen, have heard much more—
For who shall fetch in a pitcher of singing
All that lies on the ocean-floor?

Who shall fetch in a cruse of verses
All that lies on the mind's sea-floor,
Or lift on the point of a sword of song
All that lies at the heart's deep core?

Though the pitcher be cunningly carven as hope,
Though the sword be sharp as the blade of truth–
Holds Death a half of a lifetime of dying?
Holds Life a tenth of the thoughts of youth?

Though I made songs lovely as love surrendered,
Though I made songs wise as an empty skull,
The fields of the mind must rot with harvest,
The sea of the heart be ever full.

MAMMON, M.D

A COMPOSITE PORTRAIT

BY LLOYD MORRIS

WHEREVER fashionable folk congregate, as the advertisements say, you will hear his name mentioned. On the sands of Palm Beach or Newport, under the pines at White Sulphur, over the luncheon tables of the most exclusive clubs, you are certain to hear the magic formula: "Well, Dr. Travers Dare advised me . . ." To the initiated this apparently simple statement is disproportionately significant. Translated into vulgar terms of money, it not improbably represents the equivalent of the rental of a Park Avenue apartment or a parterre box at the opera. It is an index to income; the doctor's fees are tailored to fit only those paying surtax.

It is extremely difficult to gain access to the eminent physician. As difficult, indeed, as if, by seeing him, one were certain of hastening and not postponing an eventual admission to the kingdom of heaven. You telephone his office for an appointment. A courteous feminine voice instructs you to report, four or five days later, for a preliminary examination. At the appointed hour you arrive at an imposing building in the smart East Sixties. Seven pairs of eyes glance at you as you enter the waiting room; seven patients return indifferently to as many magazines. You feel rebuked and take your seat inconspicuously. Presently, you wonder whether you will have to wait until the great man has personally disposed of these earlier arrivals. You look at them with some curiosity, seeking to estimate the amount of time each will consume. They are no longer human beings united by suffering, but irritating obstacles to your own well-being. Selfishly, you hope that none of them is as seriously afflicted as yourself.

A door at the end of the waiting room opens. Eight pairs of eyes meet those of an attractive young woman in starched, hygienic white. She murmurs a name. A stout lady shrouded in chinchilla joins her; the fatal door closes upon them. New arrivals enter the waiting room. You now belong to the early arrivals; you have the right to stare superciliously. The door opens again. Another patient disappears into the mysterious recesses of science from which, it would seem, no one returns. Presently you hear your own name, and you pass across the decisive, costly threshold.

The young woman in white leads you along a corridor punctuated by many doors. She opens one, and you are in a room where at a desk another young woman in white is preparing to take down the record of your case. She asks you innumerable questions, noting on a form the relevant information. Your name. Address. Profession. Age. Married or single? Parents, living or dead? If dead, at what age and of what disease? The illnesses from which you have suffered—a historical retrospect, extending back to your infancy. The complaint that is troubling you now. . . . When she has finished there is nothing left for her to know; except,

perhaps, your rating in Dun's or Bradstreet's and your listing in the Social Register. She will probably verify these after you have left the room.

The first young woman in white returns and conducts you to another and smaller waiting room on the corridor. She says, "One of the examination rooms will be free in a moment," and leaves you in solitude. Presently she returns and conducts you to one of the five examination rooms. She opens a cupboard and hands you a sheet. "Please disrobe!" she commands and disappears. The doctor requires that every new patient submit to a physical examination. You are draped in the sheet when she returns. You ask, "Will Dr. Dare examine me now?"

She betrays surprise. "Oh no," she replies. "Dr. Dare leaves the examinations to his assistants. Dr. Smythe will examine you." Dr. Smythe enters, a brisk young man, white clad. The young woman sits at a table and begins filling out a form. Dr. Smythe tests your heart action, your respiration, your blood pressure. The young woman writes busily. He weighs you, measures your height, ascertains your chest expansion, and commands you to blow into a tube connected with a device that registers the force of your exhalation and the capacity of your lungs. Meanwhile he questions you. That intestinal pain of which you complain—precisely where, and exactly when, do you feel it? How long before or after eating? He brings the examination to an end and issues his instructions. Miss Lawrence will take you in to Dr. Rollins, who is to take X-ray photographs and have a look at your interior with the fluoroscope. To-night you will take this prescription. To-morrow morning, without benefit of breakfast, you will return for a test meal and another examination with the fluoroscope. You will then be informed when Dr. Travers Dare will see you.

Miss Lawrence conducts you down the corridor to another room. It contains a stretcher chair; except for that it might be an electrical laboratory. Innumerable electrical instruments are ranged about the room: shining crystal and steel devices of a menacing complexity; the ceiling is a network of rods, belts, and wires; a glass cubicle forming one corner of the room contains something that resembles a sitz-bath, and something else that resembles a switchboard. As you wait for Dr. Rollins, you hear from the adjoining room the loud, whining whir of electrical apparatus, the sharp commands to an invisible patient, "Sit still, please! No; hold the leg higher!" Then, "I'm increasing the heat very gradually. Tell me if it begins to burn." A few moments later you hear the patient moan, "Oh, doctor!" "All right. Just a minute now! Hold the leg still, please!" The whine of the machine ceases in a final splutter. A door opens, and Dr. Rollins enters. It is your turn now! You extend yourself on the stretcher chair. He moves over the X-ray machine, adjusts the plates. A grinding, whirring sound, and a flash of violet light. Dr. Rollins bids you rise. You are told to stand upright. Suddenly the room is plunged in darkness. The machine purrs softly; there is an abrupt glimmer of lightning-colored light. "Breathe a deep breath. Stop breathing! Breathe again! Stop!" Another flash of light, then darkness. The purring dies away in a minor wail. The room is flooded with frosty white light. "All right, thank you! To-morrow at nine-thirty! Good day!" Dr. Rollins makes a hurried exit, giving you no opportunity to ask any questions. While dressing you begin to wonder whether those pains that you thought were ptomaine may not indicate ulcers of the stomach. When you leave a young lady in the entrance hall of the suite hands you a card. You look at it; it is the notice of your appointment to see Dr. Dare, one week from to-morrow at eleven fifteen.

Dr. Travers Dare's time is precious,

and the ritual of his practice is founded upon the old theological dogma of immanent presence. Three assistants relieve him of all routine details. Another assistant attends to electrical treatments. Still another handles the work of radioscopy and radiotherapy. The attentions of any of these five gentlemen involves, according to the theological dogma referred to, the personal attention of the great but busy physician. They examine the patients; he pronounces the diagnosis and prescribes the treatment; subsequently, they carry out his instructions. At your first appointment with Dr. Dare he informs you what is wrong with you and what is to be done about it. He summons one of the assistants, and introduces you. "Mr. Brown," he remarks genially, "is suffering from an obstinate case of nervous indigestion, complicated by a touch of gastritis. Here are the records of his case and a copy of his diet list. I've told Mr. Brown that you will take active charge of the treatment, Doctor, under my direction. You'll see him a week from to-day. Mail him a notice of the appointment. I want to keep in particularly close touch with Mr. Brown's progress, Doctor. You'd better arrange that I have a look at him in a month's time. Thank you." The assistant disappears.

Dr. Dare turns to you. "Now, Mr. Brown, you're not to worry at all. We'll have you feeling quite fit very soon. Avoid worry, avoid hurry, avoid all useless waste of energy. Treat that body of yours as if it were a delicate, costly machine, irreplaceable, and essential to your business." He smiles pleasantly. "Rest as much as possible. Keep your mind fixed upon agreeable things; never fix your attention upon matters that are disagreeable or troublesome. Remember that the health of the body is influenced by the health of the mind. Physical efficiency is impossible without spiritual efficiency, Mr. Brown! I obey that principle myself; if I didn't, I shouldn't be here to cure you and the many other sick people who depend upon me!" He rises, and so do you. You murmur a phrase of gratitude that, busy as he is, Dr. Travers Dare has been good enough to give you his personal attention. "Not at all, not at all," he responds, unobtrusively ushering you out. "Physicians, like priests, exist only to serve people when they are needed. That is, if I may so say, our holy function. And now, Mr. Brown, remember that I am always cognizant of every detail of your progress. Every time you see my assistant it will be precisely as if you were seeing me. You must assist us by keeping spiritually fit, Mr. Brown. We'll do the rest. Good day to you, sir! Good day!" The visit reminds you of a conference with a bank president who disposes of your application for a loan, and refers you to the cashier for subsequent routine transactions. This admirable efficiency enables Dr. Dare's office to deal with thirty patients during the course of a morning. Consider how much thereby the total anguish of mortal life is alleviated!

II

Two people could tell you that it has not always been so difficult to gain access to Dr. Dare. One is Miss McGuire who, having been his first office assistant, is now concealed in a back room of the suite, in charge of the office records and the two typists who carry on the doctor's clerical work. The other is old Mr. Gaunt, the rich and eccentric bachelor who was one of the doctor's first patients. Miss McGuire remembers when the doctor had his office on the parlor floor of an old-fashioned brownstone house. In those days there were no assistants, no examination rooms, no installations of elaborate, impressive equipment. In those days the doctor saw all his patients and complained that he had too few. In those days, likewise, he had a night-bell and he drove his own Ford.

Now he makes no visits at night, except under extraordinary circumstances, and he makes his afternoon rounds in a Rolls-Royce.

Mr. Gaunt sometimes smiles when he visits Dr. Dare's present offices. He recalls that frosty day, a quarter of a century ago, when he slipped on an icy pavement and fractured his leg. Two passers-by carried him into Dr. Dare's modest quarters a few doors away. The young physician set the fractured bone and transported Mr. Gaunt to his home. After he had regained the use of his leg Mr. Gaunt transferred his patronage to the smart young doctor. He had suffered for many years from an obstinate asthma. Dr. Dare treated him three times weekly; the relief was noticeable, but the asthma did not disappear. It has not yet disappeared, although more than twenty years have passed. But now Dr. Dare sees Mr. Gaunt only once every six weeks; if he requires a little attention between visits one of the assistants looks after him.

Mr. Gaunt recalls a dinner-party twenty-five years ago; his guests were his partner, Amos Winters, his partner's daughter, Mildred, and young Dr. Dare. Mildred was a plain-looking girl, and even her father's fortune had not attracted many suitors. After dinner Mr. Gaunt took Winters off to his study, leaving the young people alone. He told Winters how much relief he had obtained from Dr. Dare's treatments. Shortly thereafter, Amos Winters came down with pleurisy, and called in Dr. Dare. Then, during one of his visits to the doctor, Mr. Gaunt said, "I'll tell you, young feller! You might do worse than marry Mildred Winters." Dr. Dare flushed, but did not reply. A few weeks later, Mildred dropped in to see Mr. Gaunt. "I'm engaged, Uncle Josiah," she announced, "to Travers Dare."

Although old Gaunt is a trial, and his incurable asthma is a source of no great revenue, Dr. Travers Dare is still secretly afraid of him, too afraid to betray annoyance when the old man talks tediously about what he calls the "early days." When he became engaged to Mildred the old boy said to him, "Travers, you're a smart young doctor. That's very good. But hundreds of equally smart young doctors graduate from medical school every year. Most of them live poor and die poor. How do you intend to escape that fate?"

Young Dr. Dare thought a moment, but could not find an answer. Mr. Gaunt waited, then continued, "Let me tell you. A successful physician is a modern medicine-man. He practices magic and charges well for it. Let me give you some advice, my boy. In the first place, don't waste your time on poor patients. Get yourself a practice among wealthy, fashionable people. A fashionable doctor is the only kind who makes money. In the second place, don't ever do anything simply. Never forget that the patient is a layman and likes to be impressed by mysteries. Furthermore, patients dislike being dismissed with a simple remedy, however efficacious. It flatters their vanity to be persuaded that their maladies are complicated. Use as many instruments, as much equipment as you can, always. Fill your office with the latest and most complex scientific devices. These are the equivalent of the medicine-man's incantations and magic. In the third place, don't be at the beck and call of your patients. The more difficult it is for them to see you, the greater your prestige with them. If you give an impression of being very busy, if you make them believe that you are doing them a favor by seeing them, your practice will grow. Success in these days is largely the result of humbug."

Mr. Gaunt grinned, and continued, "As soon as you are able to do so, take on an assistant. Let him carry on the routine work, but keep in touch with your patients yourself. He'll be quite as competent as you are, probably; but if you handle your practice properly,

he'll do the hard work, and you'll get the credit. That's my advice to you, my boy. That's the way to make a success in business. I don't know anything about medicine, but I know that business principles can be successfully applied to any line!"

Even now, when he recalls this conversation, Dr. Travers Dare feels acute discomfort. He listened to old Gaunt's advice with astonishment, with disgust. Did Gaunt think that he had no ideals, no honesty of purpose? What of the Hippocratic oath, the long and honorable tradition of the medical profession? What of the doctrine of service? . . .

He began to look at his colleagues in the profession with a new curiosity. One of his classmates had already married a wealthy girl, had taken over the practice of a retiring gynecologist, and now had more patients than he could adequately handle. Another had specialized in surgery, and was already reaping a harvest from the new and fashionable appendicitis operation. Neither of them seemed to be preoccupied with healing the poor and the lowly; they performed the minimum clinical duty necessary to retain their hospital connections. Another classmate, Savelli, illustrated Gaunt's analysis by forceful contrast. Savelli, son of an Italian newsdealer, had been the most brilliant student of their year. Immediately after graduation he had been offered, and had accepted, a post in one of the great research foundations. His salary was two thousand a year; with luck he might, after many years, reach five or eight. . . . Yes, obviously, Gaunt was right!

Dr. Travers Dare, aged twenty-five, took counsel with himself. He didn't want to be poor, or to be permanently dependent upon his wife's expectations from her father. He didn't want to be less successful than those of his contemporaries who were no more gifted than himself. If he followed Gaunt's advice he would soon be earning a comfortable income. In due time he might even become independently wealthy. It was no less meritorious to heal the wealthy than to heal the poor! He began to dream of comfort, of pleasant associations, of annual holidays abroad; he would use those holidays to see what the big men of Berlin and Vienna were doing! To follow Gaunt's advice would land him among the recognized leaders of the profession.

III

Dr. Travers Dare, aged forty-nine, pays a substantial income tax to the government. He owns several valuable parcels of realty on Manhattan Island. He lives in a duplex apartment a few yards east of Fifth Avenue, less than a mile uptown from his offices. He is a member of two Westchester golf clubs. On Monday nights he has a stall box at the opera; usually it is occupied by Mrs. Dare and her guests. He prefers the theater or bridge; and Monday nights, by long custom, are his "bachelor evenings." He takes an annual holiday abroad, but very rarely visits Vienna or Berlin. He prefers Paris, and always makes a trip to London for his wardrobe. His attendance at medical conventions is infrequent; he has not much time for them. He has addressed a convention only once. He has published four articles in the medical journals. Three of these recorded cases upon which the actual work was done by his assistants. Fifteen years ago, when he still had an active interest in chemistry, he originated a formula for a solution of arsenic and gold useful in the treatment of certain nervous disorders. He meditated giving this formula to the profession, but after prolonged consideration sold it to a firm of manufacturing chemists. That same year his old classmate, Savelli, announced the isolation of a new bacillus, and the research foundation began to dispense the serum which revolutionized the treatment of certain types of diseases of the blood.

A few years later the sudden popularity of chiropractic began to perturb

the medical profession. Dr. Travers Dare, always conservative in his public views of debatable innovations, announced his disapproval of chiropractitioners in an address delivered at the annual convention of the State Medical Association. But privately he felt that one must keep abreast of the times and was positive that something could be learned from their success. He happened at that time to be moving to his present offices. He leased additional space and invested heavily in complete equipment for administering treatment by electricity. He engaged a new assistant, Dr. Brent, to take over this work. When the equipment had been installed and Dr. Brent had taken charge, Dr. Dare began prescribing electricity for patients suffering from rheumatism, arthritis, phlebitis, neuritis, muscular fatigue, and general debility. It was remarkable, he discovered, how many patients were afflicted with one or another of these ailments—a condition that he had not even suspected, previously. And with the new apparatus, there was nothing that Dr. Brent was not equipped to do for them. He could bake their joints, knead and stretch their muscles, mechanically massage their bodies, dispel their aches by the application of dry heat, stimulate their flagging energy by applications of current and cold.

Similarly, as soon as the "sunlight lamp" had been perfected Dr. Dare installed several in the rooms where Dr. Rollins carried on the work of radioscopy and radiotherapy. Shortly thereafter he began advising those of his patients who had been benefited by electricity, and those of his patients whom electricity had failed to benefit, to try exposure to the new lamps. The vogue of sunlight treatments began almost immediately. Sedentary business men who breathed only the atmosphere of Wall Street were bronzed into the semblance of idlers on a Riviera beach. Fashionable matrons acquired a golden tint, in ten visits. Busy debutantes no longer rode in the Park for air and exercise; by coming to Dr. Rollins every day for five minutes, they had an equivalent exposure to a substitute, reliable sun, and missed no social diversions. Meanwhile Dr. Rollins worked ten hours every day, and it became necessary to take on a temporary assistant to handle the radioscopy. The ultra-violet ray had become an indispensable adjunct to fashionable life, and among the benefits of its invigorating influence not the least was to be found on the profit side of Dr. Dare's office ledgers.

Dr. Dare retains his staff position at the Superior Hospital, and once every week, accompanied by one of his assistants, he gives an hour to its clinic. Occasionally the ambitious young internes, who admire him more than they like him, ask his advice about their professional careers. Dr. Dare is always glad to advise the bright young men. "Medicine," he tells them, "is a career that absorbs all the best energies a man can bring to it. There is no room in the profession for selfish men, or lazy men, or greedy men. It is a profession of unselfish service, a dedication to the impersonal aims of science. A young physician must constantly perfect his technic by unremitting study. He must keep abreast of the quick advance of science, which outstrips all laggards. Why, every day new instruments, new methods of treatment are being perfected and revolutionizing our practice. There is no room in the profession for a young man who cannot utilize these discoveries and advance beyond them. Study, gentlemen, constant study is the prerequisite of achievement!" The young internes admire Dr. Dare's concern for the future of the profession. It is a tradition among them that if one of their number demonstrates exceptional aptitude Dr. Dare will find a place for him, either on his staff of assistants, or on the house staff of the private sanitarium of which he is one of the directors. These positions carry salaries of from twenty-five hundred to five thousand

dollars and, as they become vacant, Dr. Dare fills them by taking over the best young men at Superior Hospital.

Dr. Dare deplores the current popularity of psychoanalysis among laymen. Nothing irritates him more than the colloquial use of psychoanalytic jargon and the wide circulation of popular treatises on psychology. He often wonders what will happen to the dignity and prestige of the medical profession if the movement of vulgarization spreads farther, and the layman acquires a half-baked knowledge of pathology. He has often found it difficult to combat the consequences of this tendency among his younger patients, for occasionally one of them has the effrontery to quote Freud or Jung at him. When, some years ago, the medical profession of New York State sought to debar from the practice of psychoanalysis any person not holding a medical degree, Dr. Dare supported the crusade with all the influence at his command. He did so with the authority of a personal investigation; the previous summer he had made one of his infrequent visits to Vienna, and had spent two weeks in studying the work of the leading psychoanalysts. He found that young women without medical training were practicing under the direction of the eminent Viennese; young women who had studied under them for less than five years! He found that certain principles of technic were rigorously enforced, although to him they seemed preposterously silly. For example, any social or personal relations between an analyst and his patients was regarded as a serious violation of the code. Dr. Dare knew that in America the most cordial and intimate relations often existed between patient and analyst, which seemed to him entirely correct. He himself counted many of his patients among his best friends; why should not the analysts have the same privilege?

He returned from Vienna convinced that only a practicing physician is competent to make proper use of psychoanalysis; these Viennese psychologists had imposed mischievous nonsense on the public in an attempt to distract attention from their ignorance of medicine! But his quick, scientific mind was intolerant of all waste; the trip to Vienna must be made to justify itself. So he began to experiment, tentatively at first, but gradually with more assurance, with psychoanalytic methods. He was surprised to find them so frequently useful in his practice. They were especially useful with his women patients, many of whom suffered from no physical ailment whatever, but came to him periodically nevertheless. It pleased them, he discovered, to talk about themselves under his expert guidance; they departed refreshed and relieved; and they invariably returned. He remembered that, as a medical student, he had once seen an eminent physician prescribe a capsule containing a compound of sugar and bicarbonate of soda. After the patient had departed the physician laughed and explained. "That woman," he said, "is a confirmed valetudinarian. There is absolutely nothing the matter with her, yet she comes to me every month with a fresh symptom. I can't tell her that she is as sound as a bell; she wouldn't believe me. So I've told her that the capsules will positively cure her, and no doubt they will!" Well, times had changed! You no longer prescribed harmless capsules for imaginary invalids. Nowadays you merely asked them to talk about themselves. The results were the same, but the modern method was more profitable. Often Dr. Dare finds it tedious to listen to these patients, but he consoles himself with the reflection that he is serving the profession. How much better that they come to him, instead of falling into the hands of unscrupulous psychoanalysts without medical training! And when, as frequently happens, he meets them at dinner parties, he never rejects the opportu-

nity for a quiet, intimate chat about their private lives.

IV

Many of Dr. Dare's patients consider it a privilege to entertain him socially. They meet him constantly on the golf links, or at the theater, and they have come to think of him as a prince of good fellows. He is neither high-brow nor discouragingly professional. In fact, he avoids all shop-talk in his social life, announcing that his busy days of practice make it incumbent upon him to seek pure relaxation in the evening. For that reason he sees very little, socially, of his colleagues in the profession. He prefers the society of his patients and their friends, the wealthy, fashionable folk whose tastes resemble his. The men find him surprisingly well posted on the stock market and on general business conditions. He never fails to ask their advice about his investments, and they are delighted to give him their expert opinion. Because they like him personally they always favor him with confidential tips about forthcoming market manipulations; and his speculations are invariably profitable. The ladies always find him an agreeable dinner-partner; he is witty, urbane, an excellent conversationalist, and just enough of a flirt to give spice to an evening. The Dr. Dare whom they meet in society is quite a different person from the Dr. Dare whom they consult professionally. It delights them that a man who works so hard knows how to play with so much zest and enjoyment. Sometimes they wonder why he is so much more amusing a companion than their husbands, and many of them envy Mrs. Dare. They all like Mrs. Dare also; she's a plain-looking woman and, surprisingly enough, she seems never to be jealous of her attractive, popular husband. Many of them would like to know whether he ever gives her cause. . . .

For the most part, the Doctor enjoys his social life thoroughly. He looks forward to his bachelor Monday evenings; he is very discreet, and no questions are ever asked. Sometimes it bores him to play at gallantry with middle-aged ladies, but he endeavors not to show it and often succeeds in being the life of the party. He has learned that his social life is, professionally, a profitable investment. Only infrequently does he fail to have a good time when he goes out into society. One notable occasion was when the wife of a prominent banker invited him to dine at her home, and he found that his old classmate, Savelli, was the only other guest. Savelli is now the most distinguished bacteriologist in the United States, and the foundation pays him a salary of ten thousand a year. He goes out very little, and has the reputation of being a recluse. He has no small-talk, no hobbies, and his only passion is his work. When Dr. Dare met him at dinner, he found that he and Savelli had nothing in common. It was a very dull evening, and Dr. Dare has not recovered from his disappointment in his old classmate. But he remembers that, twenty years ago, he was positive that Savelli would never be a real, genuine, hundred per cent success. He knows everything there is to know about bacilli, and he has received decorations from six foreign governments, but what, after all, is a mere ten thousand a year? In the medical profession, Dr. Travers Dare reflects, many are called, but few, very few indeed, are chosen.

IN THE WAYS OF HIS HEART

A STORY

BY C. E. MONTAGUE

I WENT down to-day to revisit St. Mell's on the Thames, where I had lived till I was twenty. When I was that old my parents had died, the winds that blow young men about the world had dispersed my brothers and me, and we had sold our father's house to some stranger. So I had not seen St. Mell's for a good forty years till to-day. Not that I wasn't fond of the place. It was only that I had got on, and success keeps you busy.

You cross to St. Mell's by a ferry belonging to nobody in particular. Any licensed waterman who can lay hold of a boat may ply for hire there. This had made the ferry, when I was a boy, a recognized refuge for watermen out of a job, or too old to work much. By taking turns to scull people across they could earn the price of a meal and a pint. But they couldn't get rich. There were too many of them. You see, there was no dole in those days, and old men got no pensions.

When I reached the ferry steps no boat was waiting on that side, so I shouted across. A faint hail responded. Through the pale golden mist of the fine autumn forenoon I could make out a dim figure that slowly took motion, on the opposite shore, and a dim boat slowly detaching itself from the bank. Soon I could just hear, in the motionless air's utter stillness, a dipping of sculls almost unthinkably lifeless. I understood that. I remembered the sort of old boys that used to be here in my time, veterans twisted and cramped with rheumatics, used-up men who were removed immeasurably from oneself, secluded far out of reach among the mysteries and glooms of failure and old age.

Could they have ever really been young? Could any of them ever have resembled that figure and symbol of wild, overflowing vitality who had once come among them, just for the moment, as if sent to give a vivid measure of the tragic distance separating those frozen ancients from the warm center of life? Jock Gaddom—that had been this meteor's name. I remembered him well.

No lack of pith had brought the young Jock to the ferry. Rather, excess of it or—these wondrous creatures betray you into mixed metaphors—the vivacious splash of animal spirits so high that they had to spill over the rim now and then. Jock had come to sojourn at the ferry like some young ruffler of the Middle Ages who had killed his man in a jovial affray and had then fled for sanctuary to a company of elderly monks till the thing should blow over. Simply in the gaiety of April blood Jock had "given lip" with some sprightliness to a crabbed employer. So a good man had lost a good job. But of course he would soon get another. Wasn't he the prettiest and fastest sculler on the river, bar Bill East? Hadn't he won Doggett's Coat and Badge in his apprenticeship? Didn't everybody like his laughing lip and bold good-humored eye and straight nose and choleric spirit

that hadn't one grain of venom in it, whatever mad things it led him to do?

I know how I, for one, had liked Jock when we were both twenty and he had just come to the ferry after the smash. And somehow he took to me, Heaven knows why: certainly not by way of making up to someone better off than himself. For he had no slavish instincts at all. He was one of the few men I have known, high or low, who could talk like a comrade across the spiked railings of class, just as if no railings were there. Some fellows have learned the knack since, in the War. But it took no War to make Jock a brother for anyone.

I had told him a few grand notions of mine before he let on about any of his. He seldom spoke of himself; but when once he took you into his confidence he would shirk nothing. What came then fairly knocked me humble with surprise at the strange humbleness of heart that you will sometimes find in a man who looks, on the outside, like a bit of a conqueror.

Jock told me he had a young lady—no engagement yet—only walking out; but very high hopes before this last bit of trouble. "A wonder she is," Jock assured me. "A proper world's wonder." It seemed she was practical too: she had cut up pretty rough about Jock's losing his job—"chucking it away," she had said. He must give over playing the fool, she had told him, else she was done with him. Jock adored her the more for this proof of sagacity. Oh! he was well in the toils, was Jock. He had turned deadly serious—"fair burning," he told me, to get a good job, and to keep it this time and make her a home. But that couldn't be done in a moment. And, while he waited and burned, nothing would satisfy this magnificent innocent but to "do something for" the beloved one.

Now here you must try really hard to believe me. You won't find it easy. I didn't myself, at the start—and I had known Jock. He was an almost incredible person, and yet absolutely real—much more real than most of us. Like a more famous lover before him, Jock had read somewhere about things that old knights used to do "for" their ladies—all sorts of out-of-the-way risky things. Not that the ladies always wanted them done, nor that the knights wanted to swank, nor that the things would do any special good to the ladies, but just because, if you were "proper fond," as Jock said, of a young lady it made you feel better to try to do something you wouldn't have dared to do if you had not been in love. They are often humble sentimentalists at bottom, these big handsome men.

Jock said he "fair had to" take on some little bit of a risk or another. The only one that he could think of was to dive into the river some night, in his clothes, from the high railway bridge a little upstream. Of course it was not much of a risk, anyhow. Still, he didn't swim very well—few watermen did in those days—and the black shine of deep water a long way below him at night had always given him the creeps. And you must take what you can get, and do what you can for your lady. Had I a young lady? And if I had, would I care to stand in?

I was not in love at the time. But, otherwise, the proposal quite suited my book. Swimming and diving were hobbies of mine. I couldn't enjoy too often that heavenly downward swoop through thirty feet of the ambrosial air of a midsummer night into the softly sustaining embrace of the water the June sun had been warming all day. But, for me, it would have to be the next night or never. I was to go north the day after to-morrow, to start my new work, and perhaps I might never come back.

To-morrow night would do champion, said Jock—high tide at nine, to give us a good head of water under the bridge; and a moon pretty near full would be getting up about ten.

"Just after your work, then?" I said.

"Righto! We knock off at ten."

"I shall be here," I promised.

We said good-night. As I was walking away under the chestnuts I could just hear Jock say to himself, "The risin' of the moon, the risin' of the moon!" in a low voice of absolute ecstasy. As I remember it now, all the romance that there is in the world was in Jock's voice as I heard it at that moment in the animated summer dusk—virility, adventure, and the lover's thronging sense of life, the whole of it, as if it must all be a-thrill, through and through, with beauty and wonder.

As ignominiously as any of Don Quixote's little projects had ours miscarried. At first all had seemed to go well. The night had been fair, the tide good. It was trespass, of course, to set foot on the railway company's bridge; but the spikes and barbed wire had not beaten us. Once we were up on the railway we felt the game ours: nothing more to do but guess when we had reached the middle of the center arch, climb the six-foot iron parapet, and dive from its top. And we had all but arrived at our mark when, out of the streak of deeper darkness under the parapet, two hulking railway policemen rose, one of them with a rasping challenge of "Well, what are *you* doing here?" I suppose there must have been some sort of bother that we had not heard of—people sneaking across the bridge after dark, it may be, to save fares at the ferry.

Presence of mind is much praised. But it can play you queer tricks. At a crisis it gives you some order so clear that you can't think there could be any other order to give. And yet, in just the same case, it will give another man a quite different order. Both Jock and I had some presence of mind, in a sense. But to me the order that came was "Slip them! Get it done! Dive like a shot!" while to Jock it must have been "Give 'em what for!" Without the slightest notion that anything else could be done, I jumped for the top edge of the parapet with my hands, grabbed it, hauled up my legs out of reach of the law, and dived out into the night. I was falling forward already, the swarthy twinkle of the little eddies below was coming up to meet me, when I heard Jock's voice ringing recklessly, "Why, what the Hell's that to you?" and then the first scrunch and grunt of a big scuffle.

The stream carried me down a good way. It must have been twenty minutes before I had landed, squeezed a little of the water out of my clothes, to run faster, and then torn back to the bridge to cut in if it were not too late.

It was. There was nobody there. If Jock, in the joy of battle, had thrown the enemy into the river I should have heard the two splashes, and the third splash when Jock went over also, to see that they came by no real harm. But I had heard nothing. I heard nothing now, hungrily as I listened. I ran half a mile up the line—I thought it the likeliest way for justice to have marched a captive. Beyond that point the railway ran straight for a mile with the moon, that was now riding high, lighting all of it brightly. There was no figure in sight. I trailed back and searched again at the bridge. At last I slunk off to bed, rather shivery. Next day I went to my job in the north, the beginning of grateful labors that for the forty central years of life have kept me quite absorbedly happy.

I don't say that I should have had time to write out all this while the old boat with the old ferryman in it was coming across. But there was time to remember it all. The stem of the boat scarcely rippled the glaze of the tarnished mirror over which it was creeping, so feeble and slow were the strokes of the man whose gray head had its back to me as he sculled.

But he had the technic, as the best of these ancient mariners have till they die. The sculls had slipped into the water

before you could see that each little rhythmical forward swing of the old fellow's body had ended. So no ounce of effort was lost: the boat glided continuously till its bow grounded quietly on the pebbles and, weakly and stiffly, the ferryman shipped his frayed sculls and got up and stood, in the old professional style, one foot on board and one ashore, to steady the boat for the fare to step in. I saw his face then.

As you grow old you see most of your friends grow old too. And you don't mind the sight. You take it as part of the game. Besides, the change is so slow that no one of the little steps of it startles you much. But it isn't so with friends of whom you lost sight in your youth. Like friends who died young, they have not grown old in your thoughts; the portraits of them that hang on the walls of your mind are of people only just as old as they were when you last saw them. If you meet one of them in the flesh, some forty years on, it may shock you to see how much he has changed. It is as if he had aged forty years in a night.

That was how I felt when I saw that the gray-head was Jock. It wasn't Jock alone that I saw. It was a ghost of myself, of my youth, suddenly risen to show me, in one total sum, how much I must have lost, by little degrees, without noticing it. Or I might put it another way. It was as if I were only twenty again and some cruel god were giving me a glimpse of what might happen in time to the vessel fullest of the eagerness of life and of its uncontainable vehemence—the silver cord fallen loose and the golden bowl broken.

All that remained unmistakable was the shapely main lines of Jock's face, and a kind of thoroughbred rightness in the proportions. The lights were all quenched. The rather full and fiery violet eyes that I remembered were bleached to a limpid and pale forget-me-not blue with no glow behind it. His lips, which had seemed almost to laugh when at rest, were now stitched tightly into the places from which teeth were missing.

I saw he had no recollection of me—did not even take the momentary look at me that every young ferryman takes at a new face. It seemed as if Jock had outlived curiosity. Inertly he pushed the boat clear of the ground, took his seat, spat on his hands, and unshipped the frayed sculls. The molehill had become a mountain and the grasshopper a burden.

"Been here a long time?" I asked, trying to play the affable stranger.

"Forty year," he said impassively, "last Whitsuntide." The moment he had spoken his lips were tightly puckered in again.

"I lived here once," I said, "when I was young. I was born over there." I pointed where my father's house glowed mellowly red among the motionless trees.

"It was a good place then," he said, but in no tone of regret—just indifference, as it seemed.

I didn't know what to say. So I said, "Do the tugs bring the barges along the old way, near the top of the tide, and then the teams take them over?"

"Teams? They're gone, these thirty year. You don't see a horse, not twice in a year, on this tow-path." There was no lament in his voice. He might have been speaking of some old waterway that had gone out of use in the moon.

I forced a good cheerful tone and said, "Anyhow, the old pleasure-boat business keeps up, I suppose."

"It's nothing now," he said, "to what it was. They say it's this new half-tide lock has done it—making all the reach a muck o' mud and shallows. Half the pleasure-boats is gone up Richmond way, and half keeps down at Hammersmith. They don't come here."

We were now in mid-river, not far from where I used to fly-fish for dace, standing up to my knees in the river through long, hot holiday mornings of

rapturous absorption. Surely the very bed of the Thames could not have decayed. "Is the old string of pits still full of dace?" I asked anxiously.

"Them that used to lay along outside the foreshore? Where they dredged the gravel? That lot's silted up, these twenty year. They don't get no good fishing now. It's died away."

I said in a great hurry, "Well, I hope this good old ferry does fine, anyhow."

"Nothing doing," he said, quite uncomplainingly. "Not to call anything. All died away. Everything dies away here."

The bow was grating on the gravel. My passage was over. But I hadn't begun, really. And this faded semblance of Jock, with the fire extinct in his eyes, was still sitting on the forward thwart, as though he had nothing to move for, all day, if I cared to ask any more questions. So I did begin then. I said, "Don't you remember me, Jock?"—and it was more an appeal than a question. Even of being forgotten there are degrees, and some of them hurt.

He gave no sign of recognition, nor of living interest; only of polite regret. Jock had always had courtesy. "I see a many people here," he explained. "Leastways I used to."

"Was there any but one," I asked—a little reproachfully, I am afraid, "that you made up to dive off the bridge with?"

It brought no luster into the watery blue of his eyes. "It was that job that done me," he said, but somehow as if it were all a story about somebody else and no matter to Jock.

"Done you?" I felt something pricking me hard. To what sort of worry and bale had I left him that night?

"They called it trespassing," he said. "And assaulting the cops. They gev it me all right, in the police court. The beak said as it was my first time there he'd let me off with a fine. Forty bob. As if I could have 'alf forty bob in me pocket, and me not in regular work! And so they shoved me in the jug."

Even now there was no distress in his voice—only that disquieting apathy. And I had had twice forty bob in my pocket when this Samson, my friend, was shorn for the lack of it! Why on earth had I not thought? Too busy, I suppose, with being happy. I asked ruefully, "You got that job at Spindler's boathouse that he'd promised you?"

"I asked for it," he said, "soon as I come out o' quod. Spindler said the arrangement was off. 'I don't require no convic' labor,' Spindler said. So I had to stick on at the ferry till I could do better. I been sticking on ever since."

We sat silent for a few minutes. The golden day seemed to me to caress Jock's unquerulous face with its luminous and tender mist. Above us, on the towpath, a few of the brown chestnut leaves came whispering down, and a youth loitered by, whistling. He checked for a moment, perhaps just to stare at the two queer old birds sitting dumb in a boat, face to face. Well, he may have thought, what *could* anyone have to say at that age, anyhow? He loitered on, whistling again.

"I'm a family man, Jock," I said. "Very happily married—these thirty-five years. What about you?"

"Me? I had a young lady. She gev me the go when I'd been in the jug. 'I'm not having a husband,' she says, 'as has slep' on the boards.' So she gev me the go." Jock didn't add that it was for her he had risked the plank bedding, any more than he had hinted that I might perhaps have come to his aid.

I sat, wondering at him. I had not seen any containment like his. Was it by the sheer force of a stoical will that he kept down every whine of self-pity which any common person like me would have uttered while raking the little heap of cold ashes left to him by the spent fires of his passionate youth? Or had Jock passed into some curious insensible state of the mind, a sort of opiate ante-

chamber of death, a state in which a man's frustrated life, his lost strength and beauty of body and spirit and all the thwarted love and aspiration of his starved heart may matter no more in his own sight than some sad doings in some remote star? I wondered.

We couldn't sit there all the day. And it was I who must make the move somehow, and try to say the right word, though I could think of nothing but the pity of it and the waste and the way that May-flies and men are given just the one chance and then are utterly done with. I said, pretty lamely, "They were great days."

The hand that I shook while I spoke was a very old man's. For a moment I thought it began to press mine with the warmth of a friend's, while he said, "Aye, I felt like as if I could break the world in them days." But then his hand went slack and he seemed to draw off again into his own dim seclusion. "There ain't no use o' crying, is there, sir?" he said.

I winced at the "sir." It held me away from him, as it were with a stretched arm. So I walked away under the yellow chestnuts, wondering still. Were regrets, those insatiable vultures, still gnawing his liver? Or had they devoured it all—used him up as a bearer of pain and then let him go, a pithed insensible creature, out of reach of all torment or joy? I am wondering now.

TRUCE

BY GEOFFREY JOHNSON

LET us be cowards a little and not climb
Forever the topless heights that soar so cold
Among the stars: for we too early-old
Shall die, and gleams of the unreached sublime
Tinge but our dying eyes. No human hold
Can hurl Death's dark strong angel from the mind.
We touch impassable secrets like a wind
Eternally weary round the peaks untold.
Let's to the valley: we are gray and hard,
Our souls with age-deep thought are glacier-scarred,
But Earth is warm and human in the plain.
There, once more children, let us make our nests,
Sleep in the shadows of her hillock-breasts,
And drink the milk of wisdom-without-pain.

WHAT MAKES A PLAY SUCCEED?

BY SARAH COMSTOCK

IN 1922 a certain New York theatrical producer announced to his colleagues that he was about to stage a most unusual play. He displayed more than ordinary enthusiasm; so much, in fact, that they wanted to read it. They did. The result was an outburst. They declared their friend mad. The piece was impossible. He was an experienced theatrical man; therefore, he must be out of his senses to throw away money on such rubbish. Costly rubbish, too; it called for several high salaries, certain roles would have to be expensively cast.

"I'm going to put it on. It's going to be a success," he responded to all their protests with gentle but canine tenacity.

They held conspiracy to dissuade him. They pressed harder and harder. They were all, like him, theatrical men ripe in experience; if one of their number had gone crazy it was their duty to do everything in their power to save him from the penalty of his own madness. But his canine tenacity obtained. He cast the play.

Rehearsal was called. A group of competent actors assembled to try it out. They read their lines. Politely but firmly they resigned.

"A play about a dirty sewer rat who pops up and down through a manhole in a Paris alley! Thank you, we are at liberty!" they said.

The producer groaned. But his grip held. "What's the matter with you, anyhow, John Golden?" his colleagues demanded. "What do you think you see in trash like that?"

"I see vitamins in it," he replied.

He cast it anew. He rehearsed it until the very stage floor sagged in exhaustion. The curtain at length rose upon "Seventh Heaven," and it ran in New York two years. When I was in the West in 1927 I came upon it in stock company theaters, after its seasons on the road, and it was also in the movies and going strong. It was a story of the most sordid phase of life in that city whose supreme beauty offsets what is perhaps as profound a sordidness as may be found in the world. It depicted a repulsive corner of the city peopled by drunkards, thieves, and prostitutes; its hero was a bastard scavenger and its heroine the sister of a woman of the street who was striving by grossly brutal means to force her into the same way of breadwinning. But the play had vitamins.

I found that statement of a veteran producer both piquant and intriguing. It wouldn't let go of me. It stirred the quest spirit. What, I wondered over and over, is this element within a play, this thing invisible to the naked eye, and so difficult of detection that, in careful laboratory analysis, it may escape even the most experienced and the wisest? By what test is it to be known? Is there any microscope so powerful that it can be counted upon infallibly to discover this elusive constituent part, this thing which both possesses and imparts life, this vital force as intractable to pursuit as the proverbial *pulex irritans?* Whatever it be, like misery it makes strange bedfellows; it is possessed in common by "Hamlet," "Strange Interlude," and "Abie's Irish Rose."

For, understand, this inquiry was in

no wise concerned with the matter of what makes a "good" play. The critics have long since answered that and still they keep on answering it; many run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased. Column after column, week after week, elucidates the problem; and when columns accumulate to a sufficient length they are gathered into volumes, and shelves unnumbered serve the cause of erudition.

No, the problem of vitamins evidently is not identical with that of a play's worth as viewed from a critical standpoint, although there is an overlapping. For instance, at the close of the season 1927–28 one critic lists "the fifteen most worthwhile plays" of this period as: "The Ivory Door," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Coquette," "The Royal Family," "The Taming of the Shrew," "Escape," "And So to Bed," "Porgy," "The Doctor's Dilemma," "Strange Interlude," "An Enemy of the People," "King Henry V," "The Merchant of Venice," "The Plow and the Stars," and "Juno and the Paycock." Some of these were new, some old; no two critics will agree, but on the whole the list probably reflects as fairly as any the average intelligent opinion. And yet several of these failed of great popular success, notably the offerings of the Irish players; whereas the box offices of several theaters ignored by this critic tinkled merrily during these months. At the same time it is to be noted that both the critical and the longest-run lists include "The Ivory Door," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "Coquette," "Porgy," "The Royal Family," and, no doubt, "Strange Interlude," while others had fairly good runs. In six plays, then, the overlapping is complete.

I pursued theatrical men and women. "What," I asked each one, "is the clew to these vitamins? Why does many a good play possess none of them and many a bad play have them aplenty? Why, on the other hand, are they found in some good plays and missing in some bad? Plainly they are not predictable by either direct or inverse deduction. How, then, in the name of wisdom, do you know when a play is going to get over and when it isn't?"

One and all groaned, "We don't. We wish to heaven we did." Mr. Winthrop Ames liberally offered fifty thousand dollars if, in my laboratory adventure, I would find out and tell him. I have long since ceased to picture how I should invest that fifty thousand. But a few jottings from the laboratory notebook may interest others who are curious in this direction.

II

As I wished to confine myself strictly to the scientific approach, I determined first to ascertain precisely what is a vitamin before setting out to isolate that of the drama. But at the outset I was baffled by finding that precisely-what-it-is is precisely what is the matter with it. Nobody knows. To quote from a report of the Smithsonian Institution, a reprint from *Scientia*, volume XXVII:

"Proteins, fats, carbohydrates, salts and water . . . must be present in certain proportions and in sufficient quantities to . . . furnish the energy necessary for activities. But . . . these substances alone are incapable of maintaining life. Something else is required, the chemical nature of which is at present unknown, and it is to these unknown but indispensable accessory substances that the term 'vitamins' has been applied."

Just at that point, I realized, lies the vital problem. The proteins, fats, carbohydrates, and so on which go to make up the bulk of a play are thoroughly understood by experts. They can name glibly the ingredients which, "in certain proportions and in sufficient quantities," must be present for success. A succinct list of these has been formulated by Mr. Martin Mooney, play-reader for a New York producer. In their order of importance he names them: a worthwhile story; the rooting urge (by which is

meant a desire to see the leading character win); a love story that is more than merely talked about; practical motivation (effects rising in a natural and convincing manner from causes); a unique setting; true character drawing; sane dialogue; suspense; and action which pyramids.

So far, so good. Here are the basic elements. But investigation proves that a play may possess every one of them and, nevertheless, its audience may, in theatrical parlance, be left "sitting on their hands," its actors storming agencies again at the end of a gloomy fortnight, and its producer selling stocks which he had meant to hold, in order to meet his loss of thousands. For "something else is required, the chemical nature of which is unknown but indispensable."

The scientist begins with the observation of phenomena instead of concocting his own theories in advance. I would select a recent period, say the past five years, and ascertain what plays during that time have attained the longest runs. This vitamin test, of course, leaves something to be desired; occasionally a play showing little life is artificially stimulated by some prize award perhaps, or undue advertising, or the helpful hand of censorship. Contrariwise, a living, breathing work of art may be crushed out by bad luck. Other elements, too, enter in; it is a fact well known to theatrical men that a depressed stock market drives losers to the amusement houses for escape; whereas prosperity means slow receipts. . . . But, by and large, the proof of the pudding lies in the eating, and, in the absence of a surer test, the voraciousness of the public's appetite must be taken to bear witness to that pudding's abundance of plums.

Sifting the records of New York, then, from the fall of 1923 to the summer of 1928, the list of greatest successes stands thus, including a few which were continued at length from the preceding season:

"Abie's Irish Rose," "Seventh Heaven," "Rain," "Sun Up," "Aren't We All?", "The Nervous Wreck," "The Shame Woman," "The Swan," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "White Cargo," "Spring Cleaning," "The Potters," "Meet the Wife," "Saint Jean," "The Show-Off," "Tarnish," "For All of Us," "Fashion," "Fata Morgana," "Expressing Willie," "Cobra," "Dancing Mothers," "The Miracle," "Pigs," "What Price Glory?", "My Son," "The Firebrand," "Desire Under the Elms," "They Knew What They Wanted," "The Harem," "Ladies of the Evening," "Is Zat So?", "White Collars," "The Guardsman," "The Poor Nut," "The Gorilla," "Cradle Snatchers," "The Jazz Singer," "The Butter and Egg Man," "Craig's Wife," "Young Woodley," "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney," "Laff That Off," "Alias the Deacon," "One of the Family," "The Patsy," "The Green Hat," "The Great God Brown," "Lulu Belle," "The Shanghai Gesture," "What Every Woman Knows," "Sex," "At Mrs. Beam's," "Two Girls Wanted," "Broadway," "The Ladder," "Capensacchi," "The Play's the Thing," "The Squall," "Gertie," "An American Tragedy," "The Constant Wife," "Tommy," "The Barker," "Saturday's Children," "The Road to Rome," "The Spider," "Burlesque," "The Ivory Door," "The Trial of Mary Dugan," "The Shannons of Broadway," "Dracula," "Coquette," "The Command to Love," "Interference," "Porgy," "Paris Bound," "The Royal Family," and "Excess Baggage." "Strange Interlude" will be included, no doubt, later on.

Owing to the rotation rule of the repertory companies, their plays are often removed before they have exhausted their popularity, and their runs cannot fairly be compared with others. Several pieces well remembered, however, have been "Ned McCobb's Daughter," "The Silver Cord," "The Cradle Song," "Three Sisters," "The Dybbuk" (in English), "Granite," "The Doctor's Dilemma," and "An Enemy of the People."

Surely a motley throng passes before us as we gaze. The Paris sewer-rat rubs elbows with the New England puritan. Sadie the outcast, refugee from the law, switches impertinent skirts beside that hypersensitive by-product of civilization, Mrs. Craig. One mother dances giddily to her own emancipation; another clings in desperate apprehension to her big-enough-to-be-married son. A rough, ready, middle-aged and profane army officer, a young southern belle, an ardent lady of the demimonde, a quaint Italian wine-grower, a New York working girl, a myopic college grind—side by side they pass in the procession, innocently skipping, sophisticatedly jazzing, strolling, running, marching, hobbling, each according to his temperament or his legs.

As to place—we leap from a South Sea bower to the grim army headquarters of France. We enter a bacon-scented mountain cabin with one foot and a Long Island drawing-room done in mulberry and blue with the other. Rome, California, or Harlem, all are one to success. Obviously, an interesting background is an asset; but how little it is essential may be seen as soon as one attempts to chase about the map in pursuit of some magic locale. A kitten chasing its tail is not more futile. Both the locale and the tail are occasionally caught, but no sooner is this done than they flicker out of reach again. As Mr. Ames observes, the instant a new background has made a success it is obsolete; the novelty-gorging public has passed on and is looking for another. Let the Kentucky mountains lure its appetite this season, and the public is weary of them the next; by that time it is ready for a cannibal island.

For that matter, most authorities agree that one plain room is background enough provided "the play is there." An experienced actress commented upon two of O'Neill's plays that "'Marco Millions' needed all the setting it could get but 'Strange Interlude' could be done on a bare stage and pack the house." The former she considers little more than a series of pictures, riotously splendid but doomed to die quickly to a pile of ashes like Oriental prints under the match. So perished "Hassan" heralded as "an Arabian Nights thing of sheer beauty." The requisite already listed, of "a unique setting," lies among the proteins and carbohydrates of formula. It does not concern the elusive vitamins.

The plays vary less in period than in setting. The majority are laid in our own time. One, to be sure, slips back to the gold-fever days of the last century, another travels far into the Roman past, but these are exceptions; perhaps vitamins do not submit readily to cold storage. However, most of the failures have been modern, as well as the successes.

As to theme: wherein do the listed plays meet on any common ground? In "The Spider," for instance, we find the most thrilling variety, shock heaped upon shock, nerves keyed to the dizziest pitch, and never a respite. Whereas "They Knew What They Wanted" is a gentle narrative of humdrum happenings in a little ranch house. Here a plotless yarn, there a screaming melodrama. Now an adult slice of life, again the most naïve love story. Action of the most obvious sort—abduction, fighting, robbing, murder—grouped with the action of fine-drawn psychology, to O'Neill's point of removing the lid from a man's mind with as deft a flourish as that of the waiter who uncovers a dish of scrambled eggs.

Even in their ultimate conclusions these themes do not reveal the vitamin secret. The "happy ending" occurs in the majority, but the unhappy is not tabooed. Time was when the latter meant almost sure rejection to a play manuscript. Fortunately, any ending, if logical, now has a hearing. Mr. Ames, however, observes that "a tragedy must be *better* than a comedy if it's going to succeed." A man would rather laugh than weep. Does this apply to woman

—young woman especially? I recall an occasion when, passing through a department store, I stopped to purchase a copy of "Hedda Gabler." The young person selling books had perhaps been taken from the notion counter, or from muslin underwear: her innocence of Ibsen was as yet unpolluted.

"What's that book about?" she inquired as she made out the slip.

I told her briefly, and that it was then being played in town.

"Say, guess I'll get my steady to take me."

"I'm afraid you won't care for it," I felt it fair to warn her. "It ends very sadly. It would leave you weeping."

But her eyes leaped to the prospect of delectable tears. "Say, I'll call him up an' have him get tickets to-day!"

Some will tell you that "sexiness" is necessary to the success of a play. A fallacy. Its attractiveness to many is patent; but recall that hearty comedy, "Pigs." Verily it was written for the entertainment of one's maiden aunt from the New Hampshire farm. . . . Look at that exquisite bit of reality, "The Cradle Song,"—of all the pieces so far produced by Miss Eva Le Gallienne it has proved decidedly the most popular; Broadway begged her to bring it to that sex-sated avenue; and this glimpse of daily life among Spanish nuns is as fragrant and as stainless as an early white violet. A successful producer who had sloganized his "clean plays" chanced to run upon a dull season and, weakening a bit, decided to pretend that he was no better than he should be. He advertised his next venture as "Two Girls Wanted," and it was given out that he "was producing a bedroom comedy at last." The first-nighters arrived to find themselves sold; in the words of one of his staff, "the public was fooled by the ads and we got 'em here. But although the play was clean, it was so entertaining that they forgave it." Here, then, was demonstrated the negative value of both the moral and the immoral *per se*. The play had a more than fair success, although it disappointed both the puritanical and the salacious, the first by its supposed character and the second by its actual.

As to the power of either author's or actor's fame to force a play, investigation shows this to be far less than might be assumed. Doubtless it lends momentum at the start; but it can't keep on pushing. Two young collaborators made a huge success with "What Price Glory?" Their next offering was anticipated as an event; the new piece made a few struggles at the grade, then backed helplessly down hill.

A favorite star, too, in the wrong vehicle may meet a short run. His presence does not insure the presence of vitamins, but the right actor brings them forth if they are there. For instance, I am reminded by Mr. A. H. Woods that "The Shanghai Gesture" failed on the road with Mrs. Leslie Carter but, Florence Reed being given the lead in New York, it prospered. Play and player must fuse to produce the desired results.

III

Deeper and deeper grew the vitamin mystery. The clew was not found in period or scene, in morality or immorality, in type of characters, in style of theme, in thesis, or in the author's or actor's reputation. As for the opinions of those who best know the theater, at first blush they seemed only confusion worse confounded. For my own pondering I set down the essence of several, gleaned in various chats. They represent the most diverse kinds, and concern productions which range from the farcical to the highbrow.

Mr. Arthur Hopkins believes that the onlooker associates himself with the central character and lives his life, thus finding release for repressed desires. If it is to succeed, the play must invite this. This coincides with the theory of many psychologists that in fancy the prudish spinster of the audience becomes the passionate lady of affairs, and thrills

at such becoming the while she feigns horror even to herself. Likewise, the red corpuscles of the stout elderly gentleman who is no longer courted stir once again as he enters into the conquering Hannibal and feels the sway of a young and lovely Grecian body toward his own. The more intense this vicarious emotion, the more vital the drama.

But, no! Such a thing is impossible! cries Mr. Richard Boleslavsky. The onlooker remains himself or herself, not Hannibal or Nina Leeds. "If he wood experience such feeling he wood go mad. He wood jump upon the stage and keel the villain." The spectator is ever the spectator looking on at a bit of life perfected by art. The more highly perfected, the more successful the piece. He is delighted by the vividness of life's imitation. And at this point Mr. Boleslavsky makes a memorable comment: If Mr. George Cohan could play Shakespeare as he plays his own comedies, with the same vividness, it would be great Shakespeare. Shakespeare is alive. The modern stage usually handles him as if he were a science.

Mr. Ames, too, doubts the theory of vicariousness. One portion of the mind may enter in, but the rest looks on, and quite consciously. Audiences know that they are audiences, and, as such, they demand excitement; if there is one fixed law for the drama it is that people must not be bored. But one man's thrill is another man's snore, as it were; "Dracula" produces a physical excitement craved by one type; "The Master Builder" is excitement to another. "It's not the same tickle," but tickle of some sort there must be.

"Humor and a love story are the essentials," says Mr. A. H. Woods. But by "love" he means not necessarily that of lovers, although I find that practically everyone who knows the theater unites in the belief that sex appeal must lie somewhere within a play. "It may be less obvious than formerly, but it must be there," says Mr. Hopkins, and Mr. Ames adds that "courting the pretty girl in a sunbonnet may be obsolete, but the modern play demands her modern successor." Mr. Woods cites "The Trial of Mary Dugan," in which a brother-and-sister love claims first interest. But love of some sort he stresses.

Miss Helen Westley, a prime mover in the Theater Guild whose productions are known for their extremely adult quality, stresses primarily, as a popular value, the love story, the sentimental appeal; it has been present, she says, in all of the Guild's long runs. All forms of love rise from sex, according to her psychology; the mother-and-son love of "The Silver Cord" is merely a variation of the sex theme. . . . Mr. Alfred Lunt, leading man of the same Guild, claims the necessity of action, force, movement; the *play* above all.

Mr. John Golden frankly cries, "I don't know the secret! Ask the inexperienced. I've been in the gamble too long. I know enough to know that I don't know anything." To be sure, his divining rod worked when it led to "Seventh Heaven," but it must have been out of commission when it pointed to "A Holy Terror." "It's magnetism makes a play go—the same quality that certain persons have. It's a piece of God, maybe."

Miss Eva Le Gallienne talked of "The Cradle Song" which took on vitamins after failing in an uptown production. Its earlier director had perhaps been unfamiliar with convent life; he had fancied it solemn, had permitted no humor in the acting. Miss Le Gallienne, knowing that the nuns of Spain play like children, directed this charm brought out to the full. The Sisters' anxiety as to whether the bride will be seasick on her voyage to far America; if she should have colic the groom must be sure to administer a teaspoonful of hot milk with rum—all these touches of amusing realism suddenly brought to life "The Cradle Song." And yet the fact that comedy achieved this result in a particular case reveals no universal secret. Miss Le Gallienne's second success has

been "Three Sisters," that gray Russian study of human frustration. To her mind, the play that reaches the public is the one "based upon a fundamental truth presented truthfully."

Even to the psychiatrists I turned for illumination. Dr. Frederick Peterson discussed the value of resting the professional area of the brain, of using another area for a change; tonic is in direct proportion to the amount of change. But this does not reveal why one play administers that tonic and another fails. Dr. Beatrice Hinkle believes that the play best liked is that in which the spectator sees himself or his friends in objectivity most truly depicted. "Cradle Snatchers," she recalled, amused women for this reason; men did not like it.

IV

In all this mêlée of discussion, this highly interesting but somewhat chaotic mass of opinion, what light was cast upon those "unknown but indispensable accessories"? Every one of the authorities had begun by declaring that there is no sure test by which a play's success can be predicted; thereupon each had proceeded to expound exactly why successes succeed and failures fail. They had shed pearls of wisdom; but the longer I pondered, the more these pearls seemed rolling about my feet in every direction while I ran after them, striving as in a nightmare to pick them up and string them, and the string always snapped and away they rolled again. I was seized with a desire to escape all wisdom. If I could get away from it, could reduce the problem to something instinctive and elemental, I wondered, might I make at least a step toward its solution?

The matter turned over and over in my thoughts. All at once from the haze of years a memory emerged. I was again in San Francisco; the curtain before me was about to rise upon "Trilby," and beside me sat a girl in her teens, quivering with excitement at the prospect of "seeing" for the first time a genuine professional play. She was highly intelligent. She was totally blind.

The performance was more or less jaded, nevertheless it marked a red-letter day for me. All the electricity that Du Maurier put into that old story passed through this girl into me. Having attended amateur theatricals once or twice, she knew how to proceed. "Read me the whole program," she instructed me, "then, when each character comes on, tell me who it is."

Carefully I obeyed. "Taffy," I would whisper, or "The Laird." "Big. Whiskers. Red ones." "She's tall. Beautiful." "He takes long strides."

So we progressed. But, as soon as each voice and physical aspect was registered in her mind the whispering ceased. With riveted concentration she followed the play, never once mistaking a character. So intensive was her "watching" that I had a feeling she might have recited the play through at its close.

How she vibrated to that old drama! She laughed, she trembled, she wept, she seized my hand in suspense, she triumphed, she plunged to despair, she feared, she gloried. It played upon her as if she were some creature just born into this world, virgin to its every reaction.

Later on we talked it over. Just what, I tried to make out, had taken such hold upon her.

"The people. And the things that happened because they were those people. Because they sparked."

The frolics, the weird hypnotic adventure, the struggle to escape, the conflict of temperaments, the love—these were the "things that happened because they were those people." Personality, then, and the action arising therefrom. But how did these characters "spark"?

Questioning brought forth the fact that one of the few memories of sight left from her early childhood was of a boy who would shuffle across a rug, then touch her; sparks flashed and prickled at his touch. Ever since then certain per-

sons had appeared to her sightlessness as giving forth sparks like that, while others were devoid of them. For her Trilby, Svengali, and the famous three possessed life, and the play took it from them because they were the sort who, by shuffling across the rug, could produce these. The shuffling, note, was a requisite. The static fails. A painting of a beautiful woman in one shop window may wait unnoticed; a crowd will gather before the next window where a colored maid is endlessly making up a newly patented bed.

As my mind drifted back over that curiously incongruous list of plays which, beyond others in some cases more commendable, have persisted in living for a time, at least, it seemed to me that in every one there was at least one character who sparked. Did "Sun Up" possess anything remarkable in plot, for instance? Spots of melodrama, spots of sentimentality. The background was not novel. And although I daresay its director firmly believes to this day that its vitamins largely inhered in the literal whiffs of smoking bacon and coffee that permeated the house, I for one prefer these whiffs at my own breakfast table. But that old clay-pipe-smoking woman who hated the law as a primitive being hates the God whom he conceives a Power with a Club had only to shuffle one foot over the rug and the whole play began to spark.

Why did "The Road to Rome" run on and on? Because the saucy treatment of the classics was new to the stage? Because of its salty repartee? Because of suspense, the rooting urge, and all the rest of the carbohydrates and proteins? Partly, but these alone would have fallen. But those figures of the conquest-weary ruler stormed by his own passion; of the woman who locked a door upon her own emotions while she pushed forward her ironic gayety—bad or good, these sparked.

Propriety, impropriety, badness, goodness, as we know them are plainly all one to this electric power. Sadie Thompson gayly, lovably, tragically, guiltily crackles throughout "Rain" with sparks so brilliant as to erase the weather. Through the profanity, the licentiousness of an army officer in the world's most brutal war we felt this power alive from beginning to end of "What Price Glory?" The play roused the indignation of the reactionary, who called it unjust, even libelous; and it packed the house. Look at Mrs. Cheyney; what has the average dully harmless citizen in common with that unscrupulously deft lady? Outwardly, little enough; but Mrs. Cheyney sparked, and, as always with such a person, she stirred responsive sparks in us. Vitamins both possess and impart life.

Nevertheless, even virtue of the most established and esteemed type may be equally alive. Did ever youthful purity shine whiter than that of Teresa, adopted darling of the nuns? Yet she had hardly cast off her cradle when her sparking became a veritable electric battery, vitalizing the entire convent.

Approaching "Abie's Irish Rose," I pause at the thresholds of those East Side households portrayed here which drew New York for unprecedented years. Its record-devastating history will always remain largely unexplained. The play was the butt of critics, it was accounted the triumph of all that was bourgeois. The would-be intellectuals either cried aloud upon its lowbrowness or disclaimed having seen it at all. Some of the real intellectuals, unafraid, dropped in as time wore on, driven by curiosity; they were too sure of their position to fear admitting that "there must be *some*thing." There was. Censure it as you will; call it a stupid, common picture of stupid, common persons; say—and truly—that its jokes had long ago been worn threadbare by every drummer on his rounds; still you will admit that some incorrigible vitality inhered in Abie, in his Rose, and in those two old men jealously hanging their rival gifts for the mutual grandchild on opposite sides of the Christmas tree.

As to analysis of vitamins, I am as far from it as ever. Perhaps the chemists and physicists of the future can deal with them when their laboratories have dissected the soul of man. But this much seems certain: while one may *think* the proteins, fats, and so forth of the drama, he cannot *think* the vitamins. He can only see the flash, feel the tingle. These "unknown but indispensables" are of a nature with the human spirit in its ceaseless pressing on through love and laughter and sin and remorse and joy and hope and agony toward some unproved but sensed destiny. They may be bad or good, it would appear, or beautiful or ugly, or happy or sad; but always they are self-urged relentlessly forward, always they spark.

One suggestion I should like to offer to producers. Since in much pondering lieth confusion, and from much knowledge doth confoundment spring, why not try out a new production on an intelligent person who is both ignorant of the theater and blind? The blind are often uncanny in their seeing. Perhaps their eyes could detect the vitamins.

METHUSELAH SAW MANY REPEATERS

BY CARL SANDBURG

METHUSELAH was a witness to many cabbages and kings,
Many widows of the sod and many grass widows,
Many a mother-in-law, many a triangle of one woman and two men or one man and two women,
Many who died hungry and crying for their babies, many who died hungry and no babies at all to cry for.

Methuselah must have lived eight hundred years or a thousand or two hundred years.
Methuselah was an old man when he died, and you, if you see what Methuselah saw,
You will be an old man or an old woman when you die.

Repeat it: Methuselah saw many cabbages and kings, he was a witness, a looker-on like me, like you.
Repeat it: Methuselah was an old man, he saw much before he was through, and you or I, if we see what Methuselah saw, if we see it all before we are through,
You and I shall be old, old as Methuselah, old with our looking on at cabbages and kings, widows of the sod and the grass, triangles, and people with babies to cry for and no babies at all to cry for.
Repeat it: Methuselah was a witness of repeating figures, sea patterns in the sea sand, land patterns of the land wind. Methuselah was a witness, a looker-on like me, like you.

GANDHI AND HIS SPINNING WHEEL

BY JOHN JESUDASON CORNELIUS

AMONG the numerous contributions Mahatma Gandhi has made to India's national regeneration nothing seems so unintelligible to the Americans as his persistent and enthusiastic advocacy of hand spinning and weaving, in this age of mechanism and capitalistic industrialism, as the means of freeing India from her economic serfdom. Even those who admire him most and deeply sympathize with him confess themselves unable to understand this panacea of his for India's maladies. In view of the general misunderstanding in the West in regard to the economic aspect of the Gandhi Movement, the writer seeks to interpret not only the why and the wherefore of the hand-loom in Gandhi's program, but what it has actually accomplished in the economic reconstruction of his native land within the all too brief period of seven years of its operation in the teeth of overwhelming odds.

Many Western tourists, after their first visit to the industrialized Bombay, get the impression that the industrial revolution on Western lines has already been accomplished in India. Such impression is both misleading and mistaken, since Bombay is not typical of India any more than New York City is of the United States. The geographical conditions, such as a magnificent harbor which is the only important haven in an immense coastline running from Karachi in the north to Cape Comorin in the south, its proximity to the mountain range—the Western Ghats against which the southwestern monsoon inevitably breaks, making possible water supply for electric power—and other like advantages have greatly facilitated the development of Western industrialism in Bombay. But such conditions are exceptional rather than typical.

While there are a few such industrial cities in India, the truth of the matter is that Western industrialism has not yet affected even one per cent of India's teeming millions. Nearly seventy-five per cent of the population still live directly on the soil, and at least fifteen per cent more by occupations closely allied to agriculture. It is because India is still agricultural that there are 685,665 villages in the whole of India, while there are hardly two thousand towns and hamlets with a population of five thousand and over. Thus, the population being rural, the village still remains not only an important factor in India's economic organization, but also the very basis of her culture and civilization.

Since agriculture has played an incredibly important part in the economy of the country, India's industrialism developed mostly as supplementary to agriculture. Contrary to the commonly held opinion that India has given herself up solely to religious meditation and philosophical speculation, India in the course of her history has made many valuable contributions to practical arts, music, ship-building, architecture, textile industries, etc. It must be kept in mind, however, that India's industrialism of that period was the natural outcome of Indian character molded by her religious ideals and determined by her material and regional resources. Under

such conditions cottage industries flourished and commanded the markets of the world, so much so that even up to the eighteenth century India supplied Europe with all the cotton she used.

But what has happened since then to prosperous India? A good portion of her hoarded wealth must, of course, have disappeared through alien looters, as India was subjected to frequent foreign invasions. But what has really proved most disastrous to the economic welfare of the masses is the disappearance of the industrial India. Of all those who sought trade relations with India in the early days of Europe's commercial expansion, the British East India Company and, later, the establishment of British rule, have proved most pernicious from the standpoint of India's industrial and social organization. That deliberate steps were taken by the servants of the Company to destroy the indigenous industries of the people in order to make room for British manufacturers has been acknowledged, not infrequently, by English writers themselves.

That even now England's policy in India has not greatly changed is evident from the utterance of Sir Joynson-Hicks, Home Secretary in Mr. Baldwin's Cabinet. Only a little over two years ago he declared: "We did not conquer India for the benefit of the Indians. I know it is said in missionary meetings that we conquered India to raise the level of the Indians. That is cant. We conquered India by the sword and by the sword we should hold it. . . . I am not such a hypocrite as to say that we are holding it for the Indians. We hold it as the finest outlet for British goods in general and Lancashire cotton goods in particular." Could the Indian cotton industry flourish under the operation of such British policy?

It must be noted that it is this very important industry, which the British have killed, that Gandhi is struggling to revive. How vitally the cotton industry was related to the very existence of many millions is seen from the facts that cotton is not only India's universal need and a natural Indian product, but also the only available cottage industry to most of the people. Since agriculture in itself, as practiced in India, is insufficient to yield a real livelihood, the majority of the agriculturists depended on the cotton industry to supplement their otherwise meager income. Furthermore, it provided employment when the cultivators were forced to remain idle during the dry months of the year. If protection is ever necessary, it could never have been more so than in the case of Indian cotton. And yet how was so important an industry handled by the British?

Instead of providing protection to an industry which was so essential to the life of the masses, our British "benefactors" went to the other extreme of imposing an excise duty in order to enable Lancashire merchants to undersell the Indian manufacturers. The effectiveness of England's destructive policy is seen in the fact that while in 1813 Calcutta exported cotton goods to London to the value of ten million dollars within less than two decades, in 1830 Calcutta imported manufactured cotton goods of the value of ten million dollars. Thus an important industry was crushed and with it millions of agriculturists were reduced to poverty and starvation. The incoming flow of foreign trade, greatly facilitated by the alien rulers, soon engulfed and submerged the enfeebled industries. The whole internal economy was thus thrown out of gear, and to-day the industrial helplessness of India is so great that, despite her wealth of natural endowments, there is no other country on earth so dependent on the foreign manufacturer for the necessaries of life.

The destruction of the indigenous industries created an occupationless class and forced it back on agriculture — the only industry open to it. Further, it deprived the agriculturists also of their subsidiary industries. The destruction of the indigenous industries in itself

would not have fallen so heavily upon the masses if those deprived of their hereditary employment had not been forced back on the already over-taxed agriculture. No doubt such maladjustment could have been prevented, but only by starting other industries in the place of those destroyed. Yet could such assistance in India's economic development be expected from a self-seeking alien government? Subsidiary industries became a necessity in India since the seasonal conditions, the normal dryness of the soil, and the enforced idleness make agriculture an exceedingly precarious occupation. Hence their destruction naturally meant less income for each cultivator from the agricultural out-turn because of the increased agricultural population, and meant also his living on this already reduced income during the four months of unemployment. Under such conditions how can a country ever escape severe poverty?

II

In the face of such grinding poverty the only problem, says Gandhi, that every lover of India and humanity has to consider is how best to devise means of alleviating India's wretchedness and misery. The population depending on agriculture—one hundred and sixty times as large as the wage-earning population—is practically unemployed for at least four months in the year and, therefore, obliged to live on the borderland of starvation. Can a scheme of irrigation or any other agricultural improvement that human ingenuity can conceive, he asks, deal with a population so vastly scattered, or provide work for so large a majority which is constantly thrown out of employment?

To state it in another way: four-fifths of India's teeming millions must inevitably live on agriculture; but they cannot live on agriculture without some other means of supplementing their income. Can their problem be solved merely by increasing the number of mills and machinery, even if it were possible to grow them like mushrooms? Multiplication of mills, answers Gandhi, cannot help to solve the problem, since they exist primarily for profits. They will not help to distribute among the two hundred and fifty millions of suffering agriculturists the many millions of rupees which are now being spent on importing foreign cotton goods. Mills can only cause concentration of labor and wealth, and thus make confusion worse confounded. The real problem of how to supplement the slender resources of these masses to prevent starvation can only be solved, Gandhi maintains, by cottage industry, and that industry is hand spinning.

He has pitched upon cotton industry because at present India stands third in the world in cotton production; in the second place, it is the cheapest, the easiest, and the only available industry to the greatest number of people. In the third place, cotton is India's universal need. In fact, India's largest foreign import to-day is cotton goods. While Asia has been the most important market for Western export of cotton yarn and piece goods, India has been by far the most important among the Asiatic markets. Most of the eighty per cent of the British pre-war production of yarn and cloth was exported to Oriental markets, and among them India was the chief market. In 1920–21 India imported five hundred and ten million dollars' worth of cotton goods, every yard of which, Gandhi holds, might have been made in India. And what is more, to pay for these cotton goods, which we should be producing ourselves, and for other goods we do not need, we are sending out of India rice and wheat for the want of which millions are dying of starvation. By purchasing foreign cotton goods at this rate we deprive the Indian weaver and spinner of that amount from year to year without offering him any other work in exchange. When such deprivation is tolerated from year to year and from decade to decade, is it

any wonder if one-tenth of the population is forced to live below the level of subsistence?

How, then, shall we prevent this abject poverty of the masses? Only by preventing this annual drain of millions of rupees and the exportation of rice and wheat which the starving masses need. This can be done only by distributing work and wealth in myriads of homes in the simplest way imaginable through the revival of the spinning and weaving industry.

The stupendous problem with which Mahatma Gandhi is concerned is the poverty of the masses, and from that he views the futility of the machinery to solve it. "I would favor the use of the most elaborate machinery, if thereby India's pauperism and resulting idleness could be avoided. I have suggested hand spinning as the only ready means of driving away penury and making famine of work and wealth impossible." Recently in one of his addresses in southern India he declared, "Burn that wheel if you find a better substitute. This is the one and only work which can supply the needs of the millions without disturbing them from their homes." Granting then that hand spinning is the only panacea for India's ills, how is the spinning industry to be revived?

Under the British policy which operates in India it is futile to expect protection or assistance in the revival of any indigenous industry which may be contrary to British interests. Therefore, some leaders think that patriotism of the Indian people should do what in other self-governing countries might be done through a protective preference. Indeed, it is the patriotic emphasis that brought about the powerful swadeshi movement in 1905. While Gandhi admits that protective tariff, whether imposed by a government or by the patriotic impulse of a people, has its place in the protection of indigenous industries, he emphatically declares that this will not solve the poverty of the masses. This problem can be solved only by the revival of the spinning industry and, if it is to be revived, then, Gandhi maintains, a change in the national taste must be brought about. To this end he calls on every citizen to take the swadeshi vow, which runs thus: "With God as my witness, I solemnly declare that from to-day I shall confine myself for my personal requirements to the use of cloth manufactured in India from Indian cotton, silk, and wool; and I shall altogether abstain from using foreign cloth in my possession." Further, Mahatma Gandhi required all the members of the Indian National Congress to spin a little every day during spare hours, and made spinning and the use of khaddar a part of the Congress program.

Thus Gandhi's spinning wheel began to hum in 1920. The white caps made of khadi, known as Gandhi caps, were worn by men, rich and poor, high and low, and they made the streets look like fields of white poppy in blossom. An intensive program of boycott of foreign goods was also initiated. Bonfires of foreign cloth were seen here and there. Beyond such demonstrations, one asks, what has the spinning wheel accomplished? What has it really contributed to village economics in this brief period of its trial?

It is difficult to appraise the success of any movement in so short a period. Moreover, Gandhi's offer of the spinning wheel as the panacea for India's troubles seemed so absurd that it was nearly three years before the movement took root, and even then people saw only dimly below the surface of Gandhi's plan and purpose. Hence it was that though the Charka (the spinning wheel) was claiming the serious consideration of the thoughtful, it was not until 1923 that khadi came to be produced in any conspicuous quantity. To-day, the spinning wheel is a household word, and spinning and weaving bid fair to take their place once again as the popular industries of India.

How much the spinning wheel has accomplished thus far may be gathered from the carefully prepared report of the

All-India Spinning Association. According to the recent report which is before me, I find that while in 1920 there was hardly any khadi produced, four years later in 1924 there was Rs. 949,348 (Rupee = about 33 cents) worth of khadi. In 1926 there was Rs. 2,376,670 worth of khadi produced throughout India. The sales of khadi during the year 1926 amounted to Rs. 2,800,000 and the total capital investment of the All-India Spinning Association amounts to Rs. 1,800,000.

Through the energetic efforts of this Association numerous Branch Associations are being established throughout India for the promotion of the spinning industry. In Madras Presidency alone already thirty-five Branch Associations have been organized in towns and important villages. And these Branch Associations in turn serve a number of surrounding villages. Just one Branch Association, for instance, in Tiruchengodu, known as Gandhi Ashram, serves one hundred and ten villages and 1,622 spinners are employed by it. This Branch alone produced from March, 1925, to April, 1927, khadi worth Rs. 169,247.

It is interesting to observe how smaller villages away from railway stations and sales depots are served by a Branch organization. For such purpose a motor lorry fitted with shelves and provided with handy compartments for the arrangement of different kinds and qualities of khadi, is used most effectively. It is so equipped that the moment the side doors are flung open the lorry becomes a veritable shop on wheels. This, fully loaded, travels with its driver and one salesman to distant villages, and supplies the villagers with all sorts of homespun cotton cloth to meet their several needs and requirements.

There are now one thousand five hundred villages in all which are being served by an army of more or less educated workers. The spinners and other workers include Brahmins, Kshatriyas, Vaisyas, Sudras, the so-called Untouchables, Mussulmans, Christians, Parsis, Sikhs, in fact every caste and creed. It must also be noted that the music of the Charka is bringing back to life other allied occupations, such as dyeing, weaving, printing, carding, etc., which were in a precarious condition.

Among the many organizations which have come into being for the promotion of khadi one finds several women's organizations. Out of the various departments of activity conducted by women the one that deserves special mention is the Rashtriya Stree Sabha of Bombay. This Sabha, in order to make khadi popular among the well-to-do classes, provides it with embroidery and other fancy work. There are three hundred women who earn a daily wage in this department and help to increase the family income.

The call of the Charka has rallied round its banner many volunteer workers. Several lawyers, doctors, and professors have given up their professional careers and taken to this work. In Satis Chandra Das Gupta and Profulla Chandra Ghosh, Bengal has given to this national service two of the most brilliant students of the world-famous Indian Chemist, Sir P. C. Ray. Gupta attained distinction by building up Sir P. C. Ray's Chemical Works. Ghosh had been Assistant Assayer in the Government Mint. Both of them, leaving their lucrative posts, have consecrated their talents and energy to the promotion of khadi. Sir P. C. Ray himself is an indefatigable worker in its cause. Besides the one thousand paid workers, there are many such unpaid volunteers engaged in this work of reconstruction. The increased co-operation and enthusiasm, the ever-increasing production of khadi, and the need to arouse popular interest in the movement have made it necessary to hold from time to time exhibitions of the work done.

III

Since 1920 it has become customary to hold an All-India Khadi Exhibition

when the Indian National Congress is in session, and it has now come to be a great source of inspiration and education. The last Exhibition held in Madras was opened by Mahatma Gandhi himself in December, 1927. Samples of khadi produced in different parts of India, from rough to the finest cloth, including Assam silk and Kashmir woollen were on exhibition. The distinctive modes of khadi implements, improved spinning wheels, and other machinery were displayed. Expert spinners and weavers from different parts of the country were invited to exhibit their skill and teach the technic of fine production. To encourage people of all walks of life to spin and weave, a rare collection of self-spun khaddar by well-known men and women, by individuals of position and rank, was placed on show. This section contained, among many interesting articles, a pair of leather sandals with the inscription: "Leather sandals. Gandhiji's handiwork in South Africa." There were on exhibition yarn also spun by Gandhi when he was in Yaravda jail and during his seven days' and twenty-one days' fasts.

A choice collection of photographs and pictures relating to khadi organization, and village life connected with the Charka, maps and charts illustrating the progress of the Spinning Wheel Movement, cartoons and sketches dealing with khadi life formed a special feature of the Exhibition. Prominent khadi workers and organizers from the various provinces held classes and gave lectures based upon their rich experience as to how to organize Branch Associations and Sales Depots, how to promote the use of khadi, and encourage home spinning. Khadi merchants from the Punjab, Bombay, Behar, Bengal, Carnatak, Andra, Tamilnad, and other parts of India had put up about fifty stalls and stocked and displayed nearly Rs. 200,000 worth of khadi of different qualities and varieties.

Among the many sections of the Exhibition, the Khadi Experimental Section was one of the most interesting. Here were shown the unique regional contributions to khadi production. In one section the Masulipatam Branch showed the process of cloth printing by means of wooden blocks, as well as designs by means of wax and mica. So also the Punjab Branch displayed the art of printing pictures and designs on cloth. Table-cloths and carpets were woven out in various designs, and pictures were printed on them. This printing was done, as elsewhere, by means of mold impressions, but the coloring was done exquisitely with the help of a hand brush. The introduction of this process of printing and designs has given hand-spinning a great impetus. There were many other such illuminating demonstrations of new experiments in khadi production and the revival of India's ancient arts and crafts.

Among the Sales Depots on the Exhibition grounds one of the most important exhibits calculated to change the national taste and demand was the one which demonstrated to the rich and the middle classes the different ways in which khaddar may be used. It showed how the furniture in the home of the rich could be decorated with khaddar. There were also on display many varieties of heavy khaddar with attractive designs for floor covering.

For the promotion of interest in and of the sale and use of khaddar, the All-India Spinners Association, which within a short period of its existence has become effective enough and strong enough to organize so extensive an exhibition as the Madras Exhibition, publishes a newspaper known as *Khadi Patrika*. It publishes also a khadi catalog giving important specimens of homespun cloth; further, the Association serves as a bureau of information regarding khaddar. In order to encourage the use of khaddar, it has organized the Khadi Sangathan; membership in it besides providing other privileges, entitles one to a slight reduction on every rupee's worth of khaddar bought from the Bhander.

To what an extent the Charka is slowly but surely gaining ground is seen from the fact that while in 1913 India imported from Great Britain 17,719 metric tons of cotton yarn and thread, in 1925 she imported only 7,992 metric tons. As for cotton piece goods, in 1913 India imported 253,456 metric tons, while in 1925 the import was only 122,213, which is less than half of the import of 1913. Rightly does the British Economist, Prof. J. H. Jones of Leeds, observe in writing on the Cotton Industry that "imports of cotton manufactures into Asia not only from Great Britain but also from all other countries have fallen" and that "the heaviest absolute fall in exports has taken place in the trade with India." (*The Accountant*, London, Feb. 4, 1928.)

Another interesting point to note in this connection is that when Gandhi set the boycott of British goods in motion India was not quite prepared to meet her own demands herself; and the result was that while British goods were boycotted, the non-British trade was patronized. But now that the Charka is at work, India's attitude towards the consumption of even non-British goods is also changing.

A very clear note outlining this policy of the Congress was struck in his presidential address by Doctor Ansari last December. With reference to the boycott of foreign goods he declared:

> Under the present circumstances, I have no doubt the Congress will come to the unanimous decision that as a political sanction behind our demand for Swaraj, we shall strictly and ruthlessly boycott all British goods. But the economic interests of India require that we should proceed a step further. We should boycott all foreign goods, which would in any wise compete with Indian manufactures. India gains nothing economically by purchasing continental and American substitutes, sometimes inferior to British goods. The Congress should, as early as possible, appoint an expert committee which will organize this boycott, and make it thoroughly effective; so that the emphatic refusal to take any article of British manufacture will serve our political purpose, and the exclusion, as far as possible, of all foreign goods, will serve our economic purpose. I have reserved khaddar for special mention. Thanks to the untiring efforts of Mahatmaji and his noble band of workers, the movement is imperceptibly and steadily expanding. Well-wishers of our country would desire most heartily for its further expansion and growth. The faith of the country in Mahatmaji's favourite program is being every day increased, as is evidenced by the immense and steady strides the movement is taking.

Such unequivocal statement of the policy clearly indicates that Gandhi's economic program has found general acceptance, that it is proving its worth in a practical way. And now the goal of the Indian National Congress itself is to make spinning and the use of khaddar universal in India and to bring about a complete and effective boycott of foreign goods in order to improve the economic condition of India.

IV

Gandhi is a man of the masses, and it should not be forgotten that he burns with a passion to uplift them out of their poverty and degradation. The contagion of his influence is now spreading. Not only individual workers, but the Indian National Congress itself has come under his powerful influence. Everything that can be done is being done now to make khaddar more popular and boycott more effective. The facts that the country, impoverished by the inroads of foreign manufactures on its old industries for a period of a century and a half or more, is unable to support its population with the necessaries of life, that the sacred right of the people to legislate in regard to their own affairs is withheld from them, and that the agriculturists can live only if they are provided with subsidiary occupation compel Gandhi to plead earnestly with every citizen not to forget his duty towards his impoverished country and poverty-stricken peo-

ple. He is constantly reminding everyone that by the use of any foreign-made article which one wears or uses instead of which an Indian-made article might be worn or used one is taking away the bread from the mouths of the starving millions of India. Therefore, Swadeshism, according to Gandhi, is that spirit which compels us to think of those millions and serve them disinterestedly. Helpful service can be rendered to them, says he, only by using goods produced by them and by helping to make their industries more efficient and more complete.

The negative aspect of the Swadeshi Movement is, of course, the boycott. But the Gandhi Movement must not be considered, as it is generally understood in the West, as a boycott movement. If Mahatma Gandhi abhors anything, it is the idea of vengeance implied in boycott. One should, therefore, bear in mind this distinction. "I think of Swadeshi," says Gandhi, "not as a boycott movement undertaken by way of vengeance. I conceive it as a religious principle to be followed by all." In fact, Gandhi has made Swadeshi a religious discipline—a rule of life to be undergone in utter disregard of the physical discomfort it may cause individuals. Why? Because two hundred and fifty millions of India's population are bordering on starvation. India can live only if she produces and is helped to produce everything for her requirements within her own borders. The Swadeshi aims, therefore, at the production in India of those articles which are at present imported from abroad; and the boycott means nothing more nor less than the mere discontinuance of the consumption of foreign goods in the interest of the starving millions of India.

The Charka is thus presented by Gandhi as a symbol, not of commercial war, but of commercial peace. It bears not a message of ill-will towards the nations of the earth but of good-will and self-help. It needs not the protection of a navy threatening a world's peace and exploiting its natural resources, but only of the religious determination to spin their yarn in their own homes. Gandhi's central idea in the Spinning Wheel Movement is to utilize the idle hours of India's starving masses and to help them by natural processes to get rid of their growing pauperism. Since the loss of the spinning wheel has meant India's economic serfdom, asserts Gandhi, its revival must mean her economic emancipation.

The facts that America could not maintain herself without a high protective tariff imposed by the government, and that no Swadeshi movement resting on religious or voluntary basis could possibly succeed in any European country, never shook Mahatmaji's faith in the Indian people nor his unbounded faith in God. His program calls for unlimited personal sacrifices. To the peoples of the West there is a minimum line of comfort below which they cannot go. But in India there is no such line, and the Indian power to abstain is practically without a limit. While the people of India have proved themselves weaker than those of the West in certain kinds of co-operation and self-defense, they have, however, proved themselves all through their history to be vastly superior in certain qualities, such as self-surrender to a moral ideal, the ability to endure all the deprivations and discomforts for a religious principle, and the power to renounce worldly goods and tempting luxuries.

India was trained through her religious philosophy and education for a struggle in which there is no force to uphold the act against temptations of self-indulgence, of comfort, and of individual selfishness save that of human will and conscience. The working of the spinning wheel means the tapping of these spiritual resources of India and awakening her children to the consciousness of the wealth of self-control and self-direction handed down to her by generations of austere ancestors. From this point of view the message of the Charka,

in spite of its bringing about important and vital economic consequences, is, above all, a supremely spiritual message.

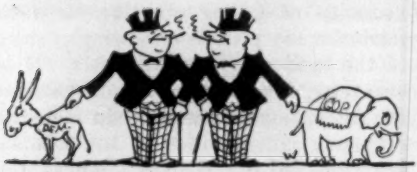
With his spinning wheel Gandhi is challenging not so much the Western world as that India which is seeking blindly to adopt Westernism. He is pointing out clearly that capitalistic industrialism is the logical outcome of Western temperament and genius, that it is designed for large-scale production not for use merely but for profits, that it results in over-production and, consequently, in forced consumption and an unscrupulous scramble for foreign markets, and that it is cruelly unfavorable to the Indian masses since it enables the few who possess the means of production to exploit the many. He points out further that Western industrialism, which requires a huge array of machinery driven by mechanical power and which necessitates the aggregating of vast numbers of human beings to perform for a fixed wage so much of the operation as cannot be performed by the machine itself, is something alien to the genius of the Indian people.

India's temperament and genius, on the other hand, are more suited to a simple life than to a complex one. Her thought, habits, and character are better adapted to cottage industries than to machine grind, to craftsmanship than to factory production. Hence Gandhi warns India to be careful in her industrial readjustment, to face seriously the problem of how to bring about an economic development that would withstand the penetration of Western capitalism with its virulent evils. Without adopting wholesale the industrialism of the West, and without leaving the artisan to struggle in splendid isolation, he is making India seek a *via media*.

In spite of the many obstacles to its progress, the Charka is gaining ground. By its hum it is arousing a widespread interest in the condition of the masses; organizations for the improvement of their status are being established all over India. Many schemes are being worked out for the economic reconstruction of the villages. Rural schools are being organized with an agricultural-industrial bias. It is succeeding in focussing the attention of the public and the Government, as never before, on the urgent necessity of taking effective steps to minimize the periods of unemployment of the millions of agriculturists. It is also providing a new means of relief for the famine-stricken areas. In fact, the economic potentialities of the Charka have now led the Madras Ministry, the governments of Mysore and of Bengal to accept the spinning wheel as one of the very effective means for relieving the unemployed. Furthermore, the spinning wheel is reviving many allied industries, thus providing occupation for many thousands. And even the cotton mill industry, which was unable before the war to meet one-third of the demand, is now meeting more than half of India's requirements. In short, the Charka is cultivating in the people a national taste for and a keen interest in India's handicrafts.

The spiritual contribution of the spinning wheel is the bond it is creating between the classes and the masses by its unfailing appeal to personal sacrifice and disinterested service in relieving the indescribable suffering of the helpless millions and to such commercial cooperation as would eventually lead to universal peace. Under the inspiring leadership of Mahatma Gandhi, and by the compelling power of his personal life, the spinning wheel has really come to mean the spirit of swadeshism—a swadeshism of indigenous everything, of arts and letters, of industries and religions. The Charka, within the seven years of its operation, has gained the confidence of the people to such an extent as to be considered the symbol for India's emancipation from her cultural, political and economic serfdom.

The Lion's Mouth



BIGGER AND BETTER ISSUES

BY FREDERICK LEWIS ALLEN

THE crying need of American politics to-day is bigger and better party issues. All our best people agree about this, so it must be so. The professors of political economy inform us regretfully that in the absence of great party issues which will drive the public permanently into two angry camps, our parties are empty shams, our campaigns are hollow mockeries, and our whole political life is in a condition of pernicious anæmia. The gentlemen who write books on *Some Aspects of Democracy* and *Whither America?* and things like that are driven almost to tears by the fact that you can no longer distinguish a Republican from a Democrat. The liberal editors can knock off a thousand words a day—and do—on The Deplorable Failure of Our Platform Makers. The party platforms, it seems, are as Tweedledum and Tweedledee, and this is terrible. Why, the 1928 platforms both came out for law enforcement and both promised to aid the farmer! What hope is there for our great experiment in self-government, the editorials ask us, when things like that happen? If one of the platforms had come out for general anarchy and the total extermination of farmers, there would be something to get into good rousing fist-fights about and we shouldn't have this shocking apathy. Apathy? Why, half the time you can't even get out the vote nowadays: do you realize that since 1876 the proportion of registered voters actually voting has dropped from something per cent to something else per cent? There may be an encouraging flare-up of interest this year on account of Al Smith's views on prohibition, but you can't count on its being permanent—not with so many dry Democrats and wet Republicans kicking round. No, they say, if things go on this way much longer our sacred institutions will stop instituting and we shall go the way of ancient Rome.

It must be so, as they all agree that it is. Sometimes, I will admit, I have my doubts. I compare the country with my family, which also has to be run by mutual consent, and wonder if we should be much happier if we were divided by momentous issues and worked ourselves up into a fine frenzy whenever there was a question of household administration to be settled. I think of the way businesses are managed, and wonder if the directors of the Steel Corporation make their best decisions by separating into two groups and shaking their fists at each other. And I think of the way we divided up for athletic and debating purposes in the school I went to.

In that school you were either a Monadnock or a Wachusett in football and a Demosthenes or a Cicero in debating. The plan worked very nicely, and sometimes I question whether it might not have worked for political purposes as well if it had been the boys' job to run the school—which it wasn't. And the significant thing was that the authorities perversely selected their Monadnocks and their Wachusetts by lot. When you came to school, you

were told that you were a Wachusett—or a Monadnock, as the case might be—and that settled it. The faculty made no attempt to put all the rich boys into the Monadnocks and the poor boys into the Wachusetts. They didn't throw the Episcopalians into one team and the Presbyterians into the other. They didn't make the drinkers' sons play the teetotalers' sons. Perhaps they reasoned that it was just as well to have as little dirty work in the line as possible, and that you could run off just as effective a skin tackle play if you weren't convinced that the tackle should be skinned as a just reward for the sins of his fathers. There have been moments when, thinking of the days when I was a Wachusett, I have noted with actual complacency the fact that the Democratic Party and the Republican Party were getting to resemble the Wachusetts and Monadnocks. They went through the motions of dividing on issues and talking about the noble traditions of Jefferson and the fundamental principles of Washington, but everybody knew this was just the traditional eyewash; for all practical purposes you were born a Republican or a Democrat, with the right to switch over in an election if you liked the captain of the other team better than your own or preferred the color of his derby. And if you had a perfectly good chance to vote and didn't take it, what harm in that? At least it showed that you were reasonably contented no matter who won.

Sometimes, too, I have been hardened in this absurd heresy by discovering that some of the politicians and business men appear to agree with me. The business men don't all seem to relish the uproar of campaign years; they talk about its being bad for business, and are apparently relieved if there is nothing very vital to get into a lather over. Many of the politicians, too, seem to have a certain distrust of great party issues; whenever something comes along that makes millions of people run a temperature, these politicians say it ought to be kept out of politics. What! make the League of Nations a party issue, or prohibition, or labor and capital? Nonsense, they say; it ought to be kept out of politics. Keep the campaign a pleasant matter of Monadnocks and Wachusetts, and let the best precinct organization win. Why spoil a good game by working up a lot of animosity?

But now I can see that we were all wrong. We had forgotten political vitality. The country must have political vitality or it will go right downhill. The highbrow editors and authors are unanimous about that, so we had better see that the parties pick out great issues on which the people can become easily inflamed, and send out orators who have the orator's rare knack of inflaming them. Then there will be no more apathy, and the percentage of voters who vote will become satisfactory, and the percentage who would vote if they weren't afraid of being beaten up outside the polling booth will become more satisfactory still.

Labor and capital, for instance, is a good issue. Some of the best liberals would like to see a big labor party arrayed against a big capitalist party. This, they say, would give our politics some reality. Ordinarily labor and capital get along middling well, but if you sent out a thousand orators to talk about the sinister capitalists of Wall Street, each of whom has a big dollar mark on his waistcoat and delights to run his limousine over the helpless bodies of the children of the poor, and another thousand orators to talk about the sinister emissaries of Moscow, each of whom has a smoking bomb in his pocket and intends to blow up our wives and daughters, you would discover that people will believe anything and you would certainly get out the vote—and also, perhaps, the militia. In England, where they do these things better, they have a Labor Party, and they have succeeded so well in arraying class against class that a little while ago

they had a General Strike, which is surely a sign of vitality. We haven't had anything half so vital since this country divided some sixty-seven years ago on a good healthy issue which really interested the voters.

And it's not only vitality that you're assured of if you have great party issues; you can achieve that greatest of the blessings of parliamentary or republican government, progress by zigzags. Instead of knowing that both parties will try to please pretty nearly everybody and that, whoever is elected, the government will probably run along pretty evenly trying to keep on pleasing them, you may be confident that every now and then it will swing violently from one theory to another. First it will be capitalist, then it will be laborite; and by the time people have decided that neither one of these theories is quite as acceptable as some persuasive middle course, the government will find two other things to veer between, such as religious freedom and Catholic-baiting, or freeing the Filipinos and knocking them over the head, or total prohibition and open saloons openly arrived at. This is a rather intricate theory and I'm not quite sure that I understand it, but the idea seems to be that the only way to steer the Ship of State properly is to keep rocking the boat. You can be sick if the boat is rocking, but you can't be apathetic. That, at least, is the English experience. The English, with their gift for parliamentary government, are past masters at rocking the Ship of State—they call the process muddling through—and the way they turn out for elections, muddled or unmuddled, puts us to shame.

All right, then, let's accept this principle of the importance of great party issues. But if we do, why stop there? Let's be consistent and extend it—to family life, for instance. A little while ago I said that I for one had had some misgivings about trying it out in my home. But now I have resolved to overcome them.

The main administrative question in my family at present is who is to administer the family check book which is the only clue to the size of our joint bank-account. At present we are apathetic to the point of domestic decadence on this question. We discuss it now and then, but there is nothing vital about the discussions. My wife's platform is that she will pay the bills if I will do the arithmetic when the bank statements come in, and my platform is that I am too lazy to pay the bills but that her arithmetic is inferior. In other words, we diverge only about as far as the Republicans and Democrats. But if my present plan holds, we shall change all that. Henceforward we shall make the thing turn on vital issues. I shall accuse my wife of intentionally adding up eighty-three cents and one dollar to make one dollar and eighty-eight cents in order to conceal barefaced thefts from the Treasury, and I shall carry the case to the children with the slogan of "Turn the rascal out." She will charge that nobody who could pay Lord & Taylor's bill without noting the credit of $3.45 for stockings returned is intellectually or morally fit to pay bills or to have any responsibility whatever, and she will proclaim that the issue is Prosperity *versus* Bankruptcy. I shall inveigh against her training of the children and speak of the destruction of the home. She will castigate my home-brew policy as a threat to the Constitution and denounce me in the name of the Founding Fathers, Washington, Jefferson, and Wayne B. Wheeler. In the later stages of the campaign I will make insinuations about her virtue and she will make allegations about my honor. Everything that can be done to break up the household will be done with a will.

Don't be surprised if one of these days you hear shouts and screams and shooting up at our house. It will just be a sign that we are applying to domestic affairs a worthy political principle.

THE NATURE BORE

BY WORTH TUTTLE

I AM sick of Nature Lovers. There is no peace in the forest with them. You may as well go to Newport for the summer as to the North Woods with a Nature Lover. For what, I ask you, is the more tiring: meeting pretty women who give a charming response to your greeting, or being introduced to all the trees, wild flowers, birds, and beetles in your vicinity which remain perpetually dumb? I prefer the pretty women.

At least you are not led up to one of them and have to stand by, looking interested while your companion runs his or her hand over a smoothly shingled head, touches a cheek with a finger tip, and mutters, "Ash blonde, fine texture. Slight rouge. May be Mrs. David Morton Smith. No; eyebrows are arched, not straight. Would seem to belong to the Davenport family. One of the younger members. But look at the ankles! Trim, shapely. Now a predominant characteristic of the Davenports is a heavy ankle, unfortunately. Now, who—? Oh, here! I have the Social Register right in my pocket. Never go to a party without it. Just . . . a . . . minute. Oh-ho, how stupid of me! It is one of the Robertson girls, of course. See the small, well-shaped ears. Yes, indeed, one of the Robertsons—Joyce Carmel Robertson to be exact. I can tell by that little brown mole in the corner of her right eye. I identified a number of that family right in this spot last season."

Now that, I maintain, is the way of a Nature Lover in the forest with one of those little oblong, brightly illustrated booklets, *How to Know the Wild Flowers, Birds, Beasts, Butterflies, Weeds, and Trees*, and a polite follower. But would your enjoyment of Miss Robertson's smile be heightened by observing its crinkles under a microscope? When you sit by a stream in a sunflecked wood is your pleasure increased by knowing the generic name, age, and habits of the tree that bends above you? No. The way to enjoy the woods, like people, is not to know too much about them. If you are really happy with nature, you know about as much about it as I do: trees are oak, ash, maple, birch, or greenwood; birds, black, blue, red, canary, or parrot; rocks are granite or just plain rock; and a mosquito is a pest. That may not be enough for misplaced Scout-masters, camp councilors, and other congenital contributors to the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, but it is quite enough for me and for all my friends, and must be for the woman I marry.

Only last week-end, hoping to meet that elusive lady, I accepted an invitation to a house-party in the uplands, and after breakfast left most of the company on the porch misnaming all the visible mountains, and wandered down to the brook for peace. There, sitting pensively, her legs a-dangle over the bridge, was a creature who from across the hearth the evening before had intrigued me. With an apology for intruding on what I took to be her thoughts, I dropped down beside her. Surely here I had found a companion who would sit as silent as I and let the brook babble. The smile which greeted me promised that. Ah, perhaps I *had* intrigued her. . . . I glanced up, meditatively, at the branch above us, seeking the lyric phrase which would cap our perfect communion.

"What *is* that tree?" she asked explosively. "I've been sitting here ten minutes trying to identify it."

"Silver maple," I replied blandly, not a tremor in my voice betraying my emotion.

She laughed scornfully, "What on earth made you think that? I'm almost certain it's a shagbark. See how its leaves are shaped, and look at—"

With a murmured apology I strode into the refreshing depths of the forest—

and withdrew my foot, before my weight had followed it, from the back of another one of them. She was flat on her tummy in a bed of fern, a microscope held professionally above a shivering specimen. "Sh-sh, I *think* I've found a Sensitive Fern! Don't come a step nearer, or it'll close up before I've got it!"

I did not come a step nearer. On the contrary . . .

If you have suffered as I have, you will learn that your only protection lies in recognizing these Nature Bores at home, before you accept invitations to their hunting grounds. Let me give you a hint or two. They are the people who call a spade a spade and a few people a "group." They order French pastries by name, they know the alphabet of the vitamines and the flags of all nations. They never call anything a thingamajig or anybody a whatchoumaycallum. They, in short, speak accurately, not descriptively, and grow fat on factograms and properly chosen calories. But, I warn you, if you do find yourself inescapably in their company, don't, *don't* pretend, or even be offhand, about knowing one of God's creatures by name unless you are sure you'll not meet it face to face. It is infinitely worse than claiming friendship with the Prince of Wales or Beatrice Lillie. They, I understand, would use a bit of their boundless tact in relieving you of embarrassment. But not so the birds, flowers, trees, and grasshoppers. They do everything to confuse. *Your* buttercup is as likely to be a peony, and *your* mushroom a rose.

ONE MORE REFORM

BY CHARLES A. BENNETT

I AM not opposed to reform, but I have an intense dislike for reformers. If only we could keep the two separate, so that reforms might be undertaken by conservatives! That, alas! is impossible. So I generally end by doing nothing. But there is one reform so urgent, so clamant, I might almost say, that, even at the risk of being classed with those I despise, I must speak out my mind about it. I refer to the deplorable condition of doctors' waiting rooms.

My experience has been limited to the United States, Great Britain, and France, but it must be fairly representative. And surely nothing could be more depressant, to borrow a medical term, than the atmosphere of these gloomy antechambers. Most American doctors have their consulting rooms in an office building. The waiting room is a simple and obvious combination of four walls, one window, one door, a ceiling, and a floor. The furniture is salvage from the doctor's attic. For distraction, there are old copies of *Field and Stream*, *Good Housekeeping*, and the *Literary Digest*. (Program note: Magazines by The Salvation Army.) Or you can turn your attention to a small bookcase filled with medical works. Thus, if it is an earache that has brought you here, you may heave out an enormous volume called *Manual of Otology* and discover that there are a thousand pages full of things that may be the matter with you.

Form, then, if you will, a composite picture of one of these places and call to mind what an average visit is like. The maid or nurse ushers you in and closes the door of doom behind you. The six condemned occupants of the room look at you surreptitiously. There is an almost concerted unfriendliness about them. True, they have been sitting here in a morbid silence for only half an hour, but already some filaments of understanding have united them into a group, and a hostile group. You feel at once that they resent your intrusion. You lower yourself guiltily into a chair and pick up a mutilated copy of *The Poulterers' Gazette*. You pretend an interest in it. Then silence, a silence more viscous even than the silence of the

Club library. The black marble clock on the mantelpiece ticks on. In the next room, behind the folding doors, the doctor drops an instrument. Probably something with a sharp point on it. The woman in black on the far side of the table begins whispering to the pallid girl beside her. She is glancing at you from time to time. No doubt they are speculating about your complaint. You wonder if you look really *ill*. Perhaps that pain in your side *is* serious after all. What was that story of Tolstoy's —"The Death of Ivan Ivanovitch"? The man in that story just fell off a ladder and hurt his side a little. He made light of the pain for months, but it got him in the end. "Here, I must snap out of this!" But all you have to snap into is the sentence that lies before you: "Chickens hatched in an incubator are usually left in the drying box till all the fluff is quite dry and the birds well on their feet, which may not be till six to twelve hours after they have hatched out. Some breeders . . ."

In a few moments the maid appears at the door. "Mrs. Atkinson, please." Mrs. Atkinson gets up and gives a final pat to her hair. A heroic gesture, like a French aristocrat walking out to death from the Conciergerie. Five more and then it will be your turn.

But why should I rack the sensitive reader with these reminders? We have all been through it. I put it to the Medical Profession: How long are they going to tolerate this gratuitous tormenting of the nerves of their patients?

For it *is* gratuitous. In all other respects the Profession has made continuous advance: in medicine, in surgery, in nursing, in hospitals, in sanatoriums, in fees. Here alone their methods remain prehistoric. And outside the Profession, consider what has been done. The waiting room of the modern railroad station has been purged of its ancient ennui. Baths, barber shops, rest-rooms, shoe-shining emporia are there to assuage you. You can buy candy, tobacco, flowers, magazines, food. The less affluent can weigh themselves, try their grip, or set a mechanical model in a glass case to working. The Department Stores have sumptuous rest-rooms where you can lounge at ease, and playrooms where you can segregate your children. Everywhere except in the anterooms of the doctors the horror or tedium of waiting has been abolished. Here alone, where the ephemera of journalism have won an unmerited immortality, and where the unwritten law of Silence sets a seal upon the lips, you are suffered to eat out your heart in a misery of boredom or anticipation.

Plainly, something must be done about it. I am no Rotarian, but I believe in service as much as any of that solemn brotherhood, and so I am going to offer some constructive suggestions. No doubt others will come after me, improve upon my proposals, hold meetings, form societies, organize propaganda, and finally persuade the doctors to do something. I am content with the humble if heroic role of pioneer.

Any reform that is to be worth consideration must be conceived in a large and generous way. As far as possible we must take account of all tastes and conditions of nerves. So we must have five rooms instead of one.

(1) *A Card Room.* Here, of course, the only possible game would be poker. I remember reading about a poker game which lasted continuously, day and night, for three years. It was held, or perhaps one should say sustained, in a trolley car barn. There were always men coming off work ready to take the places of those going on. We could not hope to emulate that magnificent phenomenon, but the game might be continuous every afternoon from four to six, or whenever the doctor's hours were. Then when the maid appeared at the door and said, "Mr. Bennett, please," I should reply, "Ask the doctor to wait until we've finished this hand." Whether I succeeded in filling my inside straight or not, I should be too preoccupied to care much what the doctor might do to me.

(2) *A Reading Room.* It would be presumptuous for me to say how the room should be equipped. That would reflect too much the taste of one person. But we can easily find out the wishes of the majority. America seems to be full of wealthy men who are eager to give away money in Prize Competitions. Perhaps Mr. Bok might be persuaded to offer a substantial prize for the Best Suggestions for a Library in a Doctor's Waiting Room. If not, some literary magazine or one of our columnists might organize a competition. It would be a relief from the Twelve-Best-Books-for-a Desert-Island sort of thing, and the results would be of great practical value.

(3) *A Bar.* Of course, we wouldn't call it that. We should have to give it some name like *The Bureau of Stimulus and Response.* But it would be a bar just the same. It would go a long way towards solving the two great problems of Prohibition. These are: (a) How to drink with the assurance of an easy stomach, (b) How to drink with the assurance of an easy conscience. What you got to drink in the Bureau would be thoroughly trustworthy, and it would be strictly legal because supplied on prescription. As you entered the Bureau you would find at a desk a nice girl in nurse's costume to give you your prescription. You would present this to another nice girl, also in nurse's costume, behind the bar. I am sure there would arise a facetious semi-technical vocabulary over the ordering of drinks. If you wanted a whiskey, for example, you would say,

"Fiat mixtum one spit. frum., please, Miss, with a little aqua pura."

If a cocktail:

"One ante cenam, please, Miss, and be sure to Shake the Bottle."

Every scheme has its critics, and mine will not be exempt. I shall be told that my proposals are obviously those of a man and a mere projection of masculine tastes and prejudices. There is some truth in this, but, on the other hand, it will always be necessary to make more provision for the man than for the woman. Women can *wait* much better than men. They are infinitely more patient. They have to be, for it is they who must bring up babies. See how a woman will endure an interminable railway journey, just sitting still and doing nothing, while a man, with a dozen aids to distraction, will be fidgeting all the time. The doctors—and it is for the doctors I am writing—will understand me and will bear me out when I say that the waiting room of the future must be designed with regard to the preponderantly katabolic tendencies of the male as contrasted with the anabolic equilibrium of the female. However, to meet my feminine critics, I am willing to include:

(4) *A Salon des Modes.* It would be a simple matter to arrange with the leading department stores for a continual display of hats, frocks, gowns, and costumes. The models would be changed three times a week. The stores would be only too glad to secure this free advertising, and there is no woman on earth who will not forget the most sinister symptom in the discussion of some new refinement in color or "a change in the silhouette."

I can foresee no valid objection to my scheme on the ground of expense. The Salon des Modes and the Bar would be self-supporting. The cost of maintaining the Reading Room and the addition to overhead from increased rental would be more than met by the increase in the doctor's fees. Patients would throng to his doors, and patients who formerly came only once would insist on three visits a week.

Well, whatever remains of my suggestions after the real reformers have got to work on them, at any rate I shall have tried to "promote constructive thinking" on the subject. I shall have "ventilated a crying scandal."

Editor's Easy Chair

FOSGATE'S ANNUITY

BY EDWARD S. MARTIN

FOSGATE, who has bought an annuity, complains that it has embarrassed him considerably on his spiritual side. He has gone over the Psalmist's limit a year or two, and as the outcome of various crises in his affairs, it was suggested to him as seemly, and under all the circumstances advisable, to put certain available funds into an annuity which, though sometimes it seems the best solution of the problem, appears a selfish form of provision and, so, objectionable.

Fosgate, as I say, is bothered by his. He said he was getting ready for translation and hoped to go out like a 1915 Ford, entirely done and resting on its top with its wheels in the air. Instead of which he finds himself under a new obligation to survive, so that the company which has sold him short may not make too gross a profit on him. He has gone and incurred, he says, a new debt to live, and he is contemplating all sorts of adjustments that will enable him to discharge it without too much discomfort.

Now Fosgate is pious, and inclined to lean on the Lord and even practiced in doing so; but it is a fact that since we were admonished a good while ago to take no thought for the morrow, this world, and the life that goes on in it, has considerably changed. It has even changed enormously in Fosgate's lifetime. More than that, it has been fairly stood on its head in the last twenty years. The most important current provision for one's last years seems now to be a motor car and somebody to drive it. Fosgate observes this and points out to me as the result of what he has noticed lately that the great basis of comfort and efficiency in this present world is to have a wife who can run a motor car. If you haven't any wife, or if she cannot or won't run a car, you have to employ some other talent, and there comes in an emphasis on the convenience of funds and palliation even of an annuity.

But really this power of cars is an enormous asset for women and particularly for young wives. One might say it was worth far more to them than the suffrage will ever be; but possibly the suffrage naturally goes with it, and though it may not seem in itself to amount to much, may be a timely basis or concomitant for other things which look more important. When I get up in the morning quite early and sit with my coffee, looking out at the next house a few hundred yards away, what do I see? The birds, a dog or two, the trees, the weather, and suddenly tripping out of a back door of that next house a young woman, looking at that distance very charming in a fresh morning frock, who hurries into a garage and disappears. Then in about a minute there comes maybe a puff of smoke and a car backs out, stops at the back door of the house, a child or two get in, and then a young man, and off goes a commuter to his train! That is country life in summer as now lived by thousands of people.

This world is really very much improved. These riches that we have in this country are not so bad. I read a story the other day of life in indigence just about a century ago on the Hudson River. Maybe life in indigence is just as bad now, but I do not think it can be, and there has been an immense increase of life that is not indigent. A statesman who had been Secretary of the Treasury expressed to me about twenty years ago his anxieties over the increase of taxation. He thought it very ominous. He thought our various governments might spend money till we were taxed to a standstill. So they may, but that was before the Great War—before we discovered how much money could be spent. Before the War, as we all know, the imagination worked in millions; after the War it worked in billions. Do you remember the beginning of road building for motor cars? New York State provided fifty millions or something like that for it, and prudent people thought and said that the money would be spent, that in three or four years the roads would go to pot again, and we should have little more than the bonds which the State owed to show for our experiment. But what really happened all over the country was an era of road-building and along with it an immense increase of production, so that prosperous states, like New York and many others, easily found the funds to take care of the roads they already had and build a lot more, and undertook road construction and maintenance as a part of their annual budget. We just grew up to motor roads. Some states, like Arkansas, overdid it, built more roads than they could afford, and got into trouble, but the rich states did not. Then soon we had Henry Ford scrapping machinery on the largest scale known to man, because better roads needed better cars; and this year, I see, we are to spend well over a billion on roads, or about eleven dollars apiece. I think I shall offer Fosgate the suggestion that, this being a machine age, he is better off for being able to employ a little machinery even though he has to do it on an annuity.

The great objection to an annuity is that it offers so little to posterity that it diminishes the interest of posterity in the annuitant. Of course that is bad because posterity's interest is quite flattering, and even useful, to declining years. On the other hand, if you have an annuity, posterity does not have to support you, and that is a welcome relief and makes for toleration. And, besides, you have some ready money and power of distribution day by day, and even posterity approves of that. I hope Fosgate will remember that, though in his case, as he explained to me, he still expects in the end to get square with posterity and even to retain its respect.

People who leave nothing to posterity except money do not do best by it. Of that we have constant evidence in the lives of persons who have inherited money and not much else that was good, and who consequently make a mess of living. At one time when inheritance laws were under discussion, Andrew Carnegie suggested letting a man have for his lifetime all he could get but taking away from him a large proportion of the power of bequeathing it. That has been effectually done in England by death duties, and is a tendency of taxation in all countries including ours.

DOES the honored reader care particularly who is elected President? A correspondent inquires in a letter, "Do you tend to indifference like me—because perhaps I am contented with either Al or Hoover, both good executives, and expect that the Ship of State will somehow or other move on, by tacking or otherwise?" This is written in August, and there may be violent fervors still to come into the Presidential campaign; but it is highly satisfactory to have two good candidates, neither of whom looks to ordinary observers to be a danger to the country either in its moralities or its merchandising. We have read Mr. Hoover's speech of acceptance. Most of the Republicans

have applauded it, and a good many of the Democrats are wondering what he really thinks, especially about Prohibition. There seem to be two Hoovers, one the man and the other the candidate, and it is the candidate that we seem to have heard from. The biggest issue still seems to be Prohibition, not because there is so much difference of opinion as to whether whiskey is a wholesome drink, but because there is a profound political conviction in many minds that the Prohibition amendment outraged the Constitution, and that the practice of using the Federal Government to correct the personal habits of the citizens of all states without regard to local preferences or conditions, is a worse and much more dangerous evil than the habits to be corrected. That that conviction will carry this coming election does not seem likely, but it may; and it is probable that it will be recorded with a degree of emphasis which will have results in both the modification of the Volstead law and, eventually, in the repeal of the amendment itself. Everything is being done just now, especially by the Drys, to make it clear that Alfred Smith stands for a modification of the present rum laws. That is all to the good. The more clearly and undeniably he stands for such a modification the more interesting will be the results recorded by the newspapers on the day after election.

Henry Ford seems to be Dry. General Motors seems to be Wet; though Wet and Dry are misleading definitions, since many of the Wets are not really Wet at all so far as rum goes, but are prompted by political and psychological convictions—a political conviction that the federal power needs curbing, a psychological conviction that compulsion is a faulty and inadequate cure for reprehensible habits. You have to cure the mind of man before you can make him live wisely. Prohibition has not done it, is not doing it, and never will do it.

It has, however, added greatly to knowledge. By the time we get through with it mankind is likely to have made appreciable progress in psychology and to know better than before what can be done by legislation, and what cannot, and why. Prohibition beat the power of the lawful rum sellers including, unfortunately, the wine merchants. In place of them we have now the bootleggers, but they should not be so hard to handle once public opinion turns against their traffic. The great solution of our national rum question will seem to be finally in the provision of better drinks and especially of native wines. That was going on very well when the amendment checked it. Besides that it will be necessary to make such provision for the sale of stimulants as to put the bootleggers out of business and at the same time prevent the cultivation of the public thirst by persons who find a profit in slaking it.

Rum or no rum (though to say "no rum" makes one smile), this generation in the United States does not lack for stimulants. No preceding generation had so many. There are tea, coffee, and tobacco, distributed in enormous quantities and, as stimulants go, very good, though they all agree better with some people than with others. What is candy? Is that a stimulant? No doubt it is in some measure, and a food also. What is chewing gum? Is that a stimulant? It must do a little something besides exercising the masticating apparatus. Why do people want it? Because it "tastes nice"? People whose experience with chewing gum is limited to efforts to get it off the soles of their shoes wonder about these things, as also about the current drinks—lawful ones apparently—which are sold out of rows of glittering spigots in the new drug stores and on street corners generally. Some of these drinks we know—tea, coffee, cocoa, milk, orange juice, lemonade and such things—but what are the rest, and how do they differ from old-fashioned soda water? There must be people who know about coca cola, what it is and what it does, more intimately than by mere reading of advertisements. Certainly this current world is a strange place and

furnished out with queer things not to be understood by everybody but chiefly by the young.

The movies are stimulants, the radio is a stimulant, but they have to do with the great stimulant of all, which is not physical at all nor related to gullet, palate, or digestion, but is imparted by one mind to another. What makes you talk? What quickens your powers of language? What gives you new thoughts and clothes them for you? A little rum, especially with bubbles in it, will start you that way, but far more effectively, a woman or even a man whom you want to talk to. The greatest stimulant to man is woman. The greatest stimulant to woman is man; though man to man often does well, and woman to woman. What goes on? What passes? What is the physical process? I don't know, but the fact is plain enough, so plain as almost to explain why people work so hard and spend money so profusely for "Society." It is apt to happen that the Society they get or get into with such hard work cannot give them the stimulation that might be worth their labor, for the best grades of it are not very common and by no means confined to the opulent. But if they really got what they went after, one could respect their efforts.

The great specialty of these times is stimulation, the increase of contacts, of communication, of travel, of everything suited to shake lethargic people out of their lethargies, to pry them loose from traditional ideas and start them on new experiments with life and all manner of new researches into the bases of accepted truth. One reads that the Archbishop of Canterbury has retired from his illustrious office greatly saddened in his old age because he has not succeeded in procuring the acceptance of changes in the Prayer Book which he thought necessary to the times. St. Paul, who really knew more about the Christian religion than a good many people suppose, once observed: "There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord. And there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all." The proposed changes in the Prayer Book were apparently contrived in sympathy with these remarks of St. Paul and designed to make that compendium of piety somewhat more commodious. It is a little sad that they should, as appears, have fallen through; but it was a difficult job and after all, the prevalent way of dealing with the Prayer Book is for every worshipper who uses it to make his alterations in his own mind to suit himself, accepting and using what he likes and skipping what he does not think is true. That is the real way in which our statements of religion are amended. We do it ourselves. We keep what helps us and discard what, as the result of our experience of life, does not seem to us to wash.

One reads of a growing movement in the Methodist Church, especially in the South, to bring that valuable organization back from politics to religion. It has been valuable in religion and has done a great work. How valuable it has been in politics is one of the things on which the voters will be invited to express their minds in November.

Our contemporaries in this world have got to think. There is no escape from it. They must think in politics, they must think in religion. That so many anchors have fetched loose is nothing to be alarmed about. It is a part of the great renovation of thought, a part of the struggle away from things worn out to new understanding of old truth and its application to human life.

Personal and Otherwise

AS owner and editor of the New York *Evening Post* from 1897 to 1918 and subsequently as owner and editor of the *Nation*, ***Oswald Garrison Villard*** (son of Henry Villard, the railroad president and philanthropist, and grandson of William Lloyd Garrison, the abolitionist) has been the determined foe of all who would abridge the right of free speech. We trust his present article will attract as much attention as his exposure of the third degree, which appeared a year ago this month. The term "blue menace," by the way, was coined by the Rev. Vivian T. Pomeroy of Milton, Massachusetts, who used it in a recent address in which he arraigned the professional patriots who see a red menace in every unorthodox opinion, and referred particularly to those in Boston who tried to prevent Miss Maude Royden from getting an opportunity to speak.

Born in Roumania, ***Konrad Bercovici*** came to this country in 1916 at the age of thirty-four. Since then his short stories—and particularly his gypsy stories—have become widely popular and have been included with impressive regularity in Mr. O'Brien's "three-star" lists and in the anthologies of outstanding American fiction.

"The Penny and the Gingerbread" deals with a problem of close concern to every man and woman. The author's name may not be divulged, but we can assure the HARPER audience that he has had a career of unusual distinction.

Margaret Culkin Banning (Mrs. Archibald T. Banning) of Duluth has written several novels, the most recent of which are *The Women of the Family*, *Pressure*, and—just published—*Money of Her Own;* and she has often appeared in our pages with short stories and articles. Both "The Lazy Thirties" (February, 1927) and "Diet Your Mind Too" (June, 1928) attracted much comment.

The overwhelming success of *The Bridge of San Luis Rey* would seem to indicate that the American reading public has grown up. Not only does the book deal with a subject remote in time and place, but its artistry is of the most delicate sort. Since it appeared ***Thornton Wilder*** has been working on a group of short plays, two of which we are privileged to print in advance of book publication. The volume—to appear shortly with the imprint of the young publishing house of Coward-McCann—will be entitled *The Angel That Troubled the Waters.*

Arthur Stanley Eddington, Plumian professor of astronomy at Cambridge University since 1913, director of the observatory at Cambridge since 1914, and president of the Royal Astronomical Society from 1921 to 1923, is one of the most distinguished astronomers in the world. His article on the possibilities of life on other planets and in other universes will be included as a chapter of his forthcoming book, *The Nature of the Physical World*, to be published this month by Macmillan's.

Like Mrs. Banning, ***Margaret Leech*** is both a Vassarian and a novelist. She has written *The Back of the Book* and *Tin Wedding*; *The Feathered Nest*, her third novel, will appear this month. She was married in July to Ralph Pulitzer, the president of the New York *World*.

Romain Rolland, author of *Jean Christophe* and of many other novels and works of history and criticism, is known wherever modern literature is read. His "Portrait of Beethoven at Thirty" will form a part of his forthcoming life of Beethoven; it gains in interest from the fact that M. Rolland is an authority on music.

Who would expect a teacher of medicine to excel as the biographer of rats, turtles, and parrots? Doctor ***Gustav Eckstein*** is a young instructor at the Medical College of

the University of Cincinnati; in his spare moments he writes the strange and moving life-stories of his animal pets. In June, 1926, he introduced us to his rats; last May, to his turtles. At this writing he is spending the summer in France.

Bernard DeVoto, a Harvard graduate, taught English at Northwestern until—after having been promoted to an assistant professorship—he decided last year to leave the academic world for that of literature. He is now living in Cambridge. While Mr. DeVoto was teaching, he wrote two novels, *The Crooked Mile* and *The Chariot of Fire;* since then he has brought out a third, *The House of Sun-Goes-Down.* He has written both stories and articles for us; his "Afternoon of a Biologist" appeared only last month. In some of his articles, especially "College and the Exceptional Man" (January, 1927), he said that American colleges are so occupied in regimenting those who come for athletic and social purposes that they can do little for the student of really intellectual tastes. If that is so, he was asked, what is the student of really intellectual tastes to do? That question Mr. DeVoto answers this month, incidentally tossing a few heavy explosives into the academic enclosure.

"Mammon, M.D.," portrays no individual physician; it is a study of a type which will be recognized both by the profession and the laity. The author, ***Lloyd Morris,*** is a lecturer in literature at Columbia and author of *The Rebellious Puritan;* last March he contributed to HARPER'S an article on the Riviera.

The death of ***C. E. Montague*** on May 28 was a great loss to English letters. During most of his life he was associated with the *Manchester Guardian;* there was no abler leader-writer in England. Two or three years ago he retired from the *Guardian* and settled down in the village of Burford in Oxfordshire to give all his time to writing. His novels include *A Hind Let Loose, Rough Justice,* and *Right Off the Map.* We published his story "A Fatalist" in our June issue. The story which appears this month must have been the last thing, or almost the last, that Mr. Montague wrote; it reached us just three days after his death. In view of the diving episode in it, readers may be interested to know that the author held the Royal Humane Society Bronze Medal for saving life from drowning.

It was ***Sarah Comstock***—Californian by birth and education, New Yorker by adoption—who portrayed Aimee Semple McPherson in HARPER'S last December and contributed the subsequent article on Los Angeles. She has written several novels, including *Speak to the Earth* and *The Soddy,* and a new volume of American travel, *Roads to the Revolution.* To all of this it should be added that she has long been intensely interested in the theater.

A distinguished native of India, a fourth-generation Christian, a professor of philosophy for several years at Lucknow University, and a holder of degrees from four American universities, ***John Jesudason Cornelius*** is well equipped to interpret to American readers the Indian point of view of Gandhi and his economic program. Last year Dr. Cornelius wrote for HARPER'S an article on the Oriental opposition to Christian missions.

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For many years ***Samuel Hoffenstein*** has been telling the world about A. H. Woods, the New York theatrical producer, in as amusing a series of news stories and interviews as ever a press-agent produced; in his spare moments he has been writing light verse. Now, through the sweeping success of the verse collected in *Poems in Praise of Practically Nothing,* Mr. Hoffenstein's name is becoming familiar to thousands who despite his efforts are still densely ignorant of Mr. Woods. We publish five new poems of his this month. Our other poets—the first two of them also newcomers to the Magazine—are ***Geoffrey Johnson,*** an Englishman whose work has appeared mainly in English periodicals; ***John K. Fineran*** of Covington, Louisiana, who—being only twenty years old—is thus far the youngest HARPER contributor of the year; and ***Carl Sandburg,*** author of one of the finest Lincoln biographies and bold and original interpreter in poetry of Chicago in particular and twentieth-century American life in general.

The Lion's hunger is appeased by ***Frederick Lewis Allen*** of the editorial staff of HARPER'S; ***Worth Tuttle*** (Mrs. Walter Page Hedden) of Cos Cob, Connecticut, a new contributor; and ***Charles A. Bennett,*** author of "The Cult of the Seamy Side" (December, 1927) and of many a Lion's Mouth skit, whose suggestion for the reform of doctors' offices is one of the fruits of a sabbatical leave from a professorship of philosophy at Yale.

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Arthur William Heintzelman, to whom we are indebted for the frontispiece of this issue, is an American artist who at the age of thirty-five has already seen his etchings take their place in the print collections of such great European museums as the British Museum, the Bibliothèque Nationale, and the Luxembourg. Though he now spends most of his time in France, he was born in New Jersey, studied at the Rhode Island School of Design, and for a time taught at the Detroit School of Design.

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There seems to be no easy and universal answer to the question whether children gain or lose by being educated abroad. Hesper LeGallienne presented an unfavorable picture of the results of such an experiment; Cornelia Stratton Parker, a few months later, described her parental experience in glowing terms. A Colorado reader, writing in criticism of Mrs. Parker's thesis, cites the following disastrous case:

A widow of our circle tried a similar experiment to that of Mrs. Parker, of giving her only child an opportunity for European education and culture. She went to Leipsic and took her boy with her.

They rented rooms in one of those medieval high-gabled houses that make such an appeal to Americans. The boy attended the public school, where Goethe and Schiller were his favorites. He showed an inclination for the stage and took part successfully in local theatricals.

The day of departure came and the two returned to America. Upon their arrival the son found himself a misfit in a land teeming with energy and industry. He had not been trained for that kind of life. His education might have fitted him for life in Germany, but over here he was entirely lost. He became driftwood. In Germany he had also learned the dissipation of student life. He tried acting; he submitted a sketch to the local orpheum and was turned down. In his discouragement he rented a room in a leading hotel, locked himself in, drank himself to courage, pulled a gun and shot himself.

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A disabled veteran—an ex-captain who holds the Distinguished Service Cross—expresses his opinion of Mr. Gething's recent picture of an incident of the Dardanelles campaign:

I wish to congratulate HARPER'S MAGAZINE upon the publication of "Eggs-a-Cook!" by Peter Gething in your June number. . . .

If HARPER'S and other worthy publications will continue to publish war stories as they actually are, with all the horrors painted as nearly as they can be painted in words, it will contribute considerably towards a general revulsion of feeling among all classes which would assist materially in the effort to do away with war.

A great many people—far too many—have no conception at all of what the horrors really are. And all that they read in the way of war stories are carefully doctored efforts, bringing out only the amusing and sentimental elements, which, as a matter of fact, in war itself are so very rare and insignificant in the mass of actual occurrences as to be entirely negligible.

It is the belief of one who was crippled for life in the Great War that one such article is worth hours of speeches and thousands of words from those who know war only from hearsay.

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A Catholic priest praises a Protestant's article on preaching and another Protestant's article on the problem of Church and State in Italy:

THE EDITOR, HARPER'S MAGAZINE
DEAR SIR:

May I thank you for two articles (among others) in your July issue: the one by my friend Harry Emerson Fosdick, who, like myself, is a Colgate man, though we differ in religion but thoroughly agree on the way to preach it; the other by Mr. Motherwell, who gives us the fairest, best informed statement of the case I have seen anywhere. Having lived and worked in Rome for four years (up to 1925) at Santa Susanna, the American Church, I feel a little competent to utter a word of praise. Mr. Motherwell writes well and knows whereof he speaks.

Very sincerely yours,
FRANCIS P. LYONS, C.S.P.

From among many comments on "Marriage and Money" by Dr. Hamilton and Mr. Macgowan we select for quotation part of what Elsie McCormick writes in the New York *World* in the column recently vacated by Heywood Broun:

The latest development of the grand marriage survey now running in HARPER'S MAGAZINE is quite startling. The investigators have discovered that the money question sometimes causes a slight unpleasantness in married life—at least enough to keep couples from dancing hand in hand on the sidewalks and pelting each other with roses. . . .

In order to complete this survey an investigating committee . . . spent a couple of long, sunny years gathering data from two hundred husbands and wives. Urged to sit down and make themselves at home, the ladies and gentlemen told their stories in brief little summaries totaling somewhere around two million words.

If you think that any of the laboratory specimens were reluctant to unveil the shrines and pitfalls of their wedded life you are undoubtedly single yourself. A survey that gives a wife a chance to tell all in as many words as she pleases is generally regarded as a gift straight out of the vast celestial dome.

Anyway, our modern conventions do not restrain a woman from talking fluently about her spouse. A matron can say things about John that practically knock the cornice off his reputation and yet never lose her standing as a lady and a good sport.

A man, however, is prevented by the code of a gentleman from talking about his wife, and except when in speakeasies, Pullman cars, locker-rooms, or the company of the little girl who understands, he usually keeps her out of the discussion.

Such restraint is, I believe, undoubtedly artificial and not imposed by any fiats in his own noble chest. When he gets a dispensation from etiquette by means of a scientific survey he hitches up his chair and starts tapping lapels with gusto enough to do credit to his wife. . . .

What really staggered me was not the fact that filthy lucre is apt to cause household disturbances. It was a chart showing that the largest number of happy couples were to be found among those whose financial arrangements seemed drawn from the dark ages. The highest proportion of contented wives were discovered in the group who earned no money, had no income from relatives gone to Paradise, and received no allowance from the financial head of the house.

This is against everything that I learned at the knees of eminent feminists or that my own bright little eyes observed for themselves. I always thought that the unhappiest of women were those who had to genuflect before their lords every time they wanted to buy seed for the canary.

If those two hundred husbands and wives are fairly representative I was quite wrong. There were fewer women who claimed to be happily married among those who received an allowance than in the crowd who had to catch each dollar on the wing.

Probably the trouble with an allowance is that the husband usually regards it as a personal kitty which he can borrow back whenever he sees a bargain in golf clubs or betting odds. Besides, it is often tied up with the budget system—a charming arrangement for taking all the joy out of life. Never to be able to trade a loaf of bread for a hyacinth without entering it in a neatly barred book is enough to make a person feel like the prisoner of Chillon.

But it is when the girls go out to make their own money that the heavy battle hymns swell through the apartment. Only 39 per cent of the wives who share expenses on a partnership basis made even the faintest claim to happiness.

Apparently the typical American husband still wants to wear the sweeping plumes of a knight under his straw skimmer or fashionable felt. His desire is to throw out his chest, despatch all dragons himself, and let his lady applaud from her seat beside the washing machine.

Some husbands go so far in their financial touchiness that they won't even let a spouse spend the income she derives from a relative's estate. There is more than one rich wife in this country who must live in calico and on cod-fish balls because a poor husband would feel demeaned if she used any of her own money. Europeans always view such spectacles with the round-eyed wonder of a little boy seeing his first octopus.

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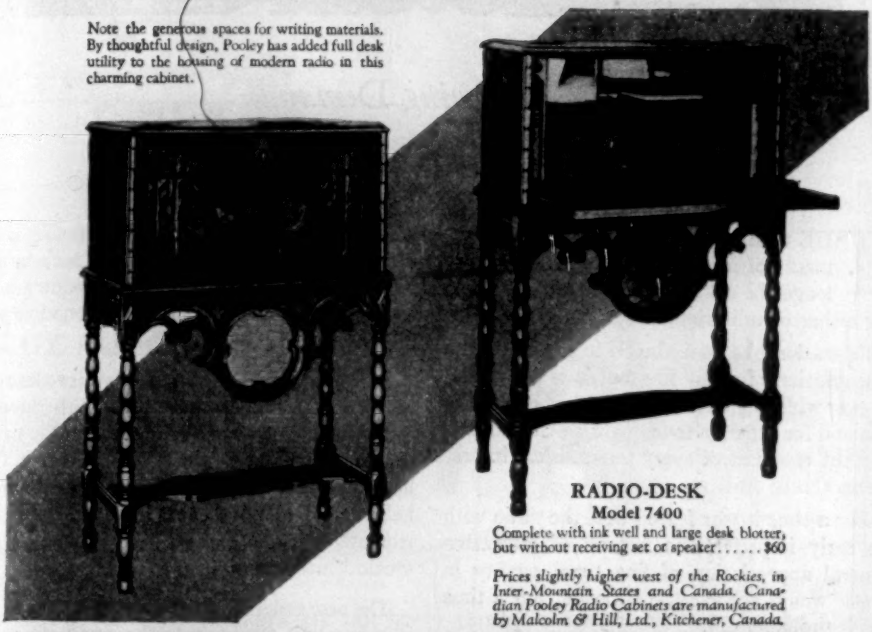

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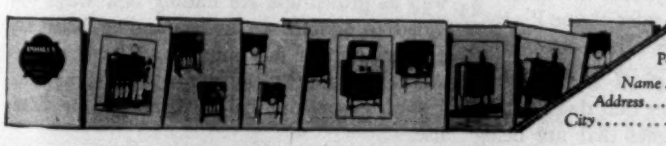

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MUSIC AND RADIO

The Growing Demand For Superior Tone Quality

THE time is nearing when musical instruments of inferior tonal qualities can no longer be sold even at bargain prices to the hitherto undiscriminating.

Education has been abroad in the land. The appreciation of really fine music is expanding in ever widening circles. And with it grows the demand for superior tone quality—that all important essential of every fine musical instrument.

For a time it was feared that the radio with its early imperfections instead of increasing general appreciation of fine tonal quality in music would achieve the opposite. For a time too it probably did.

The development however of broadcast reception and manufacture of radio broadcast receivers for home use has progressed so rapidly during the past seven years that the whole art is now in a high state of perfection. Receivers of standard make have long passed the point where there is the least doubt about obtaining worth while results from them.

These decided improvements in the radio have been bringing to great masses of listeners new conceptions of the beauty, charm and companionship of really fine music. And with it, increased longing and demand for superior tone quality in every form of musical instrument.

The best that music has to offer is no longer for the few but for the many. And this demand is showing in the increased sales of fine Pianos, fine Phonographs and other musical instruments.

The superb tonal qualities that dwell within the finer musical instruments that are being made today are a revelation to growing numbers. The vast difference between such instruments and those that merely masquerade as such is sinking deeper into the consciousness of the general public.

The replacement of inadequate or outworn pianos, phonographs and radios with those so well constructed as to add immeasurably to the charm of home life is the order of the day. Perhaps no greater service could be rendered in behalf of good music and home happiness than the wholesale replacement of all such inferior musical instruments.

The new generation growing up within American homes is coming into the greatest musical era this country has ever known. The indications are many and unmistakable.

"Music permeates every phase of life and is needed abundantly in every home. I feel that it is far more important to a child to learn something of music than to learn arithmetic."

This was the statement recently made by the Superintendent of the Chicago Public School System in announcing the system of class piano instruction that will be installed at the beginning of the Fall term to enable every pupil to learn to play and study this basic of all musical instruments.

In one community after another opportunities of such wide scope are developing. Children as well as grown-ups are finding new ways provided to acquire an understanding love and appreciation of fine music and its essentials. And of these most important is the tone quality of every musical instrument for home use.

Industry's New Frontier

THE manufacturer's most perplexing cost problems are answered by the small town. Take the factory out of its expensive metropolitan setting; place it where wages are not inflated by big city living costs, where workers are not fatigued by congestion and long journeys between home and factory, where land is plentiful and cheap: this is the small community's invitation to industry.

How has the little town come to assume this new and important industrial role? The urgent necessity of doing something about the big city's oppressive congestion is one reason. Modern transportation—hard roads as well as fast railroad freight service—is another. And quite an important element is the ample, economical electric power which is assured the small community by the widespread electric systems which blanket the countryside. Subsidiaries of the Middle West Utilities Company have brought electric service to more than three thousand small and medium-sized communities—and their surrounding rural sections—in the East, Middle West and Southwest. In so doing they have not only served the towns whose growth has thereby been encouraged; they have also served the industries which, by locating in small communities, have been enabled to operate under less expensive and more pleasant circumstances. Widely diffused power has helped give the small town its present significant position as industry's new frontier.

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Industrial Development for Cities and Towns

Mergers and Industrial Decentralization Offer Opportunities for Growth

LOWER costs, greater productive efficiency — these are reasons for locating your factory away from congested centers of population. Widespread power distribution and improved transportation facilities, the motor truck, good roads, telephones, new market centers, have fitted the smaller cities and the towns for industrial purposes.

Where living costs are lower, a lower wage scale is as effective as high wages in the major cities. Where living conditions are more pleasant and home-owning is within the reach of many of moderate incomes, workers are conservative, productive, permanent. Getting to and from work is not hurried, not delayed because of congestion in the smaller cities and in the towns. Human energy is conserved.

Land is cheaper, taxes are lower, shipping facilities less crowded. There is more room for expansion. There is more feeling for the institution or industry, itself, by the people of the community. The smaller cities and towns are in close touch with raw materials and markets. Decentralization for the purpose of quick and expedient distribution of goods makes possible the establishment of branch or district plants. Are the smaller cities and the smaller communities taking advantage of this situation? Are they studying their possibilities, advertising them, and making efforts to obtain what rightly belongs in their territory?

It has been said that there are five million people, located in our largest cities, in industrial pursuits, who could be elsewhere to the advantage of themselves and to the industries that employ them. Has this potential market been studied? Have the industrial leaders been presented with the facts, backed up with economic considerations?

Has not the time come to measure the effects of big-city congestion on production efficiency? How much human energy is exhausted in getting to and from work? Much production cost is attributed to costly overhead, expensive land, high cost of employees' living, metropolitan taxes. Manufacturers, in their analyses, are turning to smaller cities and towns as a solution of their problem. What efforts have been made by communities to enable them to present economic conditions to these manufacturers who are alert and thinking, as well as to other manufacturers who have not begun to think their way out to lower costs and more equitable distribution?

No less a student of this problem than Martin J. Insull, president of the Middle West Utilities Company, has spoken on the trend of shifting industry. The power service, he says, is a vital factor in the shifting of industry, and, also, the power service offered by the utilities is vitally affected by a shifting of industry. "There is a definite trend in the industrial world today," he says, "as preliminary investigations show, toward a decentralization of industry which promises to become a most important economic and social factor in the not far distant future."

What are the natures of these shifts? Are they individual and localized or are they a part of a general trend in many industries? The effect on the communities of the loss of industries will be studied as will also the effects on the communities gaining the relocation or new plants. Many factors are involved. What about labor, wages, markets, transportation, raw materials, climate, water, living conditions, credit, taxes, power supply and many allied problems necessary to be considered in connection with a given product or industry? What is your potential location for industry?

Dr. J. Russell Smith, Professor of Economic Geography at Columbia University, says: "There is no longer any reason why the workers who produce some small standardized part for a complicated machine should live in congested manufacturing districts. The little pieces for the lawn mower or the automobile can easily be brought by truck from a small town or city located at a distance forty or, for that matter, four hundred miles away.

"A change of this kind will have far-reaching effects. It foreshadows the new industrialism.

(*Continued on second page following*)

THIS IMPATIENT AGE!

Cancellations come to him whose goods arrive last!

A FUNDAMENTAL change has taken place in the American people. They will not wait for anything. They have no patience with delay. "They want what they want when they want it"—in the words of the old song.

And that change has created a new situation in merchandising. Merchants are buying hand-to-mouth. Wholesalers warehouse less and order oftener. They both expect the producer to have the goods handy, ready for quick delivery.

Speed, then, is the essence of selling under the new conditions. Availability of the goods. Strategic centers of distribution—preferably branch manufacturing plants—are essential. For the cancellations come to him whose goods arrive last.

In the South—America's fastest growing market—the logical, strategic location is Atlanta. Says the conservative Department of Commerce—"Atlanta is generally recognized as the principal headquarters city of this region." More than 900 nationally known concerns have confirmed this judgment by investing millions here in branch equipment.

And why?

Transportation for one thing. 15 main railroad lines radiating from Distribution City to reach seventy million prosperous people within a day's run.

Production economy for another. Economies in labor, power, taxes, raw materials, building costs—and a host more that enable the Atlanta producer to go into market with a better price, *and a better profit.*

Study the facts about Atlanta that apply to your business. They will be gathered especially for you, without charge or obligation, if you will write—

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It contains the fundamental facts about Atlanta as a location for your Southern branch.

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INDUSTRIAL DEVELOPMENT FOR CITIES AND TOWNS

(*Continued from second preceding page*)

It does not mean that the actual volume of trade will be limited, but it does mean that we can look for the shifting of certain kinds of manufacturing from such places as Boston, Worcester, Detroit, and Chicago to smaller cities, villages, and perhaps even to the farm homes in food-producing sections of New York, Michigan and elsewhere."

Pulp and paper mills must shift in certain sections of the middle west and east. Where are they to go? Probably where the pulp is available. A far western city is keenly watching this economic shift. The city has a population of less than 15,000 people. They know, however, that a 100-ton mill should employ about 500 men with an annual pay-roll of $750,000. The assets of this city appear to be such that a well managed campaign of advertising should attract responsible capital necessary for a successful industry and make the location of a permanent industry almost a certainty.

Decentralization of industries brings about new problems which must be given consideration. What are the smaller cities and the towns doing about it? Industrial leaders are awake to the possibilities and a few cities have capitalized upon their alertness.

Another term for decentralization is migration. Industry is moving. The general tendencies operating to bring about this new change in industry are: (1) New problems, (2) Mergers and consolidations, (3) Shifting of industry, and (4) New types of industry.

Decentralization has been brought about by new problems in the marketing and distribution of goods. Manufacturers of clothing saw the necessity of many plants for quick distribution. Food distributors saw the same necessity.

The tendency toward mergers is evident. The United States Department of Commerce listed a dozen or more important international cartels, most of them formed in the last two years by the industrial interests of Europe. We have seen the tendency here in the United States grow rapidly every month. What causes mergers? It is said that they result from economic pressure — plant over-capacity, competition, narrow profit margins. Successful mergers produce lower costs, broader markets.

J. George Frederick, of the Business Bourse, speaking of the value of mergers before the Advertising Club of New York City, said: "I am one of those who believe the most direct path to the goal of industrial progress is the formation of still more consolidations and larger scale businesses, with this distinction, that their definite purpose be to lower prices to consumers, raise wages, and decrease hours of work. At present only from 10 to 20% of American families have all the goods we ordinarily associate with a good American standard of living."

What possibilities are in store for the smaller cities and the towns under the merger system? Will mergers result in decentralization in manufacture to still further lower costs and widen the opportunities for labor? The tendency must be watched by communities seeking to advertise to promote their growth and economic well-being.

Industry, on the merger basis, should shift from one section to another for various reasons. It is well known that the removal of an established industry from one section to another, unless founded upon the soundest of economic reasons, is apt to end disastrously for the industry and for the community.

The migration of industry is bound to be affected by the new types of industry constantly being created. Have our communities that are advertising recognized this new industry that is being created every day? What about the economic evolution and revolution being wrought by the industrial chemist? He is creating new industrial possibilities every day. Synthetic products, substitutes for wood, alloys for steel, artificial silk, imitation leather are products of the new chemical era now on the market. Where are these new industries to be located? Have the smaller cities and towns thought about them?

The community that is active, alive to these opportunities, and can establish a position of economic prestige, will benefit from the new changes now taking place. Industry wants to move. Mergers make moving possible. New products seek locations. Industrial development for the smaller cities and for the towns, with strategic locations for various undertakings, is an opportunity that awaits.

IN THE FINANCIAL WORLD

A Few Kind Words for Bonds

By PAUL TOMLINSON

MUCH has been said and written during the past few years about the desirability of common stocks as investments, and so enthusiastic are some of their supporters that one might think there were no other attractive investments available. There are, however, a few kind words to be said for bonds.

THE principal argument advanced by those who favor common stocks is that as the country grows and prospers they will reflect this prosperity, and that earnings, and consequently dividends, will keep pace with the ever changing values of money. Bonds, they say, pay a fixed amount each year, and as the purchasing value of money has decreased the bondholder has suffered; common stocks, on the other hand, compensate their owners by paying larger dividends when money values go down. Bonds, in other words, pay a certain number of dollars, and if dollars decline in value the recipient's purchasing power is lowered; as dollars decline in value a corporation receives more of them for its product than formerly, and there are more of them to pass on to the stockholders in the form of dividends.

THE theory of the desirability of common stocks is far from unsound, and is based on the difference between interest and dividends, a difference unknown to a surprising number of investors. Interest is a rate per cent paid for the use of money, the rate being fixed by agreement; dividends represent a share in the profits of a corporation after all expenses —including interest—are paid. Interest must be paid; dividends are paid only if earned. Interest is limited to a fixed rate, however, while in theory at least there is no limit whatsoever to the size of dividends. It is this feature of dividends which commends common stocks to so many people, and which in fact has over a period of years made many common stocks profitable investments.

IT must not be supposed, however, that because common stocks have so many attractive investment characteristics, they have a monopoly in this respect. Bonds are worth the considera-

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tion of all careful investors, and in this article we shall attempt to set forth some of the advantages they possess, and to show wherein in certain respects they are more to be desired than common stocks.

OBVIOUSLY general statements are as dangerous in the investment field as in other places, perhaps even more so, and it should be remembered that sweeping declarations are necessarily false. For instance, no one can say that bonds are better investments than common stocks, without making allowance for exceptions, for many common stocks are better investments than many bonds; on the other hand many common stocks are no better than nothing. Bonds, like all investments, should be selected with care, and with the advice of competent investment experts.

IN the first place it is, obviously enough, the value of an investment which determines its desirability. In the case of stocks it is earning power which in the last analysis determines value. We hear much about "book value" and "equity" per share, but earnings are worth more than either when stocks are bought and sold. People who buy stocks are interested in the size of the dividends they may expect to receive, and dividends can scarcely be based on anything but earnings. True enough, earnings may be prospective as well as present, but this does not lessen the importance of their relationship to value. In the case of a bond the situation is somewhat different. Earnings are important, for interest is paid out of earnings, and the larger the margin the surer the regular payment of interest. Bonds, further, are secured by the pledge of definite property which is held in trust for the benefit of the bondholders, and in case of default in either principal or interest is administered for their benefit.

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A STOCKHOLDER may get something if his company fails and its affairs are wound up—here is where equity and book value come in—but the bondholder who has chosen his bond with proper care knows very well that he will not only get something, but everything that is due him, with interest. A bondholder is a loaner of money, a creditor of the borrowing corporation, and creditors must always be paid before the partners—the stockholders—can claim anything for themselves.

BONDS are not always secured, but they always represent a definite amount of money which has been loaned at a definite rate of interest, and there is always a definite basis on which the value of bonds may be determined. There is always an indenture for a bond issue, outlining the terms on which the money is borrowed, and a trustee—some third party—is appointed to see that the terms of the indenture are faithfully carried out for the protection of the bondholders and their money. This, from the standpoint of the bondholders, is an excellent safeguard, and one certainly superior to that provided for the stockholders, who are dependent in the last analysis upon the way the corporation is managed and upon the judgment of the board of directors. Presumably this judgment is sound, but the wisest of men make mistakes, and the man dependent upon the discretion of other men is scarcely in as strong a position as he who has loaned his money upon terms which guarantee him repayment with interest, terms which cannot be changed or altered to his disadvantage.

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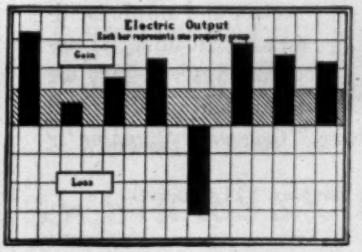

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If you are interested in learning more about the principles which guide us in the selection of bond issues, purchased for resale to our clients, we shall be glad to send you our leaflet, entitled "A Sound Policy for Investors."

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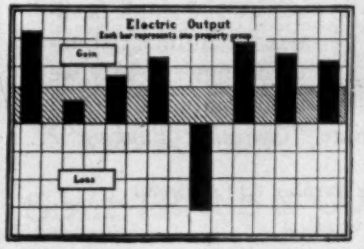

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stock outstanding, and compare the position of the bondholders with that of the owners of the stock. This corporation in 1927 had $5,000,000 of first mortgage 5% bonds, secured by a pledge of the corporation's real estate valued at $10,000,000. It had $1,500,000 of 5½% debenture bonds, secured by no definitely pledged property, but a direct obligation of the company. It had $1,000,000 of 7% cumulative preferred stock and $2,000,000 of common stock. Now out of the money that the corporation receives it must pay salaries, wages, taxes, and meet the thousand and one other expenses of doing business. After these expenses it had $600,000 left. This money represents earnings and is applicable to the payment of interest and dividends. Interest on the first mortgage bonds amounts to $250,000 a year, and is earned about two and one half times over. Interest on the debenture bonds calls for $82,500 a year, and there is $267,500 left for the two classes of stock. The preferred requires $70,000 a year, so that $197,500 remains, available for the common.

THIS means that nearly $10 a share was earned on the common stock last year, and the directors felt that they were justified in authorizing the payment of a 7% dividend. Suppose that in 1928 the company has a still better year and earnings increase from $600,000 to $700,000. This would mean $297,500 for the common, or nearly $15 a share, so that the common stockholders are the ones who benefit more than any other class of investors, and while the price of the bonds reflects this prosperity by a slight appreciation in their selling price, the common stock goes rapidly up. Suppose, on the other hand, that several lean years should come along, and earnings amount to only $340,000 a year; interest is earned on both the first mortgage and debenture

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bonds, but only a trifling amount is available for preferred dividends, and nothing at all for the common. It may be that the corporation has built up a surplus, and the directors will pay a preferred dividend or two out of this fund; if they do, the equity for the common is reduced accordingly, and if preferred dividends are not paid they are accumulating at the rate of $70,000 a year and must all be paid before anything whatsoever can be distributed to the common stockholders. If this should happen the price of the common is liable to suffer a sharp decline, while the bonds will not be affected nearly so much. Who could deny that under these conditions the bonds are a far more desirable investment than the common stock?

IN theory, of course, the stockholder dictates the policy of the corporation and has a voice in its management. In practice the amount of stock owned by a given individual is usually so small proportionately that what he might have to say would be said in so small a voice as to make it sound like one crying in the wilderness. The stockholder very seldom knows much about what is being done in the management of his company; the bondholder, on the other hand, is represented by a trustee, who at all times is concerned with looking after his best interests, and as the conditions governing what can and cannot be done as regards those interests are definitely stated, he always knows just where he stands.

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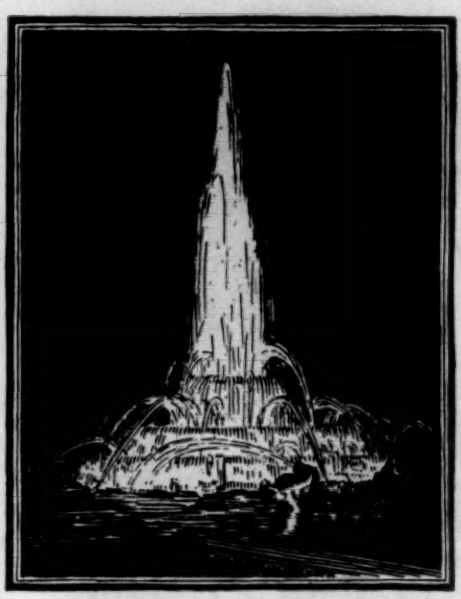

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so do stock prices; as business and economic conditions change so do stock prices; as management changes stock prices are liable to change too. Stock prices reflect business conditions almost before they have come about, and the investor who puts his money into common stocks must keep his wits about him, and his eyes and ears open.

A BONDHOLDER is a creditor; he has loaned money and his loan is protected not only by the pledge of valuable property, but by the terms of a skillfully drawn legal instrument, which shields him against every foreseeable eventuality which may arise. Fluctuations in stock prices affect bond prices comparatively little; the bondholder does not have to consult the stock exchange quotations every day, and he can go away for a couple of weeks without worrying that he will come home to find his investments worth half what they were when he left. People who want investments they can "put away and forget" will approach much more closely to that desired situation through purchasing bonds rather than stocks.

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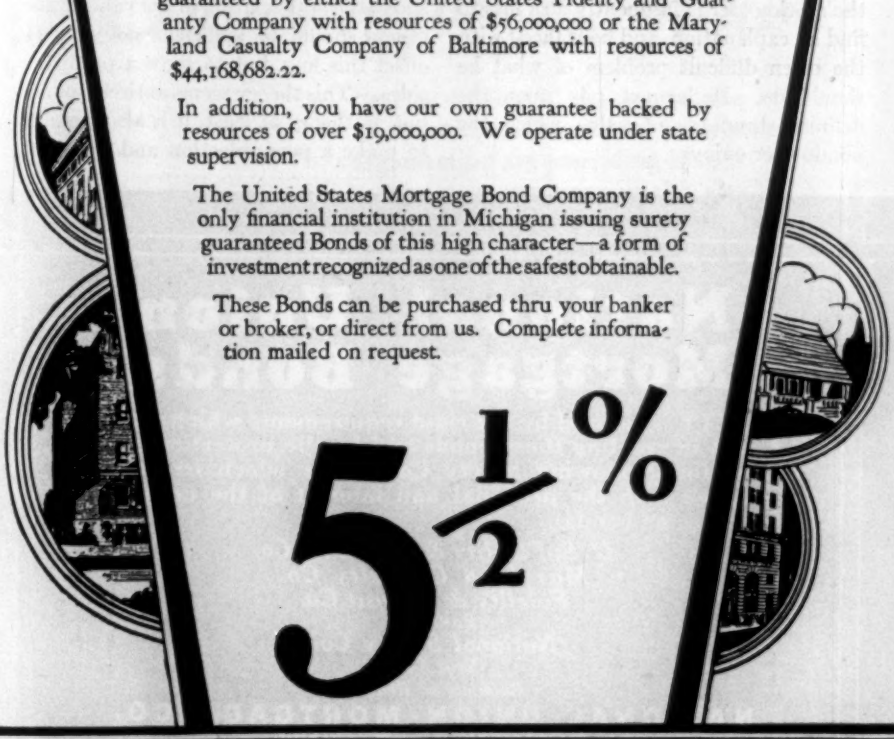

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desired; there are bonds coming due in a few months, a year, a few years, or in many years. Obviously, too, as a bond approaches maturity it tends more and more to approach par, for it is at par that it will be paid off when due. The common stockholder has fewer options than those available to investors in bonds. His stock may have a par value, but it never becomes due and payable, and the par value of a stock means very little. If the common stockholder wants to sell he can, like the bondowner, dispose of his investment for more or less than he paid, but unlike the bondholder he cannot look to the corporation for repayment. In the case of violent fluctuations in prices the stockholder is frequently at a loss to find an explanation, and he is faced with the often difficult problem of what he should do. He cannot rely upon the definite standards of value which the bondowner enjoys.

NOW, because of the fact that the value of a bond is easier to determine than the value of a stock, it follows that there is less chance of losing money in bonds than in stocks. The purchase of a certain stock may prove highly profitable, but on the other hand there is also a chance that it may prove very expensive; the opportunity of profits in bond investments is more restricted, but as compensation the chance of loss is less too. In the last analysis, of course, the decision as to what is best for the individual investor rests with the investor himself. The theory advocated by those who favor common stocks is that while certain of those selected may show a loss, the appreciation in the value of the others should be sufficient not only to offset this loss, but to show a profit besides. This theory seems entirely sound, but, in theory at least, it is also possible to make a poor selection and find that

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the losses will be larger than the gains. It is hardly conceivable that an investor acting under the advice of a reputable investment banker can select a list of bonds which would show more losses than gains. Those people, therefore, who believe that the most profitable investments are those which have little chance of depreciating in value, which promise a definite number of dollars at a definite specified time, and which are protected by certain definite safeguards, are probably going to choose bonds in spite of all the allurements of common stocks.

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AMONG THE NEW BOOKS

By HARRY HANSEN

Literary Editor of the New York World

BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

IT IS a hopeful sign that American writers are again digging into our past. The nineteenth century is filled with notable figures, pioneers who are sometimes saints and more often villains. Americans have always been writing about them, but with a difference. Years ago there was idolatry, appreciation, and flattery, but keen critical analysis of a career or an age was left to a few who did not reach the wide reading public. To-day our writers are encouraged by a public which is less interested in a hall of fame than an assembly of human beings.

One of the striking changes is the attitude toward Abraham Lincoln. His own age abused him and, when he was killed after his arduous career, began to idolize him. His name became a device by which cheap and designing politicians tried to increase their own stature. Historians made him almost saintly in his ways, because the American catalogue of saints was very short, and he was a very welcome addition. Miss Ida Tarbell was one of the first to go digging for original documents, and her contribution to the real Lincoln is notable. Her first writings on this subject accepted many of the legends, but as her interest continued she discovered more and more facts, and her later writings have brought much truth. Another investigator is Dr. William E. Barton, who went thoroughly into the Kentucky records. Carl Sandburg profited by a study of documents in all the important American collections and cleared up many unknown episodes. The biography of Nicolay and Hay, often referred to as "monumental," would to-day have to undergo considerable revision.

The newest contribution to this study is the work of the late Senator Albert J. Beveridge, whose *Abraham Lincoln, 1809–1858*, just published in two volumes by the Houghton Mifflin Company, represents the work completed by him when he died. Mr. Beveridge himself found many contradictions between legend and fact, and his Lincoln swings even more surely to the left in historical writing than did those of Barton and Sandburg. Mr. Beveridge was not an inspired writer, like Sandburg, but a careful lawyer, eager for accuracy and always sure of his sources. Thus his book goes back to the older method of weighting down a page with footnotes, which Sandburg discarded with the comment that every statement could be proved by documents, so that references were not necessary. What Beveridge does is much the same; he shows perhaps even better how Lincoln emerged from a small-time politician to a statesman of great rank. We need not ignore the false steps he made nor the bungling he did early in his career; most men have had similar experiences. Mr. Beveridge is intent on proving that Lincoln was a canny politician; for this reason he made no bargain with the abolitionists; he felt that slavery was morally wrong but that it was not his quarrel. It was constitutionally and legally right for him until it became so big that he could no longer ignore it. But this does not detract from Lincoln; we have only to recall, within recent years, the pronouncements of Woodrow Wilson before and after

Among the New Books

going to war, and remember that many Americans shared his views on both occasions. As the mythical Lincoln recedes, the politician takes his place, but his greatness remains. We are now pretty familiar with most of the Lincoln lapses, and are able to make allowances for them. From a critical standpoint the Beveridge Lincoln is a welcome contribution to the ever-engrossing study of this really representative American.

A great deal of original work has been done by Gilbert Seldes in *The Stammering Century*, a story of eccentricity and fanaticism in the United States during the nineteenth century. (The John Day Company.) Mr. Seldes explains that he started out to describe the cults and manias of American life, intending to interpret them, and then found that merely describing the mystical and fanatical leaders was enough for the present. He has given us a remarkable book, one that makes use of the modern method of assembling many trivial facts in order to throw light on the character and composition of an age. Going back to Jonathan Edwards, he describes him as the first great revivalist, but a man far more intelligent and sincere than the impostors that came after him. He traces religious movements and personal campaigns; in other words, this is the trail of the dreamers who created illusions for themselves—"illusions of purity or perfection, of economic justice, of physical or spiritual happiness. That was their way of seeking salvation." C. G. Finney, John Humphrey Noyes, A. Bronson Alcott, Carrie Nation, Amelia Bloomer, John Alexander Dowie, Frances Willard, Andrew Jackson Davis, Mesmer, William Lloyd Garrison are some of the representative leaders of cults and movements that get into this book. Mr. Seldes does not exhaust the list; nor does he give as much space to the serious thinkers of the Concord circle as he does to some of those with idiosyncrasies. A book dealing with unconventional religious and political movements in the United States during the nineteenth century could be extended to many volumes. But what Mr. Seldes has found is extremely interesting, and his résumé of the career of Noyes and the Oneida Community is one of his best chapters.

THE EARL OF OXFORD AND ASQUITH
The Earl's "Memories and Reflections" have just been published

Mr. Seldes mentions in passing Susan B. Anthony, and remarks in connection with her fight for the vote and Miss Willard's fight for temperance that "in a whole century of radical endeavor, women for the most part kept their heads." The life of the former has been told in some detail in *Susan B. Anthony* by Rheta Childe Dorr. (Frederick A. Stokes Co.) The career of this woman was marked by good sense. American suffrage leaders were insistent, but they burned no famous homes to achieve their ends. And what a number of them reached old age! She was eighty-six when she died—from a cold contracted at a convention in Baltimore where she occupied a place on the platform with Julia Ward Howe, aged ninety! This book should interest women who are active in public affairs.

Lotta Crabtree gets into one of the new biographies, in *Troupers of the Gold Coast, or the Rise of Lotta Crabtree*. She was a part of the unfolding West. Although her family had a bookstore in Nassau Street, New York City—one block below where I write these lines—the gold fever sent them to California. What Lotta seems to have possessed is vitality to the utmost, so that she made every role sparkle. It is hard to believe, from this book, that she was ever a great actress; but she was immensely popular, and she had the good sense to retire from the stage in 1891, when her career was at its height and she was only in her early forties.

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Among the New Books

Lotta came just before the age of Ada Rehan, who was in her supporting company at one time. Mrs. John Drew, Mrs. Gilbert, Stuart Robson, and Thomas Whiffen supported her. Augustin Daly and Belasco wrote her plays when they were young men. The character of her plays, together with her association with a thrifty mother, who laid the foundations for her fortune, reminds one of Mary Pickford of to-day. She was nearly eighty when she died in 1924, possessing $4,000,000. The book is readable but sketchy; the author remarks that much early material is missing, and there are obvious gaps in the chronicle. (Harcourt, Brace & Co.)

About the new life of Zola, *Zola and His Time* by Matthew Josephson, I can become most enthusiastic. Some of this is due to my interest in Zola of course but, nevertheless, this is not only fascinating reading for men who love the tempestuous nineteenth century in France, but for all who wish to read about a man of tremendous energy, strong convictions, and vital force. In literature, as in life, Zola was always in motion, and thoroughly a part of his time. Much has been written about him: tons of studies, essays, appreciations. Mr. Josephson has still been able to incorporate new material. The style in which this book is written is captivating, but I cannot quote from it without overemphasizing a detail of the whole. It is recommended not solely to those who are interested in literary history and biography; Zola was a public character, a great leader, and his rise and fall are noteworthy reading. Mr. Josephson writes: "The spirit of revolt and combat was eternally fresh in him. There are no more Zolas to-day." More's the pity. If ever a country needed one or two, it is the United States of America. Imagine a Zola turned loose in Massachusetts! (The Macaulay Company.)

ELMER DAVIS
Author of "Giant Killer," a story of David

MISSISSIPPI STEAMBOAT DAYS

A-Rafting on the Mississip' is the title out of the vernacular that Charles Edward Russell has given to a book about the big days on the river. The nineteenth century saw the Mississippi become the great highway for freight and lumber. Steamboat days will always fascinate us; they are already fading into the limbo of history; the exploits of the old boats and their captains belong to the legendary lore of Western settlement. Some of the tales in this book were long familiar to me—notably the stories of the bad men known as the "Banditti of the Prairie," the association of Abraham Lincoln with the contest of the *Effie Afton* and the railroad bridge across the Mississippi at Davenport, and the wreck of the *Grey Eagle* at that very bridge. For Davenport happens to be my native city, as it was that of Mr. Russell, who was already engaged in newspaper work there when I was still a child. Mr. Russell may fascinate me with his tales because he stirs old memories, but I am inclined to believe that the river has a fascination for anyone. Besides, he has done excellent service in describing the rafting industry, by means of which whole forests were towed down the river to become the wooden houses of the cities of the Middle West. That was the age of wood, and the noise of the sawmill was heard everywhere; to-day the sawmill is gone, the woods are missing, and brick is superseding wood. Mr. Russell tells about the raftsmen, their work and their ditties, and the part played by rafts in steamboating. For many years steamboat boilers continued to explode and no one knew why; we who wonder whether the airship will ever be safe for all of us may ponder on the development of the steamboat, which has long been as safe as dry land. To-day the steamboat is becoming a curiosity. Edna Ferber recalled to

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many the passing phase of river amusements in her book, *Show Boat*. You will be surprised to read of the high age attained by steamboat captains. Was there something salubrious in commanding a vessel? I cannot recall that the river gave the same advantages as a lake, for it rarely mitigated the weather, and on hot days the hottest place of all was near the river. Facts, anecdotes, bits of river lore are crowded into this book, which shows on every page the fondness of the author for the land (and water) he describes. (The Century Co.)

STARTLING COL. JAMES FISK, JR.

Jim Fisk was bound to get into a biography sooner or later. No one could get a complete picture of the big days of railroad financing in Wall Street fifty years ago without considering Jim Fisk. Cornelius Vanderbilt and Jay Gould have had their memorials. The life of Col. James Fisk, Jr., fortunately has been set down by a man who was so intimately associated with political conditions in New York during his life that he had abundant opportunity to visualize the conditions of a generation earlier. *Jubilee Jim* is by Robert H. Fuller, a graduate of Harvard and a competent political writer for newspapers before Charles E. Hughes chose him for the post of secretary to the governor. He died early this year, just after completing his book on Fisk. He has put the story in the form of a biographical novel, in which the life of Fisk is described by one of his intimates. This permits him to discuss contemporary events and to weave in the comment of the day. The style may remind readers of Robert Herrick's *The Memoirs of an American Citizen*, but the latter being entirely a work of fiction, is much more important as a novel. *Jubilee Jim* depicts a remarkable career. It tells a story of frenzied stock-jobbing which will interest many who have become familiar with the workings of the stock market since the War. With Gould and Fisk on one side and Vanderbilt and Daniel Drew on the other, there was opportunity for a tremendous fight over the Erie. Jim Fisk was an exploiter, a man who seized every opportunity for personal advantage. His association with Jay Gould was notorious. He helped ruin Daniel Drew, the famous old trader; he connived at the Black Friday raid in the stock market; at one time he was impresario of the Grand Opera House; his expenditures were always lavish, and he loved the spectacular. Tweed, the notorious politician, was his friend, and when the New York *Times* was thundering against graft in public office he was one of a group that tried to buy the *Times* in order to silence it. His spectacular career had a strange and tragic ending; his friend, Edward S. Stokes, shot him on the landing of a famous hotel which is still doing business on Broadway—almost the only physical survivor of a time when Delmonico's, the Hoffman House, and the Grand Opera House were still important landmarks in New York life. The mob, which stood for Tweed and loved the ostentation of Fisk, mourned his passing and cursed his murderer. Jim Fisk was a spectacular American buccaneer who played a game that has since been improved on many times by his more adroit successors. The book is illustrated with photographs and drawings of the day it describes. Like the *Book of Daniel Drew* of Bouck White, it is interesting for its content, rather than for its style; the author is discursive, often rambling, but the facts of this man's life would make any tale move. *Jubilee Jim* is well worth your attention. (The Macmillan Company.)

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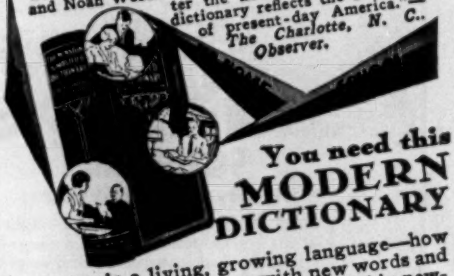

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James B. Wharton, a powerful story. The author, who served two years with the infantry in the World War, has described the fortunes of eight men who comprised a squad, the "tail of the regiment." He has told it almost in their own words, and these are rough, uncouth, profane, and highly picturesque. And, let me add, tremendously effective. Those who take their war stories in the raw will delight in it, nor do I see why the chronicle of this tremendous tragedy should be prettified. The strange thing about it is that what these men say is amusing, and the whole story is entertainment. But with a purpose that is never revealed, the author has let the play of events tell its own ironic story, so that the whole senselessness of human combat stands out in plain view. The fate of these men is very varied, but the platoon had tough luck. Ole Anderson, the lanky Swedish-American, came from the Texas Panhandle. Allen was an American high-school youth from San Francisco. Marzulak was a Serb coal miner. Whittaker was an American from Oklahoma City. Emmanuel Waglith, Jew, ran a shoe store in the Bronx, New York. Giuseppe Novelli was an Italian from Philadelphia, Pa. Michael O'Connors, the hefty Irishman, was an itinerant worker. Hugh Gray, corporal, came from a high school in Columbus, Ohio. And Americans all—typical of the rank and file, their views of the War about the same, suffering under the hardships of bad food, rough travel, heavy luggage, gas attacks, sniping, machine-gun firing, and high explosives. At the end the corporal recalls that the squad has been pretty well shot to pieces. Some of them were killed, others sent wounded to the rear, one went with a self-inflicted wound, and so on. And the corporal, directing his new squad at salvaging operations at the front after the armistice, kicks a pile of German army material and is snuffed out. The story-telling is simple and direct. Mr. Wharton is a logical author; he is willing to let the boys amuse the reader with their talk, but he never loses sight of the main objective. Relentlessly the men move forward until they reach the front line and participate in the severe fighting. He has the feeling for melodrama that distinguishes Laurence Stallings. The talk is rough, the profanity is general. But the truthfulness of the events is not to be denied. Doughboys who have been over there will recognize it. It is not exactly suited for reading aloud in the drawing-room, although

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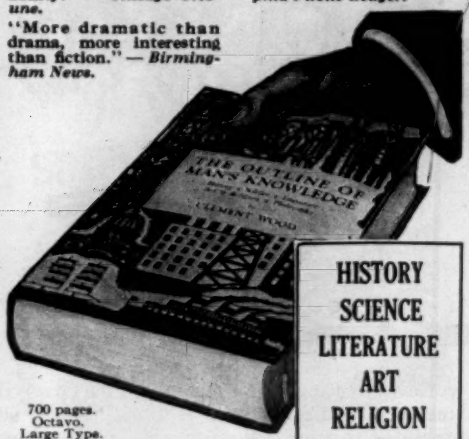

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Jingling in the Wind, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (The Viking Press) is not in the least like *The Time of Man* and *My Heart and My Flesh*. The author engages in a fantasy involving the meditations of Jeremy, the rainmaker, and his attendance on the rainmakers' convention. At times ironical of modern ways, it reflects the author's desire not to be bound by precedent and to write freely in any manner and on any subject that she chooses. I did not find it as interesting as her earlier works, but those who enjoy fantasy may discover beauties in it that eluded me.

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Konrad Bercovici is no amateur on the subject of the gypsies. He knew them in his native Roumania, has traveled with them in Europe and in America, and converses with them in their own tongue. He was singularly well fitted to write *The Story of the Gypsies.* (Cosmopolitan.) It is a fascinating story of human wanderings, colorful, filled with anecdote. The gypsies have been coming from far-off India for centuries and are closely allied to the Jats and the Pariahs of old Asia. Their language comes from Sanskrit as French comes from Latin. Of their nature, which is always irrepressibly nomadic, despite the fact that they have disciplined themselves to work at ordinary trades, Mr. Bercovici writes: "I am speaking of a people whose vocabulary lacks two words—posession and duty. You who cannot fathom what would happen to your own life if these two boundaries were to disappear suddenly will never understand the gypsies. What we possess jails us. The gypsy has locked himself out of the gates of modern civilization and roams freely on the highways and byways of the world." But just as he has brought color and intensity to many communities, so modern life has affected him. The gypsy has been particularly happy in Roumania, Bohemia, and in Russia, where gypsy blood runs in many of the fine families. But in the United States some strange changes have come over them. Mr. Bercovici tells of a trip he took westward from New York to Toledo with gypsies. They had spent the winter in New York and were very glad to be on the road. They started with horses and sang and danced in the evening after a hard day's work begging, telling fortunes and trading. Gradually they became possessed of rickety automobiles which they placed in condition and again traded in for others. Mr. Bercovici found that with the passing of the horse something went out of the gypsy character, and finally discovered that two of the automobiles had become travelling stills. But in Europe gypsies still live in their ancient ways; Macedonia is virtually a land of gypsies, and in Spain the gypsy is a royal knight of the road. The purest gypsy is spoken in Macedonia, where it has a vocabulary and a grammar practically unspoiled by the infiltration of other tongues. Mr. Bercovici's book deals with the habits of the gypsies; their wild, tempestuous music, which is largely improvisation; their simplicity, which

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makes them love intensely and hate easily; their patriarchal customs and their love of color. In tracing their history he records their effect on the inhabitants of Germany and Spain in the Middle Ages and the attempts of various governments to rid themselves of them. They have always been contemptuous of orderly living and have never become completely reconciled to streets and houses. Whether or not modern civilization will overcome their wandering habits is not for him to say. He records that so far they have maintained their individuality. They have bent in the wind, changed their ways now and then, only to come back to their original ways. This is a very interesting book and by no means wholly European—there is much in it about the American gypsy, whom Mr. Bercovici has known for many years.

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Robert Nathan's fine style is at its best in *The Bishop's Wife*, which, like the rest of his books, is both fantastic and ironical. But his irony is so gentle, and his style so fluent, that the reader never detects that bitterness which gets into some of our less even-tempered authors. It deals with a bishop who has been neglecting his wife because of the press of churchly affairs, and who does not realize that she craves more frequent and more intense proofs of endearment than those to which he gives expression. Deprived of them, Julia turns to her daughter and lavishes her love on her, until Michael, the new archdeacon, appears. Michael, so it happens, is none other than the archangel himself, but as an angel he finds himself strangely out of place. He cannot be bound by earthly restrictions on love, which is not to be held in by ropes, and yet as an archdeacon he cannot mislead the wife of his bishop. His dilemma is almost as difficult as that of Julia, but the latter helps him safely out of it by reminding him of the demands of duty. But even though Michael is not of the earth, he manages to conform well enough to earthly practices, and in his tactful solicitation of contributions for the new cathedral reveals the cunning of men. The bishop himself is rather bewildered by the turn of affairs. What happens is a compromise, an earthly one at that, but the reader somehow gets the impression that, although the author disapproves, he can do no more than record the inevitable. This is a fine, well-written fantasy, one that helps

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THE FORSTER DICKENS

Lives of Dickens continue to remind us that the sage of Gad's Hill is still helping the presses go round even at this day. Every now and then a new edition of John Forster's *The Life of Charles Dickens* appears, the latest before this being a part of the Everyman's Library. Those were pocket-size volumes; now comes the "life" in one ponderous volume, and with many notes added by J. W. T. Ley, vice-president of the Dickens Fellowship and author of *The Dickens Circle*, who is one of the greatest living authorities on Dickens. As Forster worked from manuscript and data furnished by the family, his account was naturally reticent on episodes that might embarrass the Dickens group. Mr. Ley has added detailed comment on such omissions—as for instance, the two known emotional experiences, one of which became the great regret of Dickens's life and led him to resume a pensive attitude toward it twenty years after. In middle age he revealed how much of his life entered into the story of David Copperfield and Dora. It is all told in this new edition. (Doubleday, Doran.)

A FEAST OF CHILDREN'S BOOKS

By Virginia Kirkus

Old books, new books, books with colored illustrations, books illustrated in black and white bold line, books for the picture-book age, books for the teens—in a bewildering succession they find their way to the reviewer's desk in these weeks preceding Children's Book Week and the holiday season. For, apparently, our dear public still feels constrained to buy children's books at one

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season and one season alone. Such a pity—for there are enough and to spare for every month in the year, and here we have to confine ourselves to a brief survey of the field in two reviews.

Books seem to go in cycles of fashion, and this year Africa seems to be the rage. One of the most entrancing of the books for little children this season is *Boga, the Elephant* by the Baroness Dombrowski, who saves us the embarrassment of spelling or pronouncing her name by signing herself "K. O. S." An artist-explorer, who seems to come from all the world, Baroness Dombrowski has captured some of her knowledge of the jungle life in this entrancing story of the little elephant, of Missy-Missy, the monkey who kidnapped a baby, and of the adventures of the jungle folk. The illustrations include eight color plates with soft odd tones, and many striking black and whites. (Macmillan.) Yet another African story on the same publisher's list is *Girls in Africa* by Erick Berry. Travel stories, but of such a human, vivid, dramatic kind that one feels that the girls whose adventures are told are real flesh-and-blood people, that one almost sees the strange village life and that along the streams and in the jungles, that one shares the primitive emotions and the strange adventures of the natives. The author has illustrated her own tales, and has succeeded in capturing the essence of the spirit of the stories, stories told by natives to the author. By the way, Erick Berry has another volume of African tales appearing this fall, *Black Folk Tales* (Harper).

Increasingly, publishers are discovering that there is a singularly successful harmony in books written and illustrated by the same person. Each of the above titles exemplifies this, and yet another volume merits consideration—*Millions of Cats*, a whimsical, delicious picture book by Wanda Gag. (Coward McCann.) Whether you like cats or not, surely you cannot resist the

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Another delightful book for the youngsters, the next oldest in the family, is *Polly Patchwork*, Rachel Field's new wee volume (Doubleday, Doran). This is a series which we have watched with interest for three years, and this is the best yet. A gay, whimsical tale in a gay, whimsical setting. And the story it tells will strike a sympathetic chord in the heart of every child who has been made to wear a dress of which she is a wee bit ashamed, and every adult who looks back upon the tragedies of childhood with a keen appreciation of their importance. There's a surprising twist to this story which gives it a new and unexpected flavor.

And then there is *Fossil Fountain*, another Doubleday, Doran book, by Arthur Mason and Mary Frank. An animal story, but such a strange animal story. It tells of the odd friendship between Willa and Rummy, the Trade Rat, who borrowed Willa's silver mug to carry water from the fountain, and Mother's silver spoon, and all sorts of other things that disappeared unexpectedly. Through Rummy, Willa was able to share in the animals' story hour on the night of the forest fire, and she hears all sorts of delightful tales, which have a disarming simplicity and humor and charm of their very own, intriguingly captured in the illustrations by Jay Van Everau.

One of the most successful volumes of folk lore and fantasy on this season's list is *Castles in Spain*, edited by Bertha Gunterman (Longmans, Green). An entrancing collection of Spanish tales we find here, and through the magic gate to fairyland we learn to know something of a country all too little known, a country with glamorous color, contrasts of humor and grimness, imagination and stark realism. Only too often folk tales, so called, lack the folk spirit and the real understanding of the country that gave them birth. Not so with Miss Gunterman's admirable selection, which has been well made, with a judicious variety of theme and, throughout, a consistent building up of the background of the country.

Harcourt Brace has contributed to juvenile literature this year a volume which should serve as an opening wedge to one of the greatest biographies in the English language. This is the illustrated book *Abe Lincoln Grows Up*, which is a part of Sandburg's *Lincoln*. Only the first section is included; and we feel that the whole biography has a distinct appeal for thoughtful boys and girls

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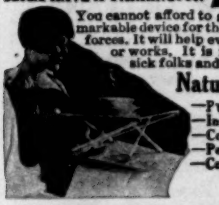

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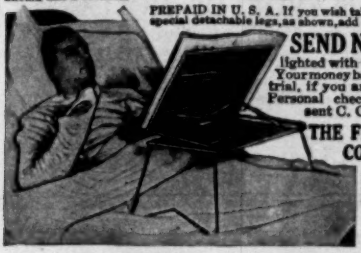

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in the teens. James Daugherty's spirited illustrations have caught the very essence of the boy Lincoln and the background of the Middle West in which his boyhood years were spent.

Another reprint, or perhaps more accurately another illustrated gift edition, which deserves special mention is *The Count of Monte Cristo* by Alexandre Dumas, illustrated by Mead Schaeffer, and published by Dodd, Mead, as the latest addition to their admirable series of illustrated classics. Here is a story that will never grow stale, that holds thrills each time it is re-read. And the stunning colored illustrations by Mead Schaeffer, than whom there is no other better tuned to the adventurous Dumas, will carry inspiration of their own to the boy reader of to-day.

Anyone who has followed the Scribner series of illustrated classics for children will appreciate the announcement that *Drums* by James Boyd has now been added to the series, with illustrations in color by N. C. Wyeth. *Drums* was not originally regarded as a children's tale, but there is no reason why it should not live for years beside *The Spy* and similar books, all written for grown-ups and thoroughly enjoyed by the growing child.

One of the most striking gift books of the season is *Frontier Days*, the first volume in a new series launched by Macrae Smith, *The Romance of America's History*. This first volume is edited by Oliver G. Swan, illustrated by Frank E. Schoonover, Charles Hargens, and others. These volumes will be collections of stories, sketches, ballads, poems by authors whose names are associated in our literature with certain aspects of our development. This volume is an excellent introduction, carrying as it does in its table of contents the names of Emerson Hough, Hamlin Garland, George Bird Grinnell, Arthur Guiterman, Albert Bushnell Hart, Mark Twain, Bret Harte, and many others. A book that will delight the adventure-loving boy and girl and prove a gold mine of information for librarians, teachers, and the question-hounded father and mother.

It is a temptation to go on indefinitely, so fascinating are children's books to-day. Go to the children's book shops, go to the children's book departments, and see for yourself the wealth of material that is yours to choose from. And do not cheat the children of this joy and privilege. A liberal education it is,

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ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES

In this column last month, having had requests for information on books which proved to be out of print, we asked other readers to help us locate these volumes. The response was most gratifying. We wish to thank The Chautauqua Book Store, Chautauqua, N. Y., and Mrs. Robert Stone, New York, N. Y., for sending us information on the book *The Melancholy Tale of Me* by E. H. Sothern; also Mrs. M. N. Davis, New York, N. Y., for *Beau Brummel*, the 1925 George H. Doran edition; also Mrs. T. Dwight Prentice, who has a copy of the *Fifth Reader* in the National Readers Series published in 1863. We have forwarded these letters to our correspondents and feel certain that they will be most grateful for this information. . . . There is a small edition containing colored full-page illustrations of *Rab and His Friends* by John Brown, M.D. It is published by J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia, Penn., priced at 75 cents. This book was asked for by Stanley W. Pearson, Buffalo, N. Y. . . . *The New Terror* is by Gaston Leroux, published by the Macaulay Co., 257 Fourth Ave., New York City, at $2.00. Peter Dennett, Atlantic City, N. J., wished to know the name of the author of this book. . . . Mrs. W. R. Turnbull, Akron, Ohio, sends us a letter to learn if there is an illustrated book of *Aesop's Fables* of fairly recent publication. There is one put out by the Dodd, Mead Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City, in the past two years. The price is $1.00 and the title is *Fables of Aesop*. . . . The three books on the Foreign Legion to which Paul N. Barrett, Denver, Col., refers are those by Percival Christopher Wren. They are called *Beau Geste*, *Beau Sabreur*, and *Beau Ideal* and, although related to one another, each is a complete story in itself. Frederick Stokes Co., 443 Fourth Ave., is the publisher of all in the original $2.00 edition, uniform binding. The first two can be obtained in the 75-cent Grosset and Dunlap (1140 Broadway, New York City) edition illustrated with scenes from the photoplays. . . . John Oxenham is the author of the book *The Man Who Would Save the World* which was published in the fall of 1927 by Longmans, Green & Co., 55 Fifth Ave., New York City. The price is $1.50. It is a book of fiction, as stated by Ernest Bloch, who writes from Memphis, Tenn.,

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SHODDY (by Dan Brummitt) published in March. A vigorous, entertaining Church novel and a great human document. A slice of American life. Bartelmy Bonafedes and Peter Middletons are now known to thousands of book readers. ***Shoddy*** versus ***wool*** — in ***life*** as in ***cloth*** — Four printings to date; a fifth in process. ($2.00)

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CATHOLICISM and the American Mind (by Winfred Ernest Garrison). Published in June. Selected by the Religious Book Club as its June "Book of the Month." Now finding a strong place in the general field. Not an anti-Catholic tirade; "no bigot's discourse;" but a critical discussion of (1) what Catholics believe; (2) why they believe what they believe. "A popular survey of the whole subject." Two large printings; a third in process. ($2.50)

STRAIGHT ANSWERS to Life Questions (Copeland Smith at the Microphone). Published in September. Already selling at an interesting rate. Unquestionably a book which reaches into the lives of people! Answers to life questions from many sections of the country, from all walks of life, from men and women, young and old. Copeland Smith broadcasts from station WMAQ six times a week. There seems to be magic in Copeland Smith's ability to get into the very heart of the problem leading to the question. ($1.50)

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asking about this volume. . . . We believe that Mrs. Howard Reese, Canton, Mass., has in mind *The Curlytops Series*, books for children by H. R. Garis, from the contents of her letter. These are published by Cupples & Leon, 470 Fourth Ave., New York City, at 65 cents per volume. . . . A writer who only gives us his initials, L. I. M., and whose postmark is Terre Haute, Ind., wishes to end a discussion between himself and a friend. The controversy is about the middle name of an author. Neither of them owns a copy of his book, and decided to take this means of learning which is right. The book is *Immigrant Backgrounds* by Henry *Pratt* (not Osborne) Fairchild, which gives the victory to our correspondent's friend. John Wiley & Sons, Inc., 440 Fourth Ave., New York City, is the publisher, and the price is $2.75. . . . From Boston, Mass., Ellin R. Dickson writes to ask for information on a book of Sunday school lessons which she believes to be published each year. This is called *Peloubet's Select Notes* by Amos R. Wells, Litt.D., LL.D., and is put out annually just before the beginning of each year. It is a book of the International Uniform Sunday School Lessons. The publisher is W. A. Wilde Co., Boston, Mass., and the price is $1.90. . . . There are two editions of *The Water Babies* by Charles Kingsley with the illustrations by Jessie Wilcox Smith. The smaller edition sells for $2.50, while the other is a large boxed gift book priced at $5.00. Dodd, Mead Co., 449 Fourth Ave., New York City, is the publisher of both. These prices were requested by Mrs. Stephen Lormersen, Bangor, Me. . . . *Tales of New Zealand* by Zane Grey is the book to which Sacha Moskan, Wildwood, N. J., refers in his letter about Zane Grey books. This is published by the House of Harper, who do most of the Zane Grey books, and will send Mr. Moskan a list of his titles upon request. The price of this volume is $5.00, but this is not a uniform price for all of this author's books. . . . We wish to thank Mr. Alonzo B. See for his quick and generous response in sending copies of his book on schools both to our last month's correspondent and to us. Mr. Breen asked us where a copy of Mr. See's book could be obtained and as it is not sold to the trade Mr. See directed his offices to forward Mr. Breen the book at once. We wish to thank him for his letter of appreciation on our efforts to give accurate information to our correspondents.